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# Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu - WN Chapter 01-36

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# Chapter 1-2

## A Transfer Student, a Mom, and a Dad, part 1

Otome Game — From young girls to respectable ladies, it's a game genre that magically captures the hearts of a wide range of women.

Unlike in reality, the games are full of good looking men of radiant countenances for you to conquer one by one. Branching pathways, reverse harem, ravaging, all the guys fighting over you, and even some stranger scenarios are all possible play styles you can expect to encounter. If you were to do such a thing in real life, it would be considered having a number of petty affairs.

Their popularity has seen a great number of such games published, and on their days off, women crowd the streets of Ikebukuro and it's quite a sight to behold.

"I'm telling you Makoto, it's all about the Otome games, BL, and voice actors."

"Sooo, you really like games, don't you Subaru?"

"Yep yep, that's right. — ...wait, that's not what I meant!"

After Subaru finished her piece on the subject, I thought I made an agreeable response, but apparently that wasn't the response she was looking for.

I was sitting on a floor pillow with Subaru standing menacingly over me. What was she thinking standing over me in that miniskirt? I could see her underwear. A girl should be more conscientious of things like that.

"Then what did you mean?"

"...You really have zero interest in Otome games don't you Mako..."

"It's not that I don't have an interest, I like cool looking guys as much as the next girl. And there are some voice actors I like too."

Subaru was a beautiful girl with straight black hair and fair skin, and yet she was a total Otome game addict. Lately, I heard she'd been working with a group

to produce their own Otome game to sell. Not only that, they'd made a good number of sales already.

On the other hand, I was an unpopular girl with a plain face and wore either glasses or contacts. I never changed the style of my clothes or hair, and I wasn't really into games or manga. Being friends with Subaru, I'd absorbed knowledge of such things over the years, but never had any desire to play Otome or BL games myself. I didn't hate them, I just never wanted to play them. If I was gonna play anything, it'd be an RPG.

Everything I knew about Otome and BL games came from Subaru.

"Well, I guess it's fine. Hey Mako, wanna go to the bookstore after this?"

"Bookstore?"

"I need to pick up my game at a bookstore in the next district over. Let's go, Mako!"

The first thought that crossed my mind was that I really just wanted to have a lazy Sunday, but Subaru's heavy breathing left no room for refusal, and I reluctantly went along with her.

It was about a 10 minute walk from my place to the train station. In that time, Subaru told me all about the game she helped create, "Hearthrob Love Revolution". It was a really straightforward title. I could guess it was a game about a revolution of falling in love that got your heart pounding. I didn't really understand the 'Love Revolution' part, what exactly *is* that? I knew of the Revolution move in the card game Rich Man, Poor Man, but nothing other than that.

Subaru summarized the long plot for me.

The protagonist, in this case the player, was called Mitsuki Sakurai or whatever else the player wants to name her, and she's a second year in high school. The player has the power to increase their stats over time. Those specs determined other characters' responses to the player and whether they would go with you or not.

The prince character was a boy named Kiritani Riku something or other, I couldn't remember. Sorry Subaru.

Listening to Subaru's incredibly long monologue, at some point we arrived at the station. I sluggishly made my way to the ticket gate while Subaru quickly went through.

"Mako, it's track number 1."

"Eh, Subaru, wait up."

I rummaged through my bag while I made my way to the ticket gate, but I couldn't find what I was looking for.

I continued forward while thinking it was strange, but I just couldn't find it. I didn't leave it at home, did I? That sucks. It would be too much of a pain to walk 10 minutes all the way back to my house to get it.

"Hey, Mako!"

"Ah, no, what do I do?"

Subaru called to me from the other side of the gate. The older salaryman behind me cleared his throat to hurry me along.

Neither the front nor the back of the line was moving as I panicked rummaging through my bag. At that moment, something touched my hand. The feeling was probably what I had been looking for. Thank goodness. I felt relieved as I took it out, and touched it to the ticket gate sensor.

Then suddenly, I remembered becoming terribly dizzy and inadvertently stumbled. I felt sick to my stomach. It was like I was going to fall, but somehow managed to remain standing, then my knee began throbbing. I suffered through it for a few seconds and closed my eyes, then looked back up.

"Sorry, Suba...ru...?"

When I looked up, what I saw was not the familiar sight of the station.

What appeared in front of my eyes were surroundings I'd never seen before. The people around me were also different. Before, most everyone had been in casual clothes since it was Sunday, but now I saw a lot of suits and school uniforms. It felt like a weekday morning.

"Subaru? Hey, Subaru?"

“Huh, what’s wrong Mako-chan?”

I heard a girl’s voice from behind me, and quickly turned around.

I had expected to see Subaru, but the girl behind me was clearly not Subaru. Different from the intense beauty of Subaru, the girl had pinkish brown hair and plain eyes.

“Eh...?”

“Don’t you ‘eh’ me, geez! You scared me when you almost collapsed, Mako-chan. Are you okay? Do you feel sick?”

“Uh, sorry, but who are you?”

The pink-haired girl’s eyes were opened wide in surprise.

I thought she looked pretty plain at first, but when I took a closer look, she was actually kind of cute. She had large eyes and a nice nose, and her lips were pink and plump. Her body was small and dainty looking, and her hips looked thin enough to break.

While I stared at her, the girl began to giggle.

“Gosh, Mako-chan, don’t look so serious when you tell a joke, geez. You scared me. Let’s hurry and board the train, okay? We can’t be late for our first day of school after transferring.”

“What? Wait, no, I really-”

“You’re talking like a girl Mako-chan.”

TL Note: Makoto is referring to herself with the feminine pronoun, ‘watashi’.

What a rude thing to say to a girl. I was a bonafide female. I had never once been mistaken for a man.

But, now that she said that, I noticed my view was a little taller than I was accustomed to. The girl in front of me was well below my line of sight. Normally I stood at 158cm (5’2”), so for a girl to be this short, she had to be around 130cm (4’2”) ? No no, no way. She looked like she should be in high school.

Does that mean that I got taller somehow?

Suddenly I took a look at my own feet, and what I saw was a pair of men’s

leather shoes. When I looked a little farther up, I saw a high school boy's gray slacks. Even further up was a high school boy's dark blue blazer and red necktie. An enamel badge was even pinned to my shoulder. Huh. What's going on here?

"Huh, wha-? Eh?"

"Mako-chan, what's wrong?"

"Sorry, um, I...er, I'm..."

TL Note: Makoto switches from the female pronoun 'watashi' she'd been using up to now, to the male pronoun 'ore'.

From this girl's attitude, I guessed that we were acquaintances. I had no idea what was going on, but I felt like I could only rely on this girl right now.

"Mako-chan, are you still half-asleep? Okay, I'll humor you, You're Makoto Sakurai, and I'm Mitsuki Sakurai, fraternal twins. Starting today we're transferring to Izumino School."

"Mitsuki...Sakurai?"

"That's right. I'm Mako-chan's *super adorable* little sister."

Mitsuki Sakurai. I felt like I'd heard that name somewhere before.

Wasn't that the name of the protagonist from Subaru's Otome game? Now that I thought of it, she was the spitting image of the picture Subaru had on her smartphone of Mitsuki Sakurai. No freaking way. It couldn't be, did I...enter the world of Heartthrob Love Revolution??

And not only that, as Mitsuki Sakurai's "older brother"...

"Sorry Mitsuki, give me just a minute."

Unable to process this unbelievable situation, I retreated to the restroom.

Before I rushed into the restroom, I stood at an impasse wondering which side I should enter, and paced back and forth in front of them at a loss. I scrutinized the front and back of my hand, but no matter how I looked at it, this was obviously a hand that belonged to a man. My normal hands weren't so angular, and the blood vessels didn't stand out. My knuckles were also too high. Moreover, my hand was just way too big to be a girl's hand.

I checked to make sure no one was inside, readied myself, then dashed into the



men's restroom. Reflected in the mirror was a man. My hair was short, and while there were traces of my original visage, it was still very much a man's face. It was like someone had taken my face and remodeled it into a man's. I also stood roughly 20cm (6") taller than normal. I was somewhere in the ballpark of 180cm (5'9"). I was tall, but not a looker. Though I wasn't completely unfortunate looking... Probably.

Finally, I patted down my chest, but as I thought, there was nothing there.

"This can't be real...! If only Subaru was here!"

I collapsed onto the closed toilet seat, my head in my hands. I was a high school boy?! You've got to be kidding me!

It was an original game Subaru had made. How relieved I would be if she were here with me.

"Mako-chan, Mako-chan. We're really gonna be late."

Mitsuki called out to me in a timid voice from outside the restroom, and just when I was about to answer from the stall, another male high school boy entered the restroom. Did he hear me talking to myself just now? I was so embarrassed thinking about it, he'd probably think of me as a weirdo if he did. From his uniform, I guessed he went to the same school I was going to.

His black hair was short, and he had gentle drooping eyes. He stood even taller than my new 180cm (5'9"). He kinda reminded me of a large dog.

When he looked at me, the smile he gave me was so pleasant, I could swear it sparkled. Ooh, he seemed like a rather sociable and charming guy.

"Is the girl outside your...girlfriend?"

"No that's...*my* sister."

I wasn't used to using a male pronoun to refer to myself, and it was incredibly embarrassing. My face flushed red from it. Mitsuki called out for 'Mako-chan' once more. I bid him farewell then exited the restroom.

Mitsuki was pouting when I came out, so I patted her gently on the head.

I wondered if I'd see that dog-like high school boy again. We were in the same school after all.

...Woah, wait a minute! I should be thinking of a way to get back home. I mean really, I was in a game world and I'd turned into a guy for crying out loud! I didn't even have any idea how to live in this world.

Subaru, save me!

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## Part 2

After a 15 minute ride from Tachibana station, we disembarked at Hanagaki station for Izumino School.

We mixed into a crowd of boys and girls all wearing the same uniform, and I even saw a few high school boys wearing the classic Japanese Gakuran-style uniform. There must be another high school in the neighborhood.

"Mako-chan, where do you think the Faculty room is?"

"I don't know. Let's ask some people around here."

I was at a loss for words looking upon the castle-sized campus of Izumino School. Mitsuki was nervous and clung to the hem of my uniform. Looking at me with upturned eyes, Mitsuki was indeed the heroine, she was so cute it was amazing. The epitome of femininity.

Woman though I may have been, I couldn't help but want to protect Mitsuki... were the kinds of brotherly thoughts I had. I was shocked at myself.

I cleared my throat, and Mitsuki turned to look at me, bewildered. Facing her, I said,

"I'll ask someone, so Mitsuki, just stay here and-"

"Excuse me. Could you tell me where the Faculty room is?"

Before I could even finish, Mitsuki grabbed a male student and asked for the whereabouts of the Faculty room.

As expected of an Otome game heroine, she's not adverse to taking action. I'd forgotten the heroine of Subaru's Otome game was such a go-getter. If the heroine was too shy, the story would never get anywhere.

"Mako-chan, he said it's over there!"

Unable to notice my internal monologue, Mitsuki returned smiling as if nothing

had happened.

“Ah, over there. Then, let’s go.”

Mitsuki led the way in high spirits, and I followed her from behind to the Faculty room.

It had only been 30 minutes since the shock of being dumped into Subaru’s game “Heartthrob Love Revolution”, and I was surprised at how much I had already adapted. I believed from the bottom of my heart that this could still very well just be a dream.

When we went into the Faculty room, a male teacher waved at us by the window on the other side of the room.

Mitsuki and I approached the man waving to us. He seemed to be a brand new teacher, and looked more like a salaryman with his nicely cut black hair and gentle expression.

Seeing the laugh lines around his mouth, this teacher was likely the type that laughed a lot. He looked like an earnest teacher, yet something about him exuded a certain sex appeal.

Maybe it was because of his big, round, and young looking eyes, but he was almost kind of cute. And yet that sex appeal was still strangely there.

Our teacher had a printout of our transcripts, and was putting a face to the names written there.

“So you’re Makoto Sakurai-kun, and you must be Mitsuki-san?”

“Ah, yes! I’m Mitsuki Sakurai, and this is Makoto.”

“I’ll be your homeroom teacher then. I’m Tamaki Yurino, your biology teacher.”

Tamaki Yurino. I felt like I’d heard that name before, too. I was certain that in Heartthrob Love Revolution, or LoveRevo for short, that this was some sort of special character introduction.

The homeroom teacher was almost always a love interest in school-based Otome games. I mean come on, he was super handsome. If he was just some background character, then the hotness level of the *real* love interests would be

ridiculous.

“You two are twins, right? Who’s older?”

“Ah, that would be me.”

At least I was pretty sure I was older. My knowledge of the game was still a bit vague, so I was worried I spoke out of turn, but Mitsuki didn’t say anything so I must have been right.

Yurino-sensei was checking me out. Even though we were twins, Mitsuki and I didn’t look anything alike, and I’m sure that’s why he looked at me like that. Well, that or he found fraternal twins to be fascinating.

Still, his staring was getting to the point of being uncomfortable.

“Makoto-kun?”

“Yes. I know it sounds like a girl’s name, so maybe that makes me a girl...”

“Haha, my name also sounds pretty girly, so I can sympathize. On the contrary, my little sister has a rather masculine name...er, I suppose that’s not really important. Ah, right right, you two are being transferred into second year class A.”

Even if I accidentally called myself a girl, I suppose I was at a level where I wouldn’t be easily mistaken for one. It was a little shocking.

Yurino-sensei stood from his seat, and standing next to him, I found he had half a head of height on me.

“Well then, let’s be on our way. Are you ready to meet your new classmates?”

I’d gone through so much stress and shock in just the last half hour that this was hardly enough to phase me.

But I could see Mitsuki was really nervous. Her face was stiff and her fingers were trembling. This from the girl who just a few minutes ago walked up to a total stranger to ask for directions. That she was just *now* getting nervous made me laugh.

“It’s all right, Mitsuki. I’m here with you.”

I held onto Mitsuki’s hand to calm her down. I had no idea how close Mitsuki

and Makoto were supposed to be, but with Mitsuki always sticking close to me and calling me “Mako-chan, Mako-chan”, I was certain holding her hand would be fine.

Sure enough, Mitsuki relaxed and smiled. She was still a little stiff, but the expression on her face had softened. She should be fine.

“Mako-chan is dependable as always. You were a little weird this morning, but now you’re back to the normal Mako-chan.”

Mitsuki smiled, completely relieved.

Mitsuki’s sudden praise made my heart skip a beat. I knew I was being a fool, but it made me realize I wasn’t her real “Mako-chan”.

My heart clenched. I wondered what Mitsuki would do if she found out I wasn’t her real brother. I may have been Makoto Sakurai in body, but I wasn’t really Mitsuki’s brother.

I walked along with Yurino-sensei and Mitsuki, the distress growing within me. Mitsuki still hadn’t let go of my hand. Siblings though we may be, what must others think seeing us walk around the school hand in hand?

Even so, her grip was stronger than I thought, she wouldn’t let go.

“We’re here, go right on in.”

Mitsuki finally released my hand.

Following behind Yurino-sensei, we entered the classroom for 2-A. It was a small class of barely 30 students, and about evenly split between boys and girls. ...There may have been a few more boys though.

All the students were watching us, curiosity sparkling in their eyes. I apologized inwardly to the girls of the class who were probably expecting a really handsome transfer student; Sorry for having such an average face.

“Okay, let me introduce the transfer students. We’ll start with the older brother.”

“Ah, right. ...Umm, I’m Makoto Sakurai. Pleased to meet you.”

“And I’m Mitsuki Sakurai. I’m looking forward to class with everyone, my older

twin, Makoto, included.”

Mitsuki quickly bowed her head, her face fully red. I followed suit and bowed as well.

It may have been a rather brash introduction, but I didn’t get the sense that anyone was bothered by it. Rather, she was really cute. All the guys must be really happy that such a cute girl transferred into their class.

“Then, Mitsuki-san, you’ll be sitting next to Fujisaki-kun. Fujisaki-kun, please raise your hand—”

“Ah, yes. Your seat is over here, younger Sakurai.”

The student named Fujisaki looked like a normal guy that followed the school regulations, with the exception of his shockingly blonde hair and red hairclips. His lethargic looks and nice way of talking were at odds sharp eyes and snaggletooth.

Mitsuki sat in the seat next to Fujisaki, and seemed to be having a rather fun conversation with him. It made me feel a bit lonely. I wondered if this was how a father felt when they gave away their daughter’s hand in marriage?

“Makoto-kun, you’ll be next to Tsubaki-kun. Tsubaki-kun, please raise your hand.”

I let my eyes drift over the students trying to locate the guy named Tsubaki. He was furthest in the back, two rows from the window. Wait a minute, wasn’t he the male student I’d met in the restroom not even half an hour ago? That young man with the friendly smile.

And speaking of which, that smile was still plastered on his face as he waved his hand to me. It really *was* that guy.

Yurino-sensei gave me a small push in Tsubaki’s direction, and I sat at my desk in the back seat by the window.

The teacher went through the morning announcements, then left the classroom. The second he did, Tsubaki tapped me on the shoulder.

“Hey, you’re the guy I met before, right?”

“I was right, you’re the guy from the restroom at the station.”

“Yep, that’s me. I had no idea you were transferring to my school. Ah, my name’s Soutarou Tsubaki.”

My first impression of him didn’t change. He was like a big friendly dog.

“Well then Tsubaki, nice to meet you.”

“Souta, you’re already getting friendly with the transfer student?”

The blondey from before came over to our seats and struck up a conversation with Tsubaki. He suddenly turned his gaze upon me, and he gave a little smile and nod.

Even though he had delinquent-blond hair, he seemed like a pretty cool guy. Back when I was in high school, anyone with hair that yellow would have been someone to avoid. But maybe it’s because of...*that*. In Otome games, characters needed to have a distinctive look. Since it wasn’t easy to tell the characters apart just by their face, their hair was used as their identifiable trait.

“Ah, Kana. Yeah, I had already met Mako-chan at Tachibana station.”

“Right, we happened to meet when I was having an existential crisis in the restroom.”

“Restroom? Crisis?”

The blonde guy named Kana looked at me blanky for a moment after repeating my words, then broke out into a laugh.

It wasn’t *that* funny, was it?

Not only that, Tsubaki just casually called me Mako-chan. I guess I didn’t really mind. I’ll just call him Soutarou then.

“What, did you get so nervous about transferring that you got the runs?”

“No, my bowel movements are quite normal, *thank you very much*.”

“I can’t believe you just said ‘bowel movements’ with such a serious face... Mako-chan, you’re great, so funny!”

Did I really say something that funny? To me, Kana’s range for being amused was way more entertaining.

Seeing me looking at him with such a dubious expression just made him laugh

that much more.

“Soutarou, make this guy stop laughing.”

“What? Me...?”

Soutarou looked at me with surprise at suddenly using his first name.

“My instincts tell me that Soutarou is the only one that can get Kana to stop laughing.”

“Yes indeed, right you are.”

I didn't skip a beat, and while I was again shocked at my adaptability, I'd come to the conclusion that this wasn't a dream. Somehow or other I'd have to make my way through all this.

Still, if at all possible, come save me— Subaru—!

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Continued at [Nakimushi](#)



# Chapter 3

Hello! Decided to translate this because I read the [first 2 chapters teasers by HaruPARTY](#) and grew curious about what happens next xD. Also, I figured it's time to give back a little something to the "community" as I've always been 'receiving' without lifting a finger.

~~Since I'm reading while translating, even if you ask for spoilers I can't give any!~~  
My translation method is a bit queer due to circumstances, and this is my first ever translation so forgive me if I make any mistakes. o(\_ \_)o Feel free to point them out.

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Previous Chapter | |

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## **[Chapter 3](#) – The Transfer Student and the Dad and the Mum (3)**

"Hey, mum."

It's already about a week since that shocking development and my transfer. It was a series of surprises.

First of all, regarding my body, there were this and that that were unacceptable. Although I've been able to avoid them directly, for a young maiden, there were a lot of exhausting events. Speaking of which, the men's toilet and men's locker room. Where would it be okay to look while changing? For now every time I change, I stare at Soutarou's and Kaname's face.

Also, the thing called a 'boys' school's frolics was somewhat painful for me. Getting sprayed by the hose in the schoolyard while still wearing the school uniform, then doing something like pro-wrestling in the classroom's corner was very tiring. However, I have to go along with it.

Because I am a high school boy.

But the only thing I was thankful for was the setting that Mitsuki's and my parents are overseas on a business trip. Father is a somewhat distinguished furniture importer and maker, while mother seems to be a housewife. Just thinking about returning home to the unfamiliar Sakurai family and my inability to interact with them, I feel relieved from the bottom of my heart.

Only the two of us, Mitsuki and I, were living in this so-so spacious detached house. But this Mitsuki, her cooking is poor to death. Perhaps it's like what Subaru said, that the parameters or in other words, the specs are not enough. I think Mitsuki should first raise the specs for cooking.

Somehow one way or another, little by little I began to adapt. However, there were no progress nor regression in regards to me returning to the real world.

"Oi, Souta, are you ignoring me!"

"Eh, I'm the mum?"

"Obviously. If it's Souta, Mako-chan and I, no matter how I think about it, Souta will be the mum, I will be the dad and Mako-chan will be the delinquent son right?"

Saturday, early afternoon. As proposed by Tsubaki Soutarou and Fujisaki Kaname, it became that we're having my welcome party at a family restaurant.

For some reason, I spent most of this week with these two guys. I'm really glad I didn't have to be lonely on the first day of school transfer because I was worried about whether, as a guy, I could get along with other guys.

"What do you mean I'm the delinquent son. The delinquent son should be you. Even now you are still getting Soutarou to show you his homework."

"Isn't that fine! Maths is my weak point."

I lightly hit Kaname's head which he propped on the table as he stirred with a *jita jita*.

"Mako-chan, it hurts! Mum, Makoto's in his rebellious period!"

"If my father is someone like Kaname, I'll run away from home."

I lowered my head towards the waitress who brought the chocolate parfait I asked for. I had a feeling she was laughing at our expense.

Holding on to the parfait spoon, first I took the chocolate then scooped the vanilla ice. A mouthful. The taste of vanilla spreaded in my mouth as I sunk my teeth in.. I completely ignored the noisy Kaname. Meanwhile, Soutarou was gallantly trying to calm him down.

“But, it’s that, isn’t it. I can see Soutarou as a mother.”

“Eh.”

Soutarou looked at me as though he was shocked. Is it something so surprising? Soutarou is bright, kind and likes to look after others. He easily does the cooking and washes clothes in place of his working parents. He has also completely become a guardian-like figure for Kaname and I. I feel like his female power is much higher than other girls. For example, even more than Mitsuki or I, I feel that it’s more appropriate to call *him* mum.

“Oh, rather than mother, doesn’t he feels more like a bride?”

“Eh?!”

“Mako-chan is confessing to Soutarou?!”

How did it become like that. Why, Soutarou, did your cheeks turn red? Why, is a fuss being kicked up? It’s embarrassing how the people around us are staring this way.

“That’s not it. How did it become like that. It’s just, I feel that Soutarou is good at looking after others, he’s kind, and he even covers up for idiots like us casually. It’s that part of him that I felt was a little like a bride.”

“The way you deny it is suspicious?”

“Just shut up already, Kaname.”

I looked at Soutarou, my gaze saying ‘You too, say something’. However, he was looking at me with reddened cheeks. Oi oi, this is the world of an otome game right? Why are you blushing while looking at a man like me. Or is it that recently it’s normal for young men to blush while looking at other men? Perhaps I’m overreacting.

I felt uneasy enough that I was unable to taste the usually delicious chocolate parfait.

“By the way, are you participating in next week’s training camp?”

It seems like to Kaname, my agitation and Soutarou’s blushing was not such a big deal.

“Oh, next week’s training camp. I’ll be going. What about you, Mako?”

For Izumino Gakuen second year students, on the weekend of the third week of April, there is a 2-day 1-night stay in the school. For the time being, the reason is to enhance our heart that loves the school but it’s up to you whether you want to participate or not. Regardless of your participation, your test scores will not be affected at all. This is the kind of event it is. Despite being such an event, there are numerous participants. Seems like 90% of the students will participate in it.

“What should I do.”

To be honest, there is considerable resistance to be sleeping in the same room as guys. Even though I’m now male, the contents is still a respectable female.

That’s why if it’s an event where it’s okay to not participate, I want to proceed in a direction where I don’t participate in it. However, as though trying to cover my words, Kaname said, “Eh!” in a loud voice.

“You aren’t gonna participate?!”

“If it’s okay not to, I’m leaning towards not going.”

As though not believing my words, Kaname came biting.

“Hey, the wife should say something to her husband!”

“What do you mean by wife..... No, but, Mako you’re really not going to participate? Why?”

It seems along the way I became Soutarou’s husband. It’s becoming too troublesome to retort so I won’t say anything else. If I retort, Kaname would become even noisier.

Like an abandoned dog, with the ends of his eyebrows down, Soutarou looked at me with upturned eyes. Despite being taller than me, what is with him looking at me with upturned eyes. If he was a dog, his ears would probably be drooping and his tail would be standing. In fact, right now his ears *are* drooping and his

tail *is* standing. I can see that.

“E-eh.....”

“I want to go to the training camp with Makoto and Kana.”

Saying it in such a voice that showed he was downhearted from the bottom of his heart, as expected even my heart will break and my determination will sway.

“It’s borin’ without Mako-chan.”

“I’ll be bored too. I’ll come pick you up, so let’s go to the training camp together?”

“Uu.....”

Typical, Soutarou gazed at me with his head tilted upwards.

S..... Sly!! So sly!!

As expected of an otome game’s capturable character, to know his own special skill so well. This sly dog definitely knows he’s an ikemen. There’s no doubt that knowing that, he does this kind of thing to make me listen to his words.

“Okay..... I’ll go.....”

“Yippe—e! Training camp with Mako-chan and Souta~”

Together with the rowdy Kaname and the cunning dog Soutarou, somehow I’ve reluctantly agreed to go to the training camp.

Becoming a high school student, planning for the training camp. I bet it’ll be fun for a normal high school student but for me who’s a guy on the outside and a girl in the inside, it’s an event like hell. To sleep while surrounded by blokes is too painful.

“Thank you, Mako.”

“Aaah..... I, too, am excited to go to the training camp with Kaname and Soutarou.”

“Un, I’m very excited too. Can’t next week come faster...”

Looking at Soutarou who laughed as though he’s having fun, I felt that perhaps this was the right choice. The remaining bad feelings disappeared.

“Since it’s been decided we’ll go to the training camp! It’s time to barge into Mako-chan’s house for dinner~”

“What are you saying, Kaname.”

“I was wondering if we’ll get to enjoy some of Sakurai imouto-chan’s home cooking.”

The words Kaname have been saying the whole day are so abrupt that I couldn’t follow.

Also, Mitsuki’s home-cooked food is not at a level that can be fed to others. Even now the task is left to me, who has mediocre cooking skills.

“Rest assured, you’re the only one I’ll never allow to eat Mitsuki’s home cooking.”

“Eh, hey, Mako-chan, aren’t you cold only towards me? Even though you’re so kind to Souta?”

“That’s because Kaname says strange things. Soutarou never says strange things and he’s kind, so I treat him kindly, that’s all.”

Soutarou smiled as though he’s troubled.

At this point, I still haven’t noticed. The matter of Soutarou and Kaname using one reason or another to barge into my house for dinner.

# Chapter 4

Uwah, I got a huge (pleasant) surprise when I woke up this morning and saw such a response... well, aren't ya glad I was working on chapter 4 last night? Now I can give you my thanks for your thanks Arigatou for the support, I appreciate it lots.

Also, someone's comment reminded me (that I should remind you!) **this story is kinda BL** (the whole female in male body thing makes the line blurred, but...), so those who are against/dislike/have unhappy feelings towards this genre, beware. You have been warned!



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## [Chapter 4](#) – The Natural Flag-raiser and the Saviour and the Prince (1)

“Mako-chan’s cooking, it was insanely delicious—! See you tomorrow!”

In the end, Kaname and Soutarou barged into my house for dinner yesterday. Even when I told them to go back home, Kaname remained with a smile on his face. I made curry rice with what’s left in the fridge, showing some hospitality.

Because Kaname continued to maintain the excitement one would have on the night of a field trip, last night we couldn’t sleep a wink. It’s troubling if he’s this tense for the training camp next week. I may be a man on the outside, but as the inside is a youthful maiden, I want to have enough sleep. Lack of sleep is bad for the skin. Talking about what’s bad for the skin even though my face is that of a man’s, I must have been a little disgusting just now.

“I’m sorry for coming over to stay suddenly. Am I bothering you?”

“Even if I say you’re a bother, you’ll still come, right.”

As though trying to entreat me, the ends of Soutarou’s eyebrows lowered and he looked at me with upturned eyes. Really sly. This reminds me of him at the

family restaurant yesterday.

With an uneasy expression, Soutarou tilted his head. I suppose this is a habit of Soutarou's. Whenever Soutarou hears words of denial from others and feels scared, he'll make this face. I feel that somehow or other I've grasped his personality.

"That's not it, because Makoto is very nice..... even if you're unwilling, I thought that you won't hate it."

"Don't be concerned over strange things. I'm not as good-natured as Soutarou. If I really don't like it, I'd have already said it."

Soutarou's already large eyes grew wider by a size as though he was shocked by my words.

Whether is it Soutarou or is it Kaname, I've already come to think of them without any ill feelings. In fact, I'd say they're very likable. I hope that we'll get along even better from now on.

"I had fun too. A lot."

It's been a long time since I behaved like an idiot, merrymaking without any concerns.

I really had fun.

Arriving in a completely unfamiliar otome game and for some reason turning into a guy, I've been feeling very anxious. I certainly can't tell these two about this feeling. And they won't understand even if I do tell them.

Even so, I'm filled with nothing but gratitude for these two these few days. I've had so much fun that I was able to forget my anxiety. Although Kaname, Soutarou and I have only met for a few days, I can already feel a friendship forming with them.

Hearing me say that I enjoyed myself, Soutarou's face was full of smiles as though flowers were blooming.

Oh, as expected of an otome game's capturable character. It's possible for flowers to fly in the background. If this was a game screen, it would be the appearance of a CG.



“Thank goodness..... Can I, stay over at Mako’s house, again? Of course, together with Kana.”

“Ah. If it’s once in a while.”

“Un! I’m glad. Mako.”

Suddenly, Soutarou hugged me.

As expected, even if it’s me, being embraced by a guy taller than me by about 5cm will make me lose my stability. I wonder what would be the right action to take now? For the time being, I’ll just put my arms that didn’t know where to go, around Soutarou’s body. Un? This is also strange. Two guys embracing each other feels rather stifling.

“Let go already. It’s embarrassing for two guys to be hugging in front of the house.”

“Only Mako-chan and Souta, that’s unfair. Me too, me too—!”

“Oi, didn’t you hear me? Let go.”

In addition to the Soutarou and I who were hugging, even Kaname joined in. Somehow the situation has evolved and became even more confusing. With the current circumstances being three high school boys sticking to each other, I already have no idea what I should do.

Even though it’s April, sticking together feels hot. What’s going on in the heads of these guys?

“Mako-chan..... and, Fujisaki-kun and Tsubaki-kun?”

Hearing a female voice, my shoulder reflexively trembled.

No matter how I think about it, and how much I don’t want to think, this voice definitely belongs to my cute imouto, Mitsuki.

“Mi-Mitsuki..... This is...”

I must say something, otherwise she might think her onii-chan is a homo. It’s a misunderstanding. Wait a moment, is the me who’s embracing guys a homo? Since the contents is female. But on the outside, the family register states that I’m male. If I really date a male, would I become a homosexual? Eh, I really don’t

know.

While worrying endlessly, what entered my ears was the voice of that girl who I've been calling for help for in the depths of my heart.

"Eh, ..... Mako? Are you really Mako?"

"Eh..... Subaru?!"

Next to Mitsuki stood an intense beauty with long black hair who looked astonished. Who is it, it is her, Subaru-sama.

"Mako, eh, male? Eh?? Mako is Mitsuki-chan's onii-chan?! No way!"

For some reason, her shocked expression quickly became a face full of smiles. However, I personally cannot bring myself to smile at all.

"It's true. I have a mountain load of things to ask you, Subaru."

"No way~, it's really Mako, you became an onii-chan..... Moreover, you're already friends with Kaname and Soutarou."

Kaname and Soutarou finally let go of me.

"Makoto's friend?"

"Un, well, something like that."

"Nice to meet you~, I'm Makoto's girlfriend! My name is Yurino Subaru."

While spouting outrageous words, Subaru put her index finger on her cheek. She gave such a bright smile that you could almost hear an "ehe" sound effect, as she inclined her head. It's a different cunning pose from Soutarou's.

Really, Subaru, this powerful beauty. She's become quite a sight to behold.

The dumbfounded Mitsuki and Kaname abandoned Soutarou and approached Subaru and I.

But just now, what did Subaru say her name was? Yurino? Yurino Subaru? Yurino, this surname, I've heard of it before. Yurino Tamaki, isn't it sensei's surname?

"Could it be, Subaru is Yurino-sensei's....."

"Oh, you've done well to notice. I, ever since coming here, have become Yurino

Tamaki's imouto. By the way I study at the private Atlas Academy, pleased to meet you~"

Atlas Academy is a prestigious mission-based institute situated beside Izumino Gakuen.

I would have never expected Subaru would be in a place like that. However, it's very encouraging to find that Subaru is also here. After all, Subaru is the writer of this game. Even if she doesn't have a way to return, she'll play a key role when we try to find a way back.

"By the way, is Mako on the Soutarou route? Or the Kaname route?"

"Ha~?"

"Because, your relationship is so good—."

The contents of what was whispered in my ears were so unexpected, that I got a shock.

What do you mean 'Soutarou route' and 'Kaname route'. I am, to the end, the heroine Mitsuki's onii-chan, and a supporting character. I have absolutely, completely no intention of capturing anyone.

"Mako-chan, is that cute girl your girlfriend?"

"Nope, she's not. We're just friends."

If Subaru's my girlfriend, it'd be unbearably troublesome.

Even if by chance I end up having to live as a guy in this world for the rest of my life, feelings of love will never surface between Subaru and I. Absolutely.

"Is that so. Nice to meet you, I am Fujisaki Kaname. Pleased to meet you. The big guy over here is Tsubaki Soutarou. C'mon, Souta, greeting, greeting!"

"Ah, nice to meet you. I am Tsubaki."

"Un, nice to meet you. I'm Yurino Subaru. I am Yurino Tamaki's sister and Makoto's friend."

Subaru gave such a splendid smile of a beauty without any trace of her otaku and fujoshi side, that even I felt slightly fearful.

Transforming her true face into a lovely one can be said to be her special skill.

Ever since I arrived here, I've keenly come to feel this. Beauties are born with silver spoons in their mouths[1], someone came up with this wise saying.

However, Soutarou, isn't your expression kind of stiff? Although a smile is a smile, the usual dog-like feeling isn't there. Normally, when Soutarou smiles, his ears and tail will spring up like a golden retriever's, but they aren't appearing now. Is it my imagination that he seems kind of downhearted?

"Are you okay, Soutarou? Are you feeling unwell somewhere?"

"Eh, no, I'm fine."

For an instant, Soutarou's face became red, then he shook his head left and right, with enough momentum to create a humming sound.

Could he be having a fever? He didn't sleep at all yesterday. His physical condition might have deteriorated.

"Don't push yourself. You can act spoiled once in a while. Or could it be, I'm that unreliable?"

"Ah, eh, no such thing! Mako is dependable. But I'm really okay. Thanks, Mako."

What happened, why is Soutarou acting so panicky? It's really strange.

When he coincidentally looked at Subaru for some reason his face turned red, his thumb pricked up and he thrust his hand directly at me. What's the meaning of this? I didn't do anything to deserve a *good job* sign.

On one side, Kaname shrugged while giving a wry smile. Were you such a character? It's precisely now that you should say something and liven up the atmosphere. This is getting uncomfortable, what should I do?

"So Mako-chan and Subaru-chan were friends~"

I was slightly perplexed by the baffling situation, but I unconsciously let out a smile towards the happy-go-lucky Mitsuki who spun our conversation up until now a complete 180 degrees.

——..... Soutarou who for some reason had misgivings about the fact that

Makoto might have a girlfriend, and Kaname who noticed that tried to follow up somehow, and Makoto who didn't notice but was pleased to have found the key to leave the otome game. And Subaru who perceived all their hearts' movements. And the heroine Mitsuki who noticed nothing but drove at full speed on the highway anyway.

The tripartite confusion and happiness and the various feelings that were added into the mix..... how will the story continue?

Makato is still unaware. That the focus of this story, is none other than her.

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[1] Original – 美人は生涯に1億円得をする: Being a beauty, in one's lifetime can obtain 100 million yen.

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# Chapter 5

Ah, characters like Mako-chan are the best.

Just wanna let y'all know that I won't have a schedule up because I'm not sure how often I can translate. This means there'll be times where there's consecutive releases, and there'll be periods where there's none. Fret not, I will try and finish this series. Unless someone else decides to pick it up or something unexpected happens.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 5](#) – The Natural Flag-raiser and the Saviour and the Prince (2)**

“I didn’t expect that Mako would become a guy~!”

“I was surprised about that too.”

After parting from Soutarou, Kaname and Mitsuki, I forcibly brought Subaru, who was giving an unpleasant smile, to a family restaurant.

Subaru ordered a morning set and was eating her meal elegantly, but there’s no way that I would have an appetite. I didn’t sleep at all yesterday. I could only drink hot milk like a puppy.

I couldn’t put on contact lens because my eyes were swollen, so I’ve become a glasses guy ever since this morning. As I thought, even though I came to this world, my eyesight didn’t get better. Before changing my gender, please improve my eyesight first.

“So? Who are you planning to capture?”

“Nah, I won’t do such a thing. I became a guy, you know. Isn’t this the world of an otome game?”

As of now, the current me has reluctantly become male. I’m the brother of

Mitsuki, who should be the one enjoying romance.

Until we can return, as an older brother, I plan to support my cute imouto's love. However, it kind of hurts for another guy to take away the Mitsuki who calls out 'Mako-chan Mako-chan' while sticking to me.

"That's fine, I'm also okay with BL."

"No one asked, okay."

Do something about this fujoshi who says such ridiculous things with a straight face!

As a student of the prestigious Atlas Academy, please don't voice out the nasty things in your head.

I'll definitely not enter into a romance with anyone. Well, it's true that everyone is nice and there are times when I thought they were cool. However, I'm a guy. I don't plan to stay in this world for long, and I want to support Mitsuki's love story. And like I said, *I'm a guy*.

Moreover, I can be considered a complete outsider regarding matters of otome games and boys' love. It also isn't too bad to remain rowdy with Soutarou and Kaname like how we've been so far.

"Rather than that, let's think of a way to return to the original world."

"Eh~, I still want to enjoy it more. The love of the main supporting character, Makoto."

She looked at me with a pointless twinkle in her eyes, as though she was having fun. Even if you look at me like that, I'll definitely not do something like participating in a romance, okay.

"Don't speak such nonsense. Didn't I already say I won't have a romance with anyone?"

"Eh—, how disappointing."

Although her regretful tone is kind of worrisome, I'll let it go as long as she stops making pointless retorts.

"At any rate, how do we get back? This is a game you made, right? Any ideas?"

“I’ve no clue. I got a shock too when I became Yurino Tamaki’s imouto.”

I understand what Subaru is trying to say.

I, too, was confounded when I became Mitsuki’s older brother. As Subaru also came here unintentionally, she was definitely on the same boat. However, I want to return to the original world.

For that reason, I thought I had to get Subaru to think of a solution. Unfortunately, she didn’t know a way either.

“That’s right.....”

Noticing my obvious dismay, Subaru folded her arms and, *u~n*, let out a groan before finally raising her voice like she recalled something.

“Won’t we be able to return if we head towards the ending? The story hasn’t advanced towards the ending yet.”

“Ending?”

Having an inkling that there’s a chance of returning to the previous world, my body leaned forward unconsciously.

Subaru cleared her throat triumphantly, raising a index finger beside her face.

“It’s fine as long as Mitsuki-chan is attached to the Prince.”

“I see, but who is this ‘Prince’ you’re referring to?”

“Gee. You didn’t listen to what I was saying at all, huh. It’s Kiritani Riku. He’s the glittering ikemen who’s a 2nd-year in Izumino Gakuen and in the same class as Mitsuki-chan. By the way, his attributes are straightforward and cool!”

If he’s in the same class as Mitsuki, that means he’s in the same class as me. But was such a guy in the same class? Nothing comes to mind.

“Kiritani, Riku .....?”

“It seems you haven’t met yet~. Kiritani Riku doesn’t attend school much.”

“Eh, despite being a Prince, he has the character of a delinquent?”

I can’t say I’m thrilled to have Mitsuki dating the Prince if he really is a hoodlum. Onii-chan won’t permit the cute Mitsuki to date a delinquent.



“Rather than a delinquent, he has a more absent-minded character.”

Even though he’s not a delinquent, just because he’s absent-minded, he won’t come to school? I don’t quite understand.

“Well, but if that Prince dates Mitsuki, I might be able to return. If so, I’ll work hard. I’ll cooperate so that Mizuki can head towards a happy ending with the Prince.”

Although I feel bad for Mitsuki, for my sake she has to go out with the Prince.

However, for the current plain-looking Mitsuki, it’s not at a level where anything will happen. It could be that if her specs are lacking, she might not even get to meet the Prince. It appears I have to raise her specs first of all.

“Before that happens, you must be careful not to capture any characters yourself, alright.”

“Ha?”

“Mako’s very popular after all.”

I don’t understand what she’s saying. Ever since I met Subaru, was there ever a moment when I’m popular?

Even if 1 in a 100 chance I’m popular, I have no plans to capture anyone.

“You’re so noisy. I’m not popular.”

“Is that~so.”

Subaru had the eyes of an onlooker as she put on a creepy smile while draining the cup of hot milk which had become lukewarm.

I’ve no choice but to do it. I’ll become a more remarkable male high school student than the current me, becoming an ikemen onii-chan who supports Mitsuki’s love life. It’s that. I’ll become the sicon ikemen who often appears in the otome games Subaru makes!

“From now on, I’ll put all my efforts into becoming an onii-chan. And then, I’ll assist Mitsuki in pursuing her love.”

“Oh—. Mako-chan, so dashing! Kya—kya—”

“Thanks. .... I’ll be heading back then, Subaru.”

My sleepiness had far surpassed my limits long ago. I no longer have enough energy to keep up with Subaru who was unfathomably excited.

I stood up from my seat while trying to suppress the drowsiness which threatened to make my eyes close.

“I’ll send you home. Which direction is your house?”

“It’s just next to yours. It’s been arranged so that the Heroine-chan can easily bump into the capturable characters.”

How stringent, this Subaru. It’s good that she’s staying next door. I can immediately consult her if there’s any emergencies.

The sun was already high up in the sky by the time we paid and left. I probably won’t be able to fall asleep at night later if I sleep now. But at this moment I just want to go back home and relax. Though I’ll probably just fall asleep if I do that, I feel that that in itself is the right way to spend a Sunday.

“Oi, what are you staring at—?”

While paying no attention to Subaru’s love for BL, I rushed home.

As we approached a bustling street, I heard from the back alley the voice of a man who, no matter how you think about it, is up to no good.

“Why don’t you say something? Hey, isn’t that a mouth you have there?”

When I glanced towards the direction of the voice at the speed of light, there was a slender and beautiful youth who was being surrounded by a group of hooligan-looking high school boys.

The school uniform the youth was wearing seems kind of like Izumino Gakuen’s. We might get entangled in this matter if I look at them any longer, so I quickly diverted my eyes.

“Wasn’t really ..... looking.”

Hearing the youth’s voice, I involuntarily came to a stop.

What a lovely voice. The moment it came out, a shiver went up my spine. It was a sweet voice I’d want to listen to all the time.

“Ha—a? You, what are you looking at? Are you this guy’s friends?”

“Eh?! ..... Ehh—.....”

Because I kept staring at the youth, even I got involved.

What should I do. I am not particularly good at sports and of course I’ve never fought with high school boys before. I wonder what such a me should do so that I can rescue this youth and escape with him full-force?

“He’s not related. The one you have a beef with is me, right?”

The hoodlum grabbed the youth’s collar, who remained expressionless except for the increasing wrinkles between his eyebrows.

If I neglected this and returned home, the painful ache in my heart would be no joke. Besides, although he appears deadpan, that boy totally has a face that looks like he wants to be saved.

The delinquent high school boy walked leisurely towards the youth and seized his arm. The young man scowled at me with a pointed gaze. Isn’t it because you make this kind of expression that you get involved in strange things?

“Well, well, how about you stop there? This is a high-traffic area. The police might come if you start a disturbance here.”

“It has nothing to do with you, right.”

“It has nothing to do with me, but, since our eyes met...”

The delinquent high school boy caught hold of my collar.

Fortunately, because I was comparatively taller than him, it became that I was looking down at his face. Being glared at by someone smaller than me isn’t very frightening.

“Someone, please helppp!!”

I shouted at the top of my lungs.

If this were a BL game or something similar, I would be able to easily trash these hoodlums. But I’m actually a frail girl even though I look like this. I’ll be troubled if you were expecting something like that.

“KYAAA!! I’m being surrounded by suspicious people—!!”

Likewise, Subaru also let out a high-pitched scream.

The passerbys who heard our cries stopped in their tracks. The high school boys became fidgety and swiftly left the scene. Great. We should also leave before this escalates.

I walked while pulling the hand of the youth. When I turned my head after a few minutes of walking, the youth was staring at me with an expressionless face. Looking at him like this, he's really a beauty. With that soft black hair, distinctively clear eyes, a light and delicate complexion, he resembles a girl. His height should be around 175cm. Slightly shorter than me.

"Why did you save me?"

"Eh, well..... . Perhaps because you looked like you wanted to be saved."

"I didn't make such a face."

Seems like he's a little odd. While thinking that all's well now that he's safe, I examined the youth. It's slightly annoying but he has a good voice. He smells really nice too.

While wondering what perfume he had on, I noticed that blood was coming out from his cheek. Was this done by that chap just now? I stretched out my hand and touched the wound gently.

"You're injured, here. Are you okay?"

"..... !"

His body trembled in surprise the instant I touched his cheek. His behaviour is like that of a stray cat.

This fellow doesn't seem to have any serious injuries. Subaru and I are also safe. Now I can return home comfortably.

"Subaru, I'm leaving."

"Wait. .... name."

"Eh, me?"

The youth nodded.

"I'm Sakurai Makoto. I also attend Izumino Gakuen like you."

"Sakurai Makoto..... I'm Kiritani. .... Kiritani Riku."

“Eh?! Kiritani Riku?!”

Kiritani Riku, Kiritani Riku. Could he be the Prince from『 Heart-Throb Love Revolution 』?

Turning around towards Subaru, she was looking at me with a smile. This girl, she must have knew right from the start.

Just when I decided to support Mitsuki’s romance, I ended up meeting the Prince even before she does. I don’t need such a BL-like development!

Even though I’m reluctant, I raised some sort of flag with the Prince. It’s fine. It’s still okay.

It’s fine, right…… right…… ?

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## Chapter 6

Since I can't find any official art for this series, if anyone is willing to draw fanart, I'll open a page for it. I'll also update the [Glossary](#) as we go along.

Ara ara, our Mako-chan is so popular~ Cats and dogs don't get along well. And with this, it's the end of the second 'arc'. Next chapter is the training camp!

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

### [Chapter 6](#) – The Natural Flag-raiser and the Saviour and the Prince (3)

“Good morning, Makoto.”

Unbelievably, Prince's seat was in front of mine. Next to me was Soutarou and during break time Kaname would come over. Could it be this was originally Mitsuki's seat?

Prince gave a greeting expressionlessly. Ever since I saved him from the delinquents the week before, for some reason Prince started speaking to me more.

It seems like Prince was by nature the type who doesn't have many friends. There was somewhat an uproar when we first conversed. It was when the news of *that* Prince talking to a commoner made its way through the school.

“Ah, good morning, Kiritani.”

Prince took his seat and stared at me hard enough to bore a hole through my face.

Nothing will come out even if you stare at me so much, you know.

“I will be going for the training camp tomorrow too.”

The ears of the surrounding girls who were eavesdropping pricked up and they started a racket, going *kya kya*.

They probably didn't expect that the Prince with no sense of cooperation would actually participate in the training camp. Since he doesn't even come to school ordinarily.

"I see. The girls are delighted that you'll be attending."

"Who cares about them. More importantly, I want to be in the same group as Makoto."

Come again? Wait, wait a moment. Prince, why are your cheeks turning red? Stop blushing as you look at me.

Is it that? He never had friends before so he's embarrassed when he does something that friends do. Like inviting a friend to group up for the training camp.

It can't be that the subject of the Prince's love is a guy, right. After all, he's *the* prince of an otome game. That *the* prince of an otome game would fall in love with another guy is impossible.

The Prince whose face had a serious look even when his cheeks were dyed was truly the Prince.

His hair is immaculate right down to the very strand, his complexion is fair and the components of his face are arranged so perfectly that they aren't off by even 1 mm.

"Ah, I don't particularly mind."

"Me too! I, too..... want to be in the same group as Makoto....."

Next to me, Soutarou who had been docily listening to our conversation, interrupted while pulling at the hem of my clothes, gazing at me with upturned eyes.

What's this. Is it trendy for boys to blush at other guys these days? I reflexively froze with widened eyes.

I can spot dog ears on Soutarou's head. I can spot dog ears that are standing. It seems I'm weak to this face that Soutarou makes. It makes me want to listen to anything he says.

"Makoto, look over here."

“Ha? Wa, Kiritani.”

“Makoto.”

Prince’s face gradually edged closer as he leaned on the table.

I grabbed his wrist with the meaning of *you’re too close, go a bit further*. However, the Prince didn’t move away. Instead, he came closer and closer until it became a surreal situation where the tip of his nose was a mere 10 cm away.

Uwaa—..... what a pretty face. There’s also a very nice smell. I wonder what smell is that? It causes one to be spellbound. Hang on, it’s not the time to be thinking of such things.

“Wait, Mako is troubled. Kiritani, please calm down.....!”

Overwrought, Soutarou used his huge palm to cover my mouth.

“I am calm.”

Being pulled behind like this is kind of painful. But it seems this isn’t the kind of situation where I can say that. I shall remain silent.

“Mako-chan, what are you doing with flowers in both hands—?”

Kaname approached us with a wry smile. However, I can’t even speak with Soutarou’s hand on my mouth.

Soutarou was hugging me tightly. Meanwhile, with his hand on my chin, Prince brought his face closer until a proximate distance. On top of that, because they continued their glaring bout with me in between, I feel all jittery.

The students in the class were all eyeballing us with small smiles. It’s only the 2nd week since I transferred but I have a bad premonition that my classmates already stuck me with a weird label.

“Fujisaki, go over there.”

“Oh, that’s what Prince says but what should I do, Mako-chan?”

I realised recently that the one with the most common sense amongst my friends is Kaname. There’s no doubt that if he doesn’t rescue me, this situation would persist until class starts. That’s troubling. In an unpleasant way I’m finding it hard to breathe, and the encompassing gazes are painful.



I sent Kaname a glare that says *help me*. With a “good grief”, Kaname shrugged.

“Hey there, Prince and Souta should let go of Mako-chan. A group can have 6 people so you don’t have to fight.”

Kaname pushed Prince and Soutarou away and saved me.

Soutarou clearly appeared very down, folding his huge body into a ball while looking at me. The Prince scowled at Kaname like a stray cat whose meal had been delayed.

“Thanks, Kaname.”

My stomach would have given up from the awkwardness if Kaname didn’t save me.

“No prob’. I understand Souta and Prince like Mako-chan, but there’s no point if you trouble him, right—?”

“Mako, I’m sorry…… did it hurt?”

Soutarou looked at me the way a dog who had been scolded would.

“Nah, it’s fine since I’m sturdy. It’s just that the surrounding gazes were painful.”

I began to stroke Soutarou’s head unconsciously. Initially I was worried that he might not like it, but it was a needless concern.

Very quickly, his cheeks turned slightly pink and his eyes lowered as though he was embarrassed. What’s with the ‘innocent young maiden’-like reaction. This guy is possibly even more feminine than me.

“Makoto!”

Grabbing the arm of me who had been stroking Soutarou’s head, the Prince glared at me with his vivid eyes.

Even if you glare at me with a face like that, I don’t know what you want if you don’t say anything besides my name. How troubling. I stopped stroking Soutarou’s head and turned towards the Prince.

“What’s wrong, Kiritani?”

“.....”

There’s no response. It’s the usual Prince.

“Kiritani, I won’t understand if you don’t say anything? Why are you angry? Or are you sulking?”

With his usual face that doesn’t express much emotion, the Prince softly murmured.

“Because....., ever since just now..... Makoto.....”

“Un? I’m sorry, Kiritani, I can’t hear you.”

The Prince definitely murmured just now, but with such a soft voice, I can’t hear him well.

Despite his voice being so soft that it was almost inaudible, because those pair of crystal clear eyes that reminds one of the sky were fixedly staring at me so sharply, I can’t help feeling jittery. Isn’t it precisely because he’s the Prince that he can make people want to listen to him just with his eyes?

“Because Makoto has only been paying attention to that guy ever since just now.”

Erm, could it possibly be he’s jealous?

Isn’t this too fast? In normal otome games one would usually have to spend a lot of effort to raise a favourable impression?

I’ve only been here for 2 weeks, and only knew Prince for barely a week, is it okay to get dere so easily? Prince, you need to work harder.

“Oh..... Prince, you’re quite aggressive~”

I felt a bit of irritation towards Kaname who spoke like he’s impressed. He has it easy, thinking it’s someone else’s business.

“It’s not being aggressive or whatever. I just want to get along better with Makoto.”

You meant that in a friendship way, right? It’s okay for me to interpret it that way, right?

*I’ll be troubled if it’s not like that,* I smiled trying to convey my feelings.

But getting along well with Prince is a good thing. If I get along well with him, the encounter rate between Prince and Mitsuki will naturally go up. This way, love will gradually sprout between them. After all, Mitsuki is the heroine.

“I also want to get along with Kiritani. Let’s be in the same group tomorrow, alright?”

It’ll be perfect if I add Mitsuki into the group that Prince, Kaname, Soutarou and I are in. It’s impossible that some event will not occur during the training camp. No matter what, if I close the gap between Prince and Mitsuki, a heart-throb love revolution will definitely take place.

Now that it’s decided, I have to raise Mitsuki’s specs! There’s no way she can move Prince’s heart if I don’t do something about her chemical weapon-like cooking,.

The training camp tomorrow is my first big step towards returning to the other side.

Thinking of it that way, the training camp I was feeling depressed about suddenly appears more exciting.

# Chapter 7

Yeah, Mako’s in denial XP.



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## Chapter 7 – The Training Camp and the Moonlight and the Palpitation (1)

The day of the training camp. Mitsuki and I arrived at the meeting place, the school’s gymnasium.

Soutarou and Kaname reached before us. They noticed our arrival and waved in our direction. As we walked towards the two in response, I saw Prince sitting directly on the floor. He was obviously in a bad mood.

“Good morning. What happened to Kiritani? He seems to be in a bad mood.”

“You’re late. I was waiting for you, Makoto.”

Prince looked towards me with undisguised discontentment, glaring at me as though he was sulking. I could only give a bitter smile to the face he was making.

About 80% of the students already arrived by the time Mitsuki and I got here.

In the end, my group consisted of Soutarou, Kaname, Prince and I.

I wanted to Mitsuki to join our group but she was already a member of another group when I invited her. Moreover, for some reason the males and females were separated into different groups so I couldn’t forcibly invite her.

Looks like I have no choice but to casually get closer to Mitsuki’s group. I managed to raise Mitsuki’s specs in cooking to an average level with great pains, but at this rate she won’t get a chance to show off to Prince.

“Mitsuki~! You’re slow—”

“Ah, sorry, I’m coming now~”

Mitsuki immediately left my group.

This would be when the 「Who will you spend the training camp with?」 choice appears in otome games. Is it okay for you to leave the side of the capturable target so quickly?

It may be because it's still in April when the game just started. But what should I do about Mitsuki who doesn't seem interested in love? Although I raised Mitsuki's specs in cooking to an average level, there's no point if she doesn't display her skills to the Prince.

"I'll be going then, Mako-chan. Don't cause any trouble for Tsubaki-kun and the rest, okay?"

"Mitsuki, you too, don't be so absent-minded. I'll come and visit you from time to time."

*Along with the Prince, that is,* I added silently in my heart.

And then I'll assist in creating an event between Mitsuki and Prince. Because this training camp only exists to increase the affection between Mitsuki and Prince.

"Gee, you don't have to worry so much, Mako-chan~. I'm not a kid anymore."

Her pleated school skirt fluttered as she left. After sending off her retreating figure, I turned towards the others.

"Mako-chan is close to Sakurai imouto-chan, huh."

Kaname spoke with his hand on my shoulder. It's just like Kaname to be this straightforward.

"Ah, Mitsuki is my little sister after all. More importantly, is this group okay?"

With Kaname's personality, I think he can fit in well with any group. It's the other two who are problematic. Soutarou aside, Prince is the issue. Or should I say, it's the relationship between the two that's an issue.

Glancing at the two, I saw that Soutarou had been shooting uncomfortable glances at Prince while the Prince ignored him and glared at me instead.

Why can't these two get along? And for some reason Prince keeps glaring at

me.

“Doesn’t seem like it’ll be okay. Break a leg, Mako-chan. I’ll prepare white flowers for your funeral.”

“If that happens, you’re coming with me.”

“Our destinies are entwined together, aren’t they, Mako-chan.....!”

I hit the head of Kaname who was making a scene.

Not only would it be difficult to create an event between Mitsuki and Prince, for some reason there’s a strained atmosphere between Soutarou and him. I have a feeling this would be one anxiety-filled training camp. I don’t mind anything happening as long as I don’t get caught up in it. Though it seems inevitable that the Prince, Soutarou and Mitsuki will get involved. Good grief.

It’s already time to prepare our evening meal when the sensei’s speech in the gymnasium ended. He said we could use either the schoolyard, the home economics room or the lodging area. I wonder where will Mitsuki’s group select? I want to pick the same location as them. I must raise the encounter rate between Prince and Mitsuki.

“Mitsu——..... Uwa?!”

“Makoto, ..... You’re going over to Sakurai too much.”

“Don’t scare me, Kiritani.”

Prince grabbed my arm just as I was about to go find Mitsuki. I almost fell backwards because he gave me a strong tug.

I’m technically a girl so it’ll be nice if you treat me more gently. However, it can’t be helped since on the outside I’m a guy who’s even taller than Prince.

“You stay here. I forbid you to go to Sakurai’s.”

“Ah——.....Un.....”

The Prince’s eyebrows drew closer slightly, and he spoke with a voice that sounds like he’s sulking. As I thought, he has a good voice. It’s a low voice that resonates well.

Like this, Prince revealed a very cunningly cute appearance. But, can’t you do

this in front of Mitsuki instead? Doing this to me is a waste of your allure.

“I’ll go home if you go over to Sakurai’s again.”

Much like a parting shot, he said only those words before he released my arm.

He’s the expressionless Prince who keeps to himself in front of everyone. Yet, why is it that he behaves this way towards me? Selfish, or should I say, haughty?

Subaru said before, that Prince is ‘straightforward’ and ‘cool’. But I believe she mistook it with ‘tsundere’ and ‘tsun-sama’[1]. No doubt.

“Well, for now let’s just prepare our meal, okay?”

Soutarou approached the Prince and I with a troubled smile.

The wrinkles between the Prince’s eyebrows increased as he looked at Soutarou. I was worried the Prince would say something strange to Soutarou but he didn’t utter a single word.

I feel relieved, but to think that I’d have to go through such a nerve-wrecking training camp!

“You’re right, let’s do it. I’m hungry.”

You can say that I’m reaping what I sow. I was so busy preparing for the training camp that I didn’t eat lunch.

In the end, because of Kaname’s incomprehensible claim that “cooking begins with starting a fire in the schoolyard”, we ended up preparing our meal there. It seems that Mitsuki and the others went to the home economics room. That’s right, isn’t it. As girls, you’d prefer the home economics room. Who’d purposely choose to cook outdoors in the schoolyard, huh.

The encounter between Prince and Mitsuki during dinner time didn’t even last an instance. By the way, our meal was mostly prepared by Soutarou. It was a standard curry rice. It was very delicious, totally.

Eventually, the night deepened and it’s already 9pm.

It’s the midnight of a training camp, there’s no way nothing will happen. A pointless kimodameshi[2] was in the works. I wonder who would get excited over such a thing. The only ones who’ll go “kya” in these kimodameshi were couples.

I've been tired out due to my anxiety since today morning. I want to sleep. However, such selfishness wasn't allowed.

"Souta, Prince and Mako-chan, you must participate, okay—"

Kaname was in high spirits as usual.

Kaname truly is well-suited to such high school student activities. Only he can look so stylish sporting an unfashionable russet jersey pyjamas.

Even though Prince, Soutarou, Kaname and I were clad in the same set of russet jersey with short sleeves and long pants, Kaname looked the best in it. It's just that the fancy combination of red bean-coloured clothes and blonde hair hurts my eyes.

"I want to sleep. Go by yourself, Kaname."

I coldly declared as I crawled into the futon.

"According to my information network, Sakurai imouto-chan will be participating, you know? Big brother."

"Eh, Mitsuki is participating in the kimodameshi?"

I unconsciously stood up after hearing Kaname's whisper.

Although it wasn't like I didn't realise I fell for his scheme, I can't ignore that information.

"That's right~. 'Cause I, went to take a look just now."

"Really..... are you serious....."

So my turn has finally come?

If Prince and Mitsuki gets together during the kimodameshi, something will definitely happen. Or rather, I'll *make sure* something happens.

Then I have no choice but to participate. This may sound conceited, but Prince will definitely come along if I go.

"I'll go. I'll participate."

"Awesome! If Mako-chan joins, Souta and Prince will also come, right~?"

"I'm coming."



Prince immediately replied.

Alright. It'll somehow work if Prince and Mitsuki gathers together. Or rather, I'll somehow make it work.

For this relationship, I beg you God-sama, Buddha-sama, ancestors-sama and the other gods-sama.

Please let there be at least one event between Prince and Mitsuki. Otherwise, there's no point in me coming all the way here.

Just the thought that I'll be stuck in this world if Mitsuki doesn't get the 'Prince end' gave me the shivers. I have a world where I belong to. No matter how well I get along with Soutarou and the rest, this isn't my world.

Will there come a day when I'll feel lonely about that?

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[1] Tsun-sama: 'tsun' from 'tsundere' and '-sama' from 'ore-sama'. Something like cold + haughty.

[2] [Kimodameshi](#) 肝試し – lit. liver test. Often translated as 'Test of Courage'.

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# Chapter 8

Gotta catch 'em all!

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## **Chapter 8 – The Training Camp and the Moonlight and the Palpitation (2)**

Groupings are decided by lottery. In a nutshell, we were split into male-female pairs. Awesome. Thank you so much, God-sama, Buddha-sama, ancestors-sama and the other gods-sama.

Although I don't know whether Prince and Mitsuki will end up together, but Prince would definitely not pair up with her if not for the lottery. So it's better for the pairing to be decided by lottery.

“Okay boys, please come over and line up here~”

Holding the box with the lottery slips, Yurino-sensei waved his right hand to gather the participants. Surrounded by male students, Sensei who wasn't tall disappeared within the crowd.

I'll go last since I'm fine with anyone being my partner. With that in mind, I went to the back and waited for the line to clear.

Besides, from a girl's point of view, rather than an average-looking guy like me, they'd probably prefer to group with ikemen like Prince, Kaname or Soutarou. To the girl who'll become my partner, I apologise in advance.

“Sakurai-kun's slip is the last one.”

“Ah, hai.”

“Mako-chan, what's your number? What's your number?”

Putting my hand in the box, I grabbed onto a scrap of paper.

The number on it was 12.

“Tch~, 12, huh. It’s different from mine.”

Stealing a glance at my paper, Kaname shrugged in disappointment.

“What did you get, Soutarou, Kiritani?”

“Mako, I, got number 12!”

“Ah, I’m with Soutarou, huh.”

Soutarou’s expression brightened in a flash. Overwhelmed with emotions, he approached me. Even as I was thinking that he doesn’t have to be this delighted, I realised that being hugged by him doesn’t feel so bad.

On the other hand, Prince was in a bad mood from his draw. He looked at Soutarou and I with narrowed eyes. I hope he doesn’t say stuff like wanting to go home.

“Mako-chan, what’s your number? I couldn’t find the person with the same number as me.”

Mitsuki who was wearing a long-sleeved russet jersey with long trousers came over.

Mitsuki was holding onto a piece of paper with both hands poked out from her overly-long sleeves, giving a moe feeling[1]. I really couldn’t help but think that she’s an angel as she looked at me with upturned eyes,.

So sly. So sly and cute.

However, her charm specs is still on the low side. It’s okay, Mitsuki has the potential to grow indefinitely. I must turn her into a high-specs woman so that she can become the Prince’s princess. For both Mitsuki’s sake and my sake, onii-chan will work hard.

I pushed my glasses up as I once again experienced Mitsuki’s cuteness.

“Ah, I got 12, along with Soutarou. You?”

“I’m number 7.....”

“Kaname and Prince, what were yours?”

May Prince have the same number! I asked Prince while praying that he drew the number 7.

“..... 7.”

“7?! Kiritani, you got 7?”

I don't think it was my imagination that my voice sounded strange. It can't be helped that I feel so moved.

My wish was heard. It's that, isn't it, the God-sama of otome games granted my wish.

I made a victory pose in my heart the moment I heard Prince's number. The flow finally turned in Mitsuki's and Prince's direction.

“Ah, I'm a pair with Kiritani-kun. Please take care of me.”

“Ah.”

According to my research, Mitsuki can't handle horror stuff.

During the kimodameshi, Mitsuki going “To be honest, I'm bad with things like ghosts..... I'm scared.....” then the Prince replying “Can't be helped, you can hold my hand”. Something like that could possibly happen.

Behind me, Kaname was saying something like, “Where's my partner?”, but I don't have the time for that. Right now, I'm very busy.

“I see, Mitsuki's together with Kiritani. Now I can have a peace of mind. Kiritani, Mitsuki can't handle things like ghosts or the dark so lend her a hand, alright.”

“Gee, Mako-chan, stop it. Kiritani's troubled.”

Looking at Prince who was prompted by Mitsuki's words, he was staring at me with his usual expressionless face.

Neither sulky nor angry, like an abandoned cat, he simply looked at me with his large, wavering eyes.

Gazing into those eyes, I felt like I was doing something bad. More painful than any words, this action stabs deeply into my heart.

“Kiritani.....”

“Makoto, leave Sakurai to me.”

“Un. .... N? Ue?!”

The right corner of his mouth raised as a smile surfaced on Prince’s face.

Because of the surprising words that came out of that very mouth, I unintentionally let out a strange sound.

Just when I thought that at this rate, the situation would develop badly and that he would sulk or want to take his leave, what exactly were those words Prince just said?

“Don’t let out such a strange sound.”

“Because I didn’t expect you to say something like that.”

“Well, isn’t it because Makoto was worried about Sakurai?”

I got into quite a fluster when Prince asked me with a straight face.

Frankly, I wasn’t really worried about Mitsuki. Rather, I was more nervous about Prince flirting with her.

But as expected, I can’t say such a thing.

“Un, wellll, that’s right.”

“If so, I’ll protect Sakurai.”

Mitsuki who had been quietly listening to Prince’s words started blushing. Prince then nonchalantly walked towards the starting point of the kimodameshi after issuing such impactful words.

What, perhaps because Prince is a prince, in addition to his befitting face and atmosphere, statements like these come out from him unconsciously?

“In return, you owe me one.”

“Eh, ah, un.”

With his usual emotionless and serious face where it’s hard for one to grasp his expression, he asserted with by raising his index finger.

Being pushed by an unfathomable momentum, I reflexively nodded.

“Let’s go, Sakurai.”

“Ah, un.”

I saw off the two who were walking towards the starting point of the kimodameshi with my eyes.

They seemed to be chatting about something. Although the Prince was expressionless, Mitsuki was smiling.

“Soutarou, isn’t it about time we left too?”

“Eh?!”

I casually patted his shoulder, but he was surprised far beyond my expectations. He was so surprised that it was as though there were 5 exclamation marks at the end of his utterance. His body also sprung up in a funny way.

“Why are you going “Eh”, shouldn’t we head for the kimodameshi?”

“Kimodameshi..... U-Un. Let’s go.”

Soutarou was smiling so hard that his cheeks were twitching, is he okay?

Come to think of it, Soutarou hadn’t spoken a word since just now. Judging from his words ever since the topic changed to the kimodameshi, the only thing that comes to mind is that he’s trying to assert how happy he felt to be in the same group as me?

Glancing at Soutarou, he was trembling from the occasional screams which rung out from the direction of the school building, part of the kimodameshi route. Judging from this reaction, could it be?

“Are you afraid of the kimodameshi?”

“Eh!”

“So you *are* afraid?”

Soutarou didn’t give a sign of assent. Although he didn’t, his face revealed his obvious fear towards the kimodameshi.

His fear of kimodameshi might be unavoidable, but if he’s like this even before we begin, then there’s no way he’ll enjoy it later on.

“You don’t have to force yourself to come if you’re scared? It’s not too late for us to go back now.”

After all, I’ve accomplished my goal. I’ve no qualms about returning now.

“Nah, I’m fine. I have a feeling I can do this if Makoto’s with me.”

“I, can’t do things like purify or exorcise spirits, you know.”

“I know. I didn’t meant it in that way.”

Holding onto Soutarou’s arm, I dragged him towards the starting point of the kimodameshi. He allowed me to pull him without resisting and we reached the start point.

Is it really okay to participate after all? I don’t mind if Soutarou wants to do it, but it’s okay to stop if he’s scared. It’s not like I like kimodameshi a lot and neither am I afraid of ghosts.

Nonetheless, I might as well forcibly bring him to the goal now that we are here. Thankfully, I’m not really scared of spiritual or dark stuff.

“Then, since Kiritani’s protecting Mitsuki, I’ll protect Soutarou. Just kidding.”

“.....——!!”

It’s our turn after two more pairs.

Soutarou was holding onto the cuffs of the long-sleeved russet jersey I was wearing. The jersey will stretch if you pull so hard.

Behind me, Soutarou finally fell into complete silence. What should I do? It’s okay to give up halfway if you can’t last till the end. That’s right. Let’s do that.

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[1] Original: 萌え袖 Moe sode or moe sleeves. Sleeves are longer than usual, going beyond the wrist, giving a moe feel.

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# Chapter 9

After this week, I'll be taking a break from translating and focus on my other commitments. I've put them off for too long ><... In other words, translation speed will slow down.



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## Chapter 9 – The Training Camp and the Moonlight and the Palpitation (3)

The route for this kimodameshi entails passing through the gymnasium at the starting point, the infirmary, the science lab and finally the music room. After which, participants simply have to write their names on the blackboard at the final destination.

In fact, it's so easy to guess what they'd planned for the infirmary and science lab that it's laughable. Mysterious chemicals in the infirmary and how it resembles a hospital, frog specimens and human anatomical models in the science lab. These were all things that instills a sense of fear. Certainly, anything would appear frightening when it's dark.

Soutarou was still holding onto the cuffs of my jersey behind me.

“Uwah, you gave me a shock. Don't cling to me so much.”

Panic-stricken, Soutarou glued himself perfectly onto my back. My back feels kind of warm when Soutarou who has a high body temperature clings to me.

He was so frightened that his eyebrows became 八 and he kept staring towards the school building. Having heard my words, Soutarou gave me a stiff smile. He moved a few steps back while still holding onto my jersey.

“Sorry..... It's embarrassing but, like what Mako said, I'm bad with things like ghosts and spirits.”



“You don’t need to feel embarrassed about having something you’re bad with. We can return now if you want.”

As we conversed, the 2-man team before us who were on standby started walking. Seems like it’s our turn next. We have to depart in a few minutes.

Soutarou who was agitated up until a moment ago narrowed his eyes and smiled after hearing my words. It was a tender smile one would expect from children or animals. It’s because he smiled like that so suddenly that my heart went *thump* without thinking. Dangerous, dangerous.

“It’s okay. Didn’t I say just now? That I’ll be fine if I’m with Mako.”

This, are you saying this air-headedly?

I can’t help but think he’s making a pass, but what does he mean by this? Or could it be that it’s normal for guys to have such a conversation? I’m confused. I don’t understand.

I bet that my thoughts were showing on my face. Soutarou let out another smile.

“Because Mako’s my important friend.”

“I see. That’s right, huh. I too, think of Soutarou as important.”

I understand if that’s what he means. Yes, I can interpret it this way.

As a character who’s supposed to be captured by Mitsuki, isn’t it laughable if he falls in love with her older brother? This is an otome game, not a BL game.

“Oh—, it’s Sakurai-kun and Tsubaki-kun’s turn next. It will be sca~ry so. Do your best~. Don’t get hurt, okay~”

Yurino-sensei handed me a handheld flashlight while making an exaggerated voice.

I’m amazed at sensei. He managed to maintain this vigour even though it’s already the 12th team. I can feel his enthusiasm of wanting the students to enjoy themselves.

“Hai. Let’s go, Soutarou.”

“U-Un.”

Clutching my jersey, Soutarou started walking gingerly.

Putting me aside, won't he lose his popularity if he shows such a sight to the other girls? What will happen to this lead character if they start thinking things like *Tsubaki-kun is pathetic*?

"Tsubaki-kun, you're scared of spirits? Cute—"

"He's completely attached to Sakurai-kun. I want to be Sakurai-kun!"

"Sakurai-kun, do you mind changing partners with me?"

Seems like my worries were unfounded. I apologise. I should mind my own business.

They probably thought they were whispering softly but I can actually hear them pretty well.

Granted, it's not like I don't feel vexed. However, as expected, ikemen will be ikemen no matter what they do. I might have even said the same things as those girls when I was female.

I left the gymnasium carrying such complicated feeling, taking the first step towards the infirmary.

"Where was the infirmary again?"

The light from the flashlight illuminated the corridor. As I thought, the school building looks different at night. Not very familiar with the surroundings, I wasn't sure where to go. Even if not for that, I've never stepped foot into the infirmary before.

Hence I questioned the Soutarou glued perfectly to my back. He eventually answered me in one breath with a foolish-sounding voice.

"The infirmary is at the 2nd school building....."

"Ah, I see."

Izumino Gakuen comprises of the 1st school building to the 3rd, and there's also an old school building.

Entering through the main gate, you'll see the 1st school building where the staff room, principal's office and important classrooms are. The 2nd school building is located to the east of the main gate and within are the science lab,

student council room, music room and other special classrooms. To the west of the main gate is the 3rd school building where the classrooms of 1st to 3rd-years are situated. In the old school building were the rooms for clubs and extracurricular activities. Apparently there's also changing rooms.

The 2nd school building isn't far from the gymnasium.

Seeing how frightened Soutarou is, let's quicken the pace.

"Mako, that way is to the 3rd school building."

"Eh? Ah, ..... it's because of my glasses."

Soutarou tilted his head and gave a puzzled look in response to my excuse.

That was a bad excuse just now. Though it'd have been fine if I admitted that I didn't know the way, for some reason I was embarrassed.

Despite telling Soutarou it's okay to have things you're bad at, as expected it's embarrassing when it comes to myself.

"To tell the truth..... I'm bad at memorizing directions."

That's right. I'm not particularly good at remembering directions. Simply put, I'm directionally-challenged.

"Mako says funny things with a straight face once in a while."

For some reason Soutarou started laughing even though all I did was seriously tell him *I don't know the way* with a straight face.

Whether it's Kaname or Soutarou, the residents of this world burst into laughter too easily. I don't think I said anything that was even remotely funny.

Soutarou, this guy, he was so scared just before but now he's smiling at me. For some reason despite feeling relieved, another part of me was mortified.

"I'm going to leave you behind if you prattle on."

"Wait, Mako."

Soutarou, this guy, he's still laughing! Exasperated, I ignored him and walked off. Flustered, Soutarou grabbed onto my clothes.

We can reach the infirmary in less than 5 minutes if we walk quickly. As proof

having been there, we have to sign at our names on the register at the fridge in the infirmary.

When I placed my hand on the door of the infirmary we're supposed to enter, I noticed there were sounds coming from inside. Was the pair before us still here? There's no way it's a thief, right? I came up with several speculations but all of them seem to miss the mark.

"Soutarou, what do you think these sounds are?"

"Perhaps it's the sensei who's acting as a ghost?"

"Ah, that makes sense."

The sensei who's acting as a ghost could be trying to scare us. Still, the sounds seem too rowdy even for that but, is that's how it's supposed to be? I'm not sure because I don't usually go to places like haunted houses.

Having agreed with Soutarou's thinking, I boldly opened the door.

"Wait, Mako, all of a sudden..."

"Since we're entering anyway, there's no need to hesitate——..... Eh?"

"N— ? "

Were ghosts beings who'd push down a half-naked girl in a place like this? By chance, my eyes met with the ghost(temporary)'s. It's a little awkward, but who asked him to do this kind of thing in a place like this.

That 'ghost' had black hair with blue highlights, cut in a Wolf style[1]. Only his right eye was hidden behind his hair like a certain Kitarou[2]. It was arranged so precisely that it's kinda off-putting. There were earrings on his ears like loose leaves and there were jingling accessories even on his neck and fingers. With a single glance, one could tell he was neither a serious nor diligent person.

Nonetheless, he has pointlessly good looks. An oval-shaped face with a light complexion. Large, round eyes and a strangely amorous mole at the corner of his eye. Although the way his mouth curled mischievously is irritating, he appears to be quite a lady-killer.

Incidentally, the girl seems to be of the same type. Both her clothes and make-up are flashy.

From the colour of their ties, they should be 3rd-years.

“What’s with ‘em—. They seriously can’t read the mood—. Aren’t y’all the second years havin’ training camp now?”

Even the things she says are unscrupulous.

I scolded in my mind. As a girl, you should speak in a more well-mannered way.

“N—? Seems like it—. What happened, did you lose your way?”

It appears that this isn’t the infirmary.

The moonlight permeated the classroom and brightened the surrounding, allowing us to see the entire room. This is probably the Student Council room. I could see a note stating ‘Student Council President’ on the desk in the back.

“That’s right. Sorry to bother you.”

I don’t want to have anything to do with such strange people whom we met in such a strange way. Besides, getting involved is troublesome.

“You don’t have to be so scared, bunny-chan.”

“..... bunny-chan?”

What’s with this guy. The words he say are so incomprehensible that it was scarier to me than ghosts.

“Oh my, you don’t like bunny-chan? How about honey-chan or sweetie-chan or cutiepie-chan?”

“Nonsense. I’m leaving.”

“Ahaha, wait a moment, bunny-chan. You’re the transfer student Sakurai Mitsuki’s onii-chan right?”

Holding onto Soutarou’s arm, my feet reflexively stopped moving.

Turning around, the guy happened to have just risen from the sofa is walking towards me. The half-naked girl is fixing her eyelashes with an disinterested face. Although I personally think that she should first wear her clothes, the status of

her eyelashes is probably more important to her than being half-naked.

Looking closely, the guy's clothes are also fairly messy. In fact, his top is completely unbuttoned, he isn't wearing a belt and some of his underwear is even showing. What's with them, really, did they try to do it in the classroom, these guys?

"Bingo. Mitsuki-chan is cute, huh~. She may be plain but aren't her features quite satisfactory? Ehehe, are you glaring at me, onii-chan?"

"Stop messing around. I won't hand Mitsuki over to a shallow fool like you. Also, the only one who can call me 'onii-chan' is Mitsuki."

"Then, I'll call you bunny-chan. Even though bunny-chan doesn't resemble Mitsuki-chan, you're quite cute too~. It's like, you have a girly face—. If Mitsuki-chan's no good, perhaps I'll aim for you~?"

He seized my chin and forcibly turned my face towards his direction.

Sorry for having a girly face. It can't be helped since I was originally female. But the current me is male, so don't bring your face so close to mine! What's with this guy? This guy with pointlessly good looks feels a bit like a capturable character. I wonder if I'm right. Let's ask Subaru later.

Nevertheless, he's about the same height as Soutarou, so my neck hurts when he forcibly tilted my chin up for so long. He contrived a dejected face when I involuntarily grimaced.

"Does it hurt? I'm sorry. Let me give you a kiss to help heal the pain."

"Hah?! Idiot, stop! Let go of me!"

"Ehh, cute. Is it your first kiss?"

Pinning my chin down, he brought his face closer and closer.

To be kissed by such a guy riding on the momentum is the worst. Moreover, this really *is* my first kiss. Is that so bad? I've had no relation with romance until now.

Ah, what should I do.

Let me press the reset button RIGHT NOW!

- 
- [1] [Wolf cut](#) ウルフカット (hairstyle)
- [2] GeGeGe no Kitarou's [protagonist](#).
- 

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# Chapter 10

No more cliff-hanging! The next arc begins after the Chapter 11 omake! (ノノ  
)ノ\*:☆\*



Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

**[Chapter 10](#) – The Training Camp and the Moonlight and the Palpitation (4)**

“Let go……!”

A few more centimeters and our lips will touch.

This is the worst. To be kissed by this kind of guy who stinks of cologne. Rather, isn’t that girl his lover? Is it okay to kiss someone like me?!

Even if you’re fine with it, I’m absolutely against it. I definitely don’t want to kiss this guy.

“Narahashi-senpai, please stop.”

Soutarou hugged me from behind and pulled with all his might.

My first kiss was defended thanks to the strong Soutarou. While it wasn’t like I’m emotionally attached to my first kiss, it would be more meaningful if I give it to a cat or a dog than this guy. I’m against kissing this guy. I’ve decided.

“Oh—, you, know my name~?”

“You’re famous. Despite being the Student Council President you don’t act like one at all. The Student Council President, Narahashi Junya.”

“Ahaha, I see—. I may look like this but I do work hard—. Right, bunny-chan?”

I can’t believe he’s the Student Council President. What happened to student autonomy in Izumino Gakuen?

Even if he says stuff like, “Right, bunny-chan?”, today is the first time I met



him. And from my first impression, I can't imagine this wild Narahashi being a proper Student Council President.

For some reason Narahashi appeared pleased when I looked at him with narrowed eyes. On top of being a skirt-chaser and delinquent, he has shockingly high masochist and pervert specs. More and more, I don't want to let Mitsuki near him. If I let this kind of guy come near Mitsuki, she'll be done in by his poison. Even worse, she might get pregnant.

"Work harder if you want me to say yes. Soutarou, let's go."

Thank goodness Mitsuki didn't encounter Narahashi first. I'll absolutely not let him near her. Absolutely. Absolutely not. And to the best of my ability, I'll make sure I don't meet him either. This guy is dangerous.

"What a cold bunny-chan, huh~? Even though you might become my brother-in-law~"

"That won't happen. There's no way it will."

"If I marry Mitsuki, the cute twins siblings will become mine and I'll have flowers in both hands. I can't wait~"

I got goosebumps when Narahashi looked at me while licking his lips.

Let's quickly take our leave and return to the gymnasium. It may not be *that* frightening, but I don't have the mood for kimodameshi anymore now that I've met something scarier than ghosts.

"Are you scared, bunny-chan? Since you might lose your virginity to me?"

"Mako's virgi.....! What are you saying!"

"Oi, wait a moment. The idiot over there."

With a red face, Soutarou was trying to retort something but his words got caught. All of a sudden, the door to the Student Council room opened with vigour.

The tranquil-looking young man who came out has reddish-brown hair. His reddish-brown hair seems soft and behind his glasses are a pair of blue eyes. He is fair like a doll. So much so that he almost doesn't appear to be Japanese.

He had on an armband that says, 'Student Council' above a white school cardigan. Is he also from the Student Council?

"Ah, Chika-chan. Thanks for the good work~"

"You're really an idiot. Have you completed your duties?"

The male student being called 'Chika-chan' walked briskly towards Narahashi and unhesitatingly gave him a Lariat in a polished manner.

Then Narahashi, having brilliantly dodged that, embraced 'Chika-chan'. After stroking 'Chika-chan''s head, Narahashi swiftly distanced himself.

"Sorry. I'll do them later~"

"Forget it. The work will only increase if I leave it to the studhorse who's sexually excited all-year round[1]. Please wear your clothes properly before talking about rabbits or marriage."

"Ehehe, Chika-chan's scary. Right, bunny-chan? Ah, bunny-chan, this is the Vice-President Chika-chan~. Takayanagi Yasuchika-kun. Cool, huh?"

Appearing like he's accustomed to being scolded by Takayanagi, Narahashi started fixing his clothes.

"You guys too, don't come here. The Student Council room is off-limits for ordinary students."

"Ah, hai."

"Be on your way quickly."

Heeding Takayanagi's words, we left from the Student Council room.

We got scolded even though it's that perverted Student Council President's fault. I felt slightly displeased as I walked through the corridor.

Although a significant amount of time has passed since we departed[2], if we don't wander around and head directly to the gymnasium, it might be just about time.

It seems like it's been established that I'll encounter the capturable characters before Mitsuki does, but this time at least I'm glad that I met him first. Putting aside Takayanagi, Narahashi's the worst.

That Subaru, why did she create such a perverted character. Just the thought of him sinking his poison fangs into the cute Mitsuki made me shudder. While it's only provisional, Mitsuki's my cute imouto. If Mitsuki who's so pure and naive meets that pervert M bastard, she'll definitely get eaten up. Uwah, you can't, Mitsuki!

As I thought, Mitsuki should end up with the Prince. Ah, speaking of which, did she properly go to the infirmary.....? There's a chance they mistakenly went to the Student Council room and met that pervert like us. I wonder if they're okay. Mitsuki's in your hands, Prince.

As I agonized on my own, Soutarou who had been quiet embraced me from behind.

"Uwah, what's wrong, Soutarou. Suddenly hugging me. As expected, you feel scared? Then, quickly, towards the gymnasium....."

"..... I was afraid."

"I see. Then, let's quickly——....."

*Squeeze*, he held me tighter.

As expected, Soutarou's really strong. He squeezed me hard enough that my bones creaked.

"I don't mean it that way. When I thought you and Narahashi-senpai were going to kiss, ..... I was afraid."

Soutarou's voice was trembling.

He hugged me with all his strength, and the tip of his nose brushed against the back of my head. It's like being fawned over by a huge dog, but what's with this palpitation..... That my protective instinct was stirred, or that I had the urge to say "Hand"[3], complicated emotions rose up in my heart.

Though it wasn't the time to think of such things, if I don't distract myself by thinking of them, I won't be able to stand this CG-like atmosphere.

How is it that I became like the heroine? This is something that should be experienced by Mitsuki, right?

"Ah, ..... thanks for saving me just now. You really saved me. Truly."

“Un..... Mako, .....”

Timidly turning back, I saw that the ends of Soutarou’s eyebrows were lowered as he gave me a troubled smile.

Covered by the moonlight, the usual dog-like feeling Soutarou gives off was suppressed. My gaze happened to fall on his strangely risqué-looking lips which were curved in a heartrending way. Embarrassed, I lowered my field of vision, only to notice his beautiful neckline. Though I never realised before, there were two beauty spots lined up on Soutarou’s left collarbone.

In accordance to the timing of his breathing, Soutarou’s chest repeatedly rose and fell. I wonder if his heart was also beating fast. His hot breath landed on my ear. I have a feeling his body temperature increased by about a degree.

Soutarou had his arms around me who stiffened due to nervousness. He slowly brought his huge hand up and tenderly caressed my head. Somehow the atmosphere is turning lewd. If you include the incident just now, isn’t this already the second time today?

Nope nope, this can’t be. It definitely can’t be. In this game, the story is that Mitsuki will obtain her reverse harem and, in the end get together with the Prince. What’s the meaning of me having this pink atmosphere with Soutarou!

“I think of Mako as a very important friend. That’s why anything Mako dislikes, I don’t like it too.”

Ah, I see. That’s right, huh. You meant it in a ‘friendship’ kind of way. It should be fine, right? No flags are raised, right?

I totally thought it was *that* just now. Seems like I was being too self-conscious. Thank goodness.

Relieved, I faced Soutarou and stroked his head.

The atmosphere a moment ago thinned and he returned to being the usual sly dog. I see that his tail and ears are standing.

“Thank you, Soutarou.”

Soutarou gave a deep nod.

“Even though I said I’d protect you, I ended up being protected.”

“Isn’t that fine? Aren’t friends the type of existence that protects and gets protected, helps and receives help?”

“I see..... that’s right. Haha, somehow..... when you put it this way, it feels kind of ticklish.”

A ticklish feeling emerged in the depths of the depths of my heart.

Although it wasn’t like the relationship I had with my friends up until now were shallow, no one showed me such good will so openly before. While I didn’t intend to associate with them only on the surface, friends who are this assertive are rarely seen. The things Soutarou say is embarrassing. However, admittedly, I also feel happy at the same time.

Such feeling is pretty strange.

I’ve never felt this way before coming here.

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- [1] Studhorses are kept for breeding purposes.
  - [2] From the starting point.
  - [3] Give me your hand. Like how pet owners instruct their pets when they’re trying to get them to do tricks. (play dead, roll over, etc.)
-

# Chapter 11

Once again, warning: **this series is R15** on syosetu **and has BL**. If you want, escape now while you can. For those who plan to continue reading, **I'll give a warning if any adult scenes appear.**

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**Chapter 11 – Gossip: Yurino Subaru’s Creation Data**

I — — Yurino Subaru, was thinking this way.

I’m an otome game player down to my very roots. That I got transported into the world of an otome game, could it be a gift from God-sama? Furthermore, I’ve completely become a spectator. Could this be the rumoured ‘sidelines trip’?

Now that I took up the position of Yurino Tamaki’s imouto, if the heroine Mitsuki wants to capture Tamaki by any chance, I’ll become her rival. Though it’s a long story, I changed places ..... how should I say this? Tamaki’s imouto had loved him from when they were young.

But the capture priority of Yurino Tamaki is low. Or rather, it’s only after raising flags after flags that you can finally go for him, that’s how low his priority is. Nonetheless, I have no intention of furthering anything with Tamaki.

I can cheer Mitsuki on from the bottom of my heart if she chooses Tamaki.

As the possessor of knowledge of the setting in a ‘sidelines trip’, Yurino Subaru’s position is immensely delicious.

While being a good consultation partner for Mitsuki, I can also obtain information from her without needlessly approaching the capturable characters.

The capturable characters in this game can be said to be my brainchildren. I can’t even imagine dating the manifestations of my imagination. Even if I end up

having to stay in this world forever, I have no intention of having a romance with any of the capturable characters.

Nevertheless, it's very exciting to watch from the sidelines. To me who's fine with NL, BL and GL, this place is akin to heaven.

I'm so glad I asked the artist I admired for these character designs—! Since they're my children, they have to be extremely ikemen. And be easy on the eyes. This is especially true for the Prince; we put a lot of effort into his face. Dangerous, Prince. Seriously, a prince.

Mako who got transported along with me took the place of the heroine Sakurai Mitsuki's older brother.

Even though Mako was originally a girl of shorter stature than me, ever since becoming Sakurai Makoto, she transformed into a tall high school boy. At the outset, as a girl she had the personality of a refreshing handsome man. She really starts to shine now that she turned male.

I want to say "good job!" to she who actively raised flags while being deceptively unaware. Although I didn't tell Mako, this game also has hidden endings where Mitsuki and Makoto gets lovey-dovey with the capturable characters.

Hereupon I'm anticipating much from Mako. Hehe.

Oops, that was dangerous. My face loosened.

Cough. Starting anew, I've decided to record Mako's success here.

**Title:** Dokidoki Renai Kakumei Revolution

**Story:** When a normal 17 year-old girl who's estranged from love transferred to Izumino Gakuen, her and their love revolution began. She has to further her romance with one male as much as possible in a year. Studies • Sports • Charm • Arts • Housework, she has to raise these specs. It becomes possible to capture the characters as you raise certain specs. No matter how high of a favourability rating you have, a bad end will be forced upon you if your specs are not high enough.

By the way, two types of bad ends were prepared: losing your love to your rival or having the capturable target become mentally ill.

Incidentally, a special ending has been prepared for the Prince named Kiritani Riku as his is this otome game's true route.

### Characters:

#### **Sakurai Mitsuki** 桜井美月 / さくらい みつき

2nd year student. 155cm. Flat-chested. Even though she's plain, her features can be technically considered cute. Small animal type.

Tea-brown tinted pink bob hair.

A bro-con who likes her older brother, Mako-chan.

Her personality will change as you raise her specs.

Depending on your play style, she can become prim and tidy wife material or a sexy fiend.

#### **Sakurai Makoto** 桜井真琴 / さくらい まこと

2nd year student. 178cm tall after the transport here. Originally 158cm so she gained around 20cm.

Frequent user of contact lenses due to short-sightedness. Switches between black and red-rimmed ones glasses depending on the occasion.

Face is somewhat feminine but has a fearless look. The level of his face is so-so. Doesn't resemble Mitsuki much.

Initially he wasn't like this but he's gradually turning into a sis-con.

Even though he's a natural flag-raiser, he himself has no intention of having a romance.

Favourability rating at the moment: Tsubaki  $\geq$  Fujisaki > Kiritani > Yurino >>> Takayanagi >>> the barrier that can't be overcome >>> Narahashi \* \* \*

\* \*



## **Kiritani Riku** 桐谷陸 / きりたに りく

175cm / 60kg / Blood type A

2nd year student. Is called “Prince” behind his back. He has a fan club not just in Izumino Gakuen, but in Atlas Academy too.

Glossy black hair that are slightly shaped with gel. Cat type.

Has a powerful and distinct gaze. Slightly tsurime[1]. Well-arranged features like a doll, with a face that has been described as feminine.

Fair skin with no visible pores like a bisque doll. Slender body. Long and well-proportioned limbs.

Constantly expressionless despite being a beauty. His emotions rarely undulates, he speaks with a disinterested tone.

Straightforward and cool. He was set to have a voice and smell that captivates the Sakurai siblings.

Has very few friends. It’s rumoured that Makoto and the others were his first friends.

## **Tsubaki Soutarou** 椿木颯太郎 / つばき そうたろう

183cm 72kg Blood type O

2nd year student. Basketball club.

In Makoto’s words, a sly dog. Showing upturned eyes while tilting his head is his certain kill technique.

Short black hair. Kind-looking droopy eyes[2]. Two beauty spots are lined up on his left collarbone. Also, dog ears.

Even though he’s muscular due to basketball training and is tall, he’s bad with spirits and eerie stuff.

He takes care of his elementary schooler younger siblings in place of his working parents. Good at housework like cooking and washing clothes.

Though in front of Makomako he usually acts like a large dog, he actually has

the presence of an eldest son and is good at spoiling others.

### **Fujisaki Kaname** 藤崎 要 / ふじさき かなめ

172cm / 60kg / Blood type B

2nd year student. He was in the basketball club until Junior High School but currently he's acting as the helper for various clubs.

Self proclaimed jack-of-all-trades and master-of-none who can easily play any sports.

Secures his blonde hair with a red pin. The sharpness of his tsurime eyes is his charm point.

Although the way he speaks relaxedly coupled with his looks gives him a DQN[3] appearance, he's actually rather perceptive.

Amiable and participates in many social activities. Average grades. Humanities.

Because he's so perceptive, he learned to maintain a strong self-control on many occasions.

### **Narahashi Junya** 櫛橋 純也 / ならはし じゅんや

180cm 66kg Blood type O

3rd year student. Unexpectedly the Student Council President.

Black hair with blue highlights in an asymmetrical Wolf haircut, his right eye is hidden by bangs.

3 earrings on the left and 2 on the right, wears jangling silver accessories on his neck and fingers.

On his fair-skinned oval face is a pair of goggle-eyes. The beauty spot at the corner of his eyes is strangely amorous. A very alluring character.

Both M and S. Regardless of being male or female, he likes them as long as they're cute.

The Sakurai siblings are completely his type. Calls Makoto "bunny-chan".

Rumour has it that people were enjoying *passions of the night* in the Student Council room.

**Takayanagi Yasuchika** 高柳靖睦 / たかやなぎ やすちか

176cm / 65kg / Blood type A

3rd year student. Student Council President and Swimming Club's vice-head. As his father is the director of a university hospital, he's a bonbon[4].

Natural soft reddish-brown hair and owner of blue eyes. Fair complexion. Glasses boy.

He's a half from a pure-bred Japanese father and a mother who has English (england) blood.

Basically can be said to be high-class goods. But after a long association with Narahashi, he was infected by his poison and became foul-mouthed. There are times when he acts violent too. The victim is usually Narahashi.

His certain kill technique is Lariat. He's also capable of unleashing Iron Claw and Choke Sleeper.

**Yurino Tamaki** 百合野環 / ゆりの たまき

169cm 56kg Blood type AB

Homeroom teacher of Mitsuki and the others' class, he specialises in Biology.

Neatly trimmed black hair, gentle eyes. The corner of his mouth is always raised, giving an impression that he's constantly smiling.

In Makoto's words, he's both serious and sensual. Slightly baby-faced. His height is on the short side.

Although he exudes the serene atmosphere a nursery teacher would have, he feels kind of unreliable.

\* \* \* \* \*

**Yurino Subaru** 百合野昴 / ゆりの すばる

166cm / 52kg

2nd year student. Tamaki's imouto and Mitsuki's good consultation partner.

Student of the prestigious mission school, Atlas Academy. Excellent grades.

Has long black hair and tsurime, the special characteristic of this powerful beauty is her alluring eyes.

Loves Tamaki in the original work but the current Subaru has no feelings for him.

Although she seems like a riajuu[5] from her outer appearance, the contents are unfortunately a fujoshi and an otome gamer.

Produces her own otome game and BL game works in the Circle[6]. Can't draw.

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[1] [Tsurime](#) つり目: lit. fishing eyes.

[2] [Tareme](#) 垂れ目

[3] 'Dokyun', slang for someone who is extremely foolish. Ouch. DQN sounds a little like 'Dokyun' if you say it out.

[4] [Bonbon](#). Not the candy.

[5] [Riajuu](#) リア充 – Someone leading a fulfilling real life.

[6] Circle: abbreviation for Doujinshi Circle, a group of doujinshi (self-made works) creators. Cosplay groups can be referred to as 'Circle's too.

# Chapter 12



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 12](#) – The Student Council and the Solicitation and the Frightened Rabbit (1)**

“So you finally encountered the Student Council! How did it go? Did you have a kiss with Junjun?”

“I didn’t! Don’t even joke about it.”

I was forcibly called out by the doujinshi writer, Subaru, immediately after returning home from the training camp.

Due to my promise to notify Subaru, who was busy against her will, about all BL-like developments, I got dragged out by her. While it wasn’t my intention for this to happen, this story could be going towards a grim ending if I don’t get some advice from Subaru.

We conversed while having a late lunch at the usual family restaurant. Subaru got the cake set while I went all-out and asked for the 1500 yen cut of thick steak. For some reason, I don’t feel full no matter how much I consume after getting this body. I also don’t gain weight. It could be due to puberty.

“The first encounter in the scenario should have been a CG scene where the onii-chan gets his lips stolen in front of Mitsuki?”

“What’s with that, such a scenario.”

“Junjun is bisexual even in the official story. Moreover, it was set that Mitsuki-chan and her onii-chan, Mako, are totally Junjun’s type. While we’re at it, there’s

also a Narahashi x Mitsuki-chan x Mako 3-person ending.”

She sleekly dropped a bomb on me as though it was nothing much.

It can’t be that Mitsuki-chan and I fall within his strike zone, right. Also, we don’t need an ending like that.

This may not be some horror game, but doesn’t this mean that there’s no hope no matter how much I struggle? I won’t let Mitsuki meet him even if I have to be her shield.

I thought there won’t be any BL developments since it is an otome game, but I should have known that the fujoshi Subaru would have included BL scenarios somewhere. I was careless.

“Things are getting interesting now that the capturable characters gradually enter the picture.”

“What do you mean by ‘interesting’ ..... Will I be able to return to the previous world—?”

I have a feeling that as things stand, I won’t be able to return. I think the possibility of the Prince and Mitsuki dating is currently an approximate 0.

I heard about their experience in the kimodameshi but they only casually walked around and casually completed the course. In Mitsuki’s words, “It wasn’t as scary as I thought it would be”.

Can you really be an otome game heroine like that! While I’d like to rebuke her so, I found myself unable to scold Mitsuki when she gave a face that said I was admirable for conquering the ghosts.

When did I become a siscon? Mitsuki, what a frightening girl.

“You want to return, right? I’ll be sure to work hard so that we can.”

“Subaru.....”

Subaru smoothly said the words I wanted to hear as she picked at her cake. It was slightly surprising.

Since it’s Subaru, I thought she’d take the stance that it’s more fun here, but it seems she properly has the intention to return.

I see. Even though it's Subaru, she does wish to return to the previous world. This makes me relieved.

"But until then I'll make sure to fully enjoy this trip~"

"..... As expected, huh~"

I felt relieved now that I know it's the usual Subaru nee-san.

It was of course impossible that Subaru would disregard the phenomenon of transporting to another world, tantamount to the burning desire of an otaku girl.

But she did say she'd think of a way to return even while enjoying herself. That's something to feel glad about.

"Of course cracker—![1] Does Mako have a character you like—? Didn't you have a good feeling going there with Soutarou? Unless, you already kissed and all?"

"Tch—Obviously not. I'm male on the family register, you know?"

"Love transcends the gender barrier!"

I've had enough of this person. Even though she spoke with a good smile, the words that came out weren't good.

Soutarou and I definitely don't have a relationship like that. Soutarou said that he thought of me as a friend and similarly I don't think of him as anything more than a friend. He's my best friend. It's disrespectful to be making a fuss about matters of like and love.

What should I do if weird rumours surface? I don't mind but it'll be a nuisance for Soutarou.

"How about it? Since I called you all the way here, tell me about the training camp~"

"Ah....."

Subaru who was elegantly consuming the millefeuille was really a bishoujo. However, this beauty only gets the most fired up when listening to BL stories, what a disappointment.

She leaned forward with glittering eyes and a huge full-face smile.

Prompted by Subaru, I tried to recall yesterday's events. Even though I wanted to recount the events in chronological order, at this rate won't she misunderstand something again? This may be me overthinking, but the happenings of the training camp from top to bottom feels like BL.

Perhaps I'm thinking too much but I'll evade a little and muddle things up a little as I talk.

"Well, that's true. I made curry with Kiritani, Kaname and Soutarou. I then participated in the kimodameshi with Soutarou. During which we strayed to the Student Council room and met the hentai Student Council President and the man who gave him a Lariat. Finally, I went to sleep, sandwiched between Soutarou and Kiritani."

Although what I said was abridged here and there, I didn't tell any lies.

"I see~. You enjoyed yourself, huh."

"Well, it was rather fun. Soutarou, Kaname and the Prince are good kids....."

Subaru was grinning. Looking at that expression of hers, I had the uncomfortable, creepy feeling that she understood everything.

Even though usually I'll grab more of the free rice[2], for some reason I don't have much appetite today. But as I thought, the steak from this family restaurant is truly delicious. The me before would have been bloated with just 60% of the curry rice but the usual current me who turned male could eat about 3 times that amount.

"I see~. Fufu."

The grinning Subaru appears to be having fun. I had a bad premonition as I looked at her.

But it's true that Soutarou and the others are good kids. Being with them is very enjoyable. Or should I say that it heals the heart.

At this point, a shadow was cast upon our table. While thinking "Oh, my?" and lifting my head, I abruptly felt a weight on my back. When I raised my voice in astonishment, sounds of giggles entered my ears as that person applied strength



with the arm that was looped around my neck.

“Ehehe~, guess who?”

This voice..... I’m unusually scared of turning my head. After all, this voice was undoubtedly, *undoubtedly*, that of the absolute worst hentai.

Like the rusty screw mechanism of a machine, with a *creak creak* sound, I turned behind in slow motion.

“..... Narahashi..... kaichou[3].”

He was clad in a dress shirt with a loosely-fastened tie, revealing part of his skin. Narahashi who wore a flashy yellow sweater on top of that turned to observe me.

Even when looking at him in a bright place, as expected he’s one showy guy. Completely like a V-Kei[4] band member. He’s done well not to get caught breaking the school regulations.

“Haven’t seen you since yesterday—, bunny-chan. Ehhh, you’re with a cute girl. On a date?”

“You’re wrong. Leave right this instant, pervert.”

“Muu. I’ll seal those lips that are saying such nasty things.”

Narahashi grasped my forehead and forcibly tried to kiss me.

Trying to kiss me yesterday and then today again, this guy really has a persistent heart. Something’s seriously wrong with him.

Furthermore, attempting to kiss a fellow male in a family restaurant, what kind of bugged game is this!

“Let go!”

“Don’t wanna. I want to smooch-smooch bunny-chan.”

“What’s with you, “want to smooch-smooch”? Get away, you fool.”

Takayanagi who was standing behind Narahashi stepped out and unleashed a magnificent Choke Sleeper.

I’ve had this thought since yesterday, but Takayanagi occasionally strikes out

with pro-wrestling moves and foul words despite looking all elegant.

“What~. Are you jealous, Chika-chan?”

“I’ll bring you away if you keep speaking nonsense.”

“Don’t wanna. I haven’t smooch-smooched bunny-chan yet~. Right~, bunny-chan?”

I distanced myself at full power from Narahashi as he nonchalantly took a seat beside me after Takayanagi released his Choke Sleeper.

And Narahashi who noticed that embraced my waist and forcibly drew me towards him. He entwined his fingers with mine and brought his face closer. Shooting a glance at Subaru, I noticed her eyes were glistening and she looked at me with the expression of a maiden in love. No matter how I think about it, I can’t expect any help from her.

“Release me.....!”

“Ehehe, bunny-chan looks superbly cute without your glasses. This face, is seriously completely my type~”

The feel of his breath on my lips is really disgusting.

While it’s said that being kissed by this guy is inevitable, will this keep continuing until that inevitable event happens? Then it’s better to just kiss now. I’ll endure and pretend I’m being gnawed at by a dog.

“Bunny-chan, I love you a lot. If I marry Mitsuki-chan I can obtain you too, right—?”

I woke up with that one sentence of his. Mitsuki might get bitten by his poison fangs if I fall here.

No way. I can’t let that happen. I can’t get swept away by the current here. Didn’t I just swear not to raise any flags?

“Who’d let you marry her! If you come any closer, you’re suffer something 5 times stronger than Takayanagi-senpai’s Choke Sleeper. I’ll strike you with a German • Suplex. Seriously.”

Making use of our entwined fingers, I pushed back at him and while glaring

intensely, and spoke in a low voice I never used before.

I further strengthened my grip against Narahashi who gave a complacent grin reminiscent of a Cheshire Cat.

“I’ll happily receive it if it’s bunny-chan’s German ▪ Suplex.”

“Seriously just go away.....”

“Eh~, Chika-chan~, bunny-chan’s so cold.”

Speaking of Takayanagi, he’s drinking black coffee beside Subaru. What’s more, they’re chatting idly.

Both of them are too carefree. My chastity is in danger right now, you know. I might be kissed by this guy, you know.

Takayanagi who was gracefully draining his cup shot a smile towards Narahashi.

“I believe Sakurai-kun’s more of the tender-hearted type though?”

“He’s not tender at all—. He won’t let me kiss him, y’know?”

I don’t understand how the brain of this guy who’s still thinking about kissing even after being rejected so much works.

While I’d personally like to leave quickly, Takayanagi called the shop assistant over and asked for an omurice. Incidentally, Narahashi ordered a hamburger set while hitting on the shop assistant and even kissed the assistant on the back of the hand. Seriously repulsive.

“The only ones who’ll happily kiss a pervert they just got to know would be those shallow followers of yours.”

“Ah, I see, so it’s fine as long as we get to know each other more! It’s settled. Bunny-chan, join the Student Council.”

“..... hah?”

I doubt that that was what Takayanagi meant. So how come they were interpreted this way? With the situation taking a sudden leap, I revealed a foolish expression as I looked at Narahashi.

“I’ll be able to keep you by my side all the time if you join the Student Council.

That way, you'll come to love me and then we can kiss and do risqué things. It'll be a paradise where I have Mitsuki-chan and bunny-chan on both sides. Ehehe."

How did it become like this. Rather, that won't happen! Definitely not!

A paradise where Mitsuki and I serve Narahashi from both sides won't happen!

"Stop joking! I'll definitely not join the Student Council!"

"If you enter the Student Council. I'll appoint you the person-in-charge of odd jobs, assisting the Student Council President. Ehehe, I'll be sure to prepare *special* odd jobs for you, bunny-chan~"

What's with that improper position!

Exactly what kind of work falls under 'odd jobs'? I'm scared.

I didn't expect to suddenly receive a solicitation from the Student Council. Of course I don't intend to join but will my declining even be of use?

The person I rely on, Subaru, was carefreely having a conversation with Takayanagi. I beg you, Subaru and Takayanagi! Do something about this perverted Student Council President!

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[1] [Atarimaeda no Kurakka](#) – Pun. There's a brand of crackers called Maeda. 'Atarimae da' means 'of course' or 'obviously'. Put the two together and you get...

[2] Certain Japanese restaurants or eateries allow customers to refill their rice free-of-charge.

[3] What was previously translated as President. Gonna leave it as kaichou on certain occasions from now on.

[4] Abbreviation for Visual-Kei.

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# Chapter 13

Looks like it's a pretty close fight between ramen and sushi! Incidentally, I voted for ramen!



Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## [Chapter 13](#) – The Student Council and the Solicitation and the Frightened Rabbit (2)

Monday. There's a throbbing pain in my head.

The meeting in the family restaurant was, of the highest degree, the worst. When I left the restaurant, I ran for dear life from Narahashi who wanted me to join the Student Council.

I was really grateful to have the physique of a high school boy. Although it's the most average of the most average physiques amongst guys, it was considerably faster compared to when I was female. Despite that, there were many occasions when I was almost caught by Narahashi. But I barely managed to escape in the end.

I may have escaped, however, Narahashi is a student of Izumino Gakuen.

While it's natural to attend school, this school has Narahashi. I can't help but feel that Narahashi's lurking around somewhere.

Putting myself aside, Mitsuki at least must be protected.

I got fired up. More than ever before, as an onii-chan I got fired up!

If her chastity gets stolen by Narahashi, it'll become an issue before even dating the Prince. I definitely can't let that happen.

I have to prevent Mitsuki from meeting him while protecting my chastity somehow.

“Good morning, Mako. You seem unwell, what happened?”

“Ah, Soutarou..... Various things.....”

“If you’re okay with me, I can lend you a ear?”

Soutarou placed the enamel bag he had been carrying by his side onto the table and looked at me worriedly.

As I thought, Soutarou is kind. That kindness appears more distinct now that my mental state is weakened.

I was lying prostrate sluggishly on the table but I stretched my back muscles and turned towards Soutarou.

“Are you okay?” — He inclined his head with a concerned look and asked the me who was exhausted and felt like crying.

Even though it’s said that being loved is a happy thing, there are times when it feels oppressive. In the first place, Narahashi’s ‘love’ wasn’t love at all. It’s attachment. It’s the same as a child throwing tantrums, saying he wants that particular toy. While that’s okay on its own, don’t drag me into it. And if you were going to drag me, please do so more courteously.

“Narahashi invited me to join the Student Council.”

“Eh?! ..... Then, does Mako want to enter the Student Council?”

“There’s no way I’d want to, right. I don’t know what will happen to me if I join a Student Council that has Narahashi.”

Soutarou patted his chest in relief, and while sitting on the chair, he pulled it closer to me.

“I’ll cooperate if Mako’s troubled!”

“Un, thank you. Soutarou sure is kind..... I’m getting hungry now that I feel better.”

I regained a bit of cheer thanks to Soutarou’s desperate encouragement.

When I looked at Soutarou with a gratitude-filled gaze, I was startled to see the「 Mako, Mako, Mako, I’m worried about you, cheer up 」face he was making with all his might.

The usual dog ears sprung up. A tufty tail also rose in the air.

The dog ears of Soutarou who heard I was hungry perked up and he excitedly retrieved a bento box from his bag.

Holding it with both hands, a huge smile grew on his face and he tilted his head.

“If you’re fine with this, you can have my bento?”

“It’s your bento, isn’t it? Your lunch would be gone if I ate it.”

“It’s fine if I buy one from the school store later—. The school store isn’t open at this time, and Mako didn’t bring a bento, right?”

Certainly, be it the school store or the cafeteria, they only open at 11am. Moreover, Soutarou’s cooking is superb.

“I will be digging in.”

“Please go ahead. I hope it’s up to your tastes.”

That there’s no way Soutarou’s food doesn’t suit my tastes was something I knew since long ago.

Accepting the bento, I opened it and took a look. The standard side-dishes, karaage and tamagoyaki, were so well-made they looked good enough to sell. The wieners were octopus-shaped and the apples were rabbit-shaped. I supposed he made the same thing for himself as he did for his younger siblings. I can only say “as expected” when even the rice was a noriben.

As I thought, Soutarou would make a good bride.

First, I took a bite of the karaage. As expected of Soutarou. It wasn’t microwaved karaage, it was karaage that was properly fried in oil. The taste keenly permeates and it’s very delicious.

“So good..... It’s amazingly good, Soutarou.”

“Thank goodness. Please eat lots.”

“Oh. You guys seem to be enjoying yourselves.”

Kaname appeared so suddenly that I almost spit out the karaage in my mouth.

Looking up, I saw Kaname who was grinning broadly. He had a deep blue cardigan above his school uniform. There were also shrewdly calculated moe sleeves.

“What do you mean, ‘enjoying’ ourselves?”

“You’re still feigning ignorance even though you’ve been gobbling your wife’s homemade bento early in the morning—?”

“Soutarou isn’t my wife.”

Are you still going with the setting that I’m the husband and Soutarou’s the wife?

As expected, Soutarou was giving a troubled smile. Though I’m curious about the tinge of redness on his cheeks, let’s not stick myself into that.

I continued to eat the bento innocently. The tamagoyaki was the salty kind. I also prefer the salty version.

“Me too— I want to try Soutarou’s bento—”

“Nn.”

*Aa~n*, he opened his mouth wide and brought his face closer. I randomly threw some potato salad into his mouth.

Truthfully, I wanted to give him the yellowed broccoli but he’ll really be too pitiful if I did. You ought to be thankful that I’m kind.

“As I thought— Souta’s cooking is delicious—!”

“Potato salad isn’t a difficult dish to prepare.”

“No, it’s tasty. I like the way you seasoned the food.”

The bento box’s emptied and I’m full. Soutarou’s seasoning may be simple but it’s to my liking.

Kaname made a fuss about wanting to eat more. But it’s his fault for not coming to school earlier.

Soutarou cheerfully put away the bento box and smiled happily. To think that he’ll even handle the cleaning up, he’s such good bride material that it leaves me speechless.



“Hang on~, can you not flirt like a married couple~?”

“We’re not flirting.”

“Then, let me join in!”

Kaname put his arms around Soutarou’s and my shoulders and clung to us.

Even though I made a *good grief* expression, inwardly I was happy.

My tired heart due to the encounter with the hentai Student Council President yesterday is being cleansed. It’s being healed by Soutarou’s kindness and Kaname’s cheerfulness.

Although I don’t want to admit that I’m being healed by Kaname’s teasing, he might have also noticed that I was behaving listlessly. And perhaps this is his way of cheering me up.

Because despite looking like that, Kaname is actually quite perceptive.

Alright. My strength has recovered after eating and I’ve also obtained reliable comrades.

I’ll definitely escape from the incoming danger, that perverted Student Council President. I’ll protect both Mitsuki and myself.

# Chapter 14

Happy Lunar New Year! And it's okay, the second part of next chapter will change your opinion of Narahashi. Probably.

Translating fun: He had on a more serious face than usual. He had a more serious face on than usual. He had a face on, more serious than usual. The face he had on was more serious than usual. More serious than usual, was the face he had on. Etc, *etc*.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## [Chapter 14](#) – The Student Council and the Solicitation and the Frightened Rabbit (3)

“Lovely bunny-chan.”

“Geh.”

School's over and while I was packing up my belongings, the hentai Student Council Present Narahashi called out to me from outside the class.

About 3 of his buttons were unfastened, and his necktie was tied pretty miserably. The sweater he had on was unexpectedly black in colour, causing me to think he's more well-behaved than yesterday. That is, until I noticed that there were rabbit ears on the sweater.

I'll be forgiving if it was a cute girl who called me but to be called that by a guy, especially this hentai Student Council President, makes me want to hit someone.

Ah, I apologise for the opinion just now that contains too much of my personal feelings.

“What's with that guy.”

The one whose mood was ruined by Narahashi was the Prince.

He had on a face more serious than usual. I couldn't even smile at his absolute zero voice.

"Where are you— bunny-chan? Bunny-chan?"

Fortunately he hasn't found me yet. Alright, I'll use this opportunity and sneakily leave the classroom. I'm going home.

Soutarou who has a larger physique than me has already left for Basketball Club and Kaname who's perceptive went to help out the Lacrosse Club. That guy, to even know how to play a rather uncommon sport like Lacrosse, he's too omnipotent.

Carrying my enamel bag, I crouched down and stealthily leave the classroom. The Prince looked at me with a face that says, "What on earth are you doing". But he probably realised something. Since he maintained his silence.

"Ah, Mitsuki-chan."

"Mitsuki?!"

"Ehehe, I found you."

Reflexively standing up after hearing Narahashi's words, I saw that Mitsuki was nowhere to be found.

Come to think of it, Mitsuki had already left the classroom for club activities inspection[2].

I was deceived. I was completely deceived. Because it was crucial, I said it twice.

Narahashi approached me step by step. I couldn't hide my cheeks that were cramping with fear.

"Makoto? You're acquainted with this hentai?"

"Rather than acquaintances....."

"Rather than acquaintances, we're more like engaged? Ehehe."

Narahashi immediately tried to give me a hug but thanks to the Prince standing before me, I somehow evaded it.

Like a parent cat trying to protect his child, the Prince's fur stood up as he

tried to intimidate Narahashi. He may appear like a fearless lion or a leopard in others' eyes, but all I can see is a cute cat.

“Do not approach Makoto.”

“Ah, it's the Prince. I see why they call you 'Prince'. You're totally ikemen. But I'm sorry~, as expected, bunny-chan and Mitsuki-chan are more my type.”

Narahashi gently touched the Prince's cheek. Without even a twitch, the Prince glared at him with a straight face.

“No one gives a damn about your taste. Makoto is frightened so go over there.”

“Bunny-chan is just nervous to see me. Right?”

“Makoto, stay behind me.”

Prompted by his words, I immediately hid behind the Prince but because he was shorter than me, not much is being hidden. Despite that, the Prince felt unmistakably reliable.

In an attempt to hide me, the Prince lifted his right hand protectively while staring fixedly at Narahashi.

Narahashi tilted his head to the right while smirking. He observed the Prince's intimidation as though the Prince was a child causing mischief.

Glancing around the classroom, I noticed the classmates who're still here are all eying us.

Well, rather than *us*, they're eying the Prince and Narahashi. Instead of a futsumen[1] like me, they're looking over at the extremely ikemen Prince and Narahashi.

“Bunny-chan, come over here?”

“Don't approach us. Go away. Makoto will get tainted.”

“I *want* to taint him~. Ehehe.”

Disgusting! Really disgusting!

The me whose mood worsened grabbed onto the Prince's clothes.

Incidentally, the Prince was wearing a deep blue vest over his dress shirt. I'm sorry if your vest gets stretched since I'm holding onto it quite tightly.

"Makoto, it'll be fine. I'm with you."

"Kiritani~! The current Kiritani is very reliable!"

The Prince turned and looked at me. His face was, as one would expect, expressionless, but it appears very reliable.

As expected of the one called 'Prince'. So it wasn't only his face that's like a Prince. I'm sorry for not realising earlier.

"He~y, bunny-chan, I'll get jealous if you flirt with the Prince so much, you know?"

"We aren't flirting and I'm feeling awful from the bottom of my heart so please kindly leave right now, President."

"Haha, you're harsh as usual. Well, that's where you're cutest, ne~"

I was slightly moved by the Narahashi whose heart was so sturdy that even my sharp words couldn't pierce it.

The majority understood that trouble will arise if they get involved with us and left the room. However, a minority of the girls who wanted to watch Narahashi and the Prince in this strained atmosphere remained.

Occasionally a few "Narahashi-kaichou's so cool!" entered my ears but those people have eyes but cannot see. After all, they say love is blind.

"Ahaha, even if you look at me so menacingly, it's not like I'll eat him up at once~. But at this rate we can't even converse, huh—"

"No problem. I have no intention of conversing with you."

"Gee, how cold."

While going "good grief", Narahashi shrugged. Having been astounded by Narahashi, my mood was the worst.

"You're done talking, right. Then let's go home, Makoto."

The Prince held onto my arm and pulled me out of the class.

As we emerged at the corridor, Narahashi languidly raised his arm and grasped my left arm while smiling frivolously.

“Wait a moment— . Hey, bunny-chan. If you listen to me till the end, I can promise not to approach bunny-chan or Mitsuki-chan anymore?”

“..... for real?”

“Let us two play hide-and-seek. I’ll be the demon[3] while bunny-chan hides. It’s bunny-chan’s loss if you get caught by me. If you manage to escape, it’s your win. The loser must listen to the winner. How was it? Simple, right?”

It *is* simple but I don’t get the point.

“Makoto, you don’t have to listen to this guy’s words.”

“I don’t mind even if we don’t play hide-and-seek. In exchange, I’ll *get along well* with Mitsuki-chan.”

“You.....!”

To take Mitsuki as a hostage, as expected Narahashi is the worst.

I’ve been thinking of him as just a disgusting hentai, but from this very moment I’ve started to hate him from the depths of my heart.

I glared at him with all my might.

I can’t let the cute Mitsuki get close to the nasty Narahashi. Even if I have to become a shield, I’ll protect Mitsuki. After all, the Prince is Mitsuki’s only prince.

“I understand. It’s fine as long as we do it, right?”

“Ehehe, you’re so understanding~. The time limit is precisely 60 minutes. The range is within the school building. Is that okay?”

“Sure.”

I’ll absolutely, *absolutely* not lose.

Since the promise is that Narahashi will, on no account, ever approach Mitsuki and I again.

“Then, I’ll wait here for 3 minutes so go hide, okay~”

Waving his hand, Narahashi entered the 2-A classroom.

After ascertaining that, I turned to face the Prince.

“You can go back first, Kiritani.”

“It’s alright. I’ll wait.”

“I’ll be fine. I’ll definitely not lose. Thanks for today, alright.”

The Prince looked like he had something to add but I ignored that and sprinted at full speed through the corridor.

I thought while running.

Where should I hide?

It never crossed my mind that I’d play hide-and-seek at my age.

Considering the years he’s been enrolled in this school, he should be more familiar with the school building and obviously at an advantage. Nevertheless I’m safe as long as I elude him for 60 minutes. I’ll find a hiding place where I can conceal myself discreetly, and wait for time to pass.

Mitsuki’s and my futures are riding on this, I definitely can’t let him find me no matter what.

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[1] Futsumen – lit. normal men. Opposite of ikemen. Normal/common average-looking men.

[2] Observing the clubs so she has an idea of which to join. New students or transfer students tend to do this.

[3] Catcher

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# Chapter 15

\*\*\*Presence of suggestive scenes.\*\*\*

Happy V-day! First of 3 chapters to celebrate Valentine's!

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**Chapter 15 – The Hide-and-Seek and the Darkness and the First Love (1)**

The current time is 17 hours 15 minutes. The ‘Hide-and-Seek of Hell’ will terminate at 18:10 but just in case I’ll stay hidden till around 18:30 hours.

It’s been 5 minutes since commencement so he’s probably already searching for me now. If so, it’s better if I distance myself as much as possible from the classroom.

The 2nd school building’s the furthest from the classroom. It’s settled, I’ll head for the 2nd school building.

I’ll have to pass through the passageway on the second floor to access the 2nd school building.

Now that I’ve decided, it’s time to dash to the best of my ability towards the 2nd school building.

“It’s probably better not to move around too much, huh.....”

It’s better to lessen my movements since I might bump into him somewhere.

I think it’s best to hide with bated breath in the storeroom-like place at the first floor, by the window so there’s no issue even if I’m found. Although it’s quite hard to be stealthy with my current considerably large physique, but I’ll make myself small as much as possible and be silent.

I headed towards the 2nd school building via the connecting passageway. I skipped the last 3 steps of the stairs as I descended and dove into the storeroom



near the stairway. There was a window in the storeroom despite being beside the stairway.

This narrow space about the size of 8 tatami mats, was packed full of teaching materials. There was an unused organ by the window side.

I didn't want to touch it since it was so dusty, but in case the worst scenario happens, I climbed on the organ and rested against the window that was above it. Even if Narahashi comes in, I should be able to escape him in about 10 minutes if I jump off from the window.

Through the window I could hear voices of students engaged in club activities. The voices could be heard probably because the 2nd school building was situated near the gymnasium and pool.

“Maybe I should join a club.....”

Mitsuki also mentioned that she wanted to join a club, maybe I should join the same one to protect her from strange guys. But I've no idea which club to join and I also don't know which clubs she's been attached to up until now.

I'm not particularly good at sports, and there'll be a tall hurdle since I'm joining in my 2nd year.

From the window, I can see that the Swimming Club are having club activities now.

My eyesight is poor so I can't see very clearly but, isn't that, Takayanagi?

Clad in a gym uniform, he seemed to be giving instructions while holding cleaning tools. It seems the Swimming Club is going to cleaning the pool.

In regards to the season, I think it's too early[1], but perhaps they planned to clean it bit by bit, starting from today.

I spotted the uniform-clad figure of a girl nearby.

“Huh..... is that Mitsuki?”

This pink-coloured bob hair was undoubtedly Mitsuki's.

Although I couldn't see her expression, she appears to be happily talking to Tayakanagi.

Is Mitsuki going to enter the Swimming Club? Onii-chan will worry a lot if Mitsuki who's so cute and has a good figure exposes her swimsuit-clad appearance. But I won't stop her if she really wants to join.

Besides, the Prince isn't involved in any club activities and it's also impossible to expect him to enter a club just to enjoy club activities with her. Perhaps her sports and similar parameters will raise by joining the Swimming Club.

It's okay if I, her onii-chan, protects her if some idiot tries to start something strange.

Looking at my watch, it's 17:30 now. There's about 30 minutes left.

I should have brought my phone along. This boredom is so hard to bear. I felt unduly sleepy as there was PE during 6th period today.

Ah, I'm dozing off. My eyelids feel heavy even though I shouldn't fall asleep.

Just a while. Just a while, I'll close my eyes. I'll close my eyes for just 5 minutes.....

The sleepy darkness quickly engulfed me as I came up with an excuse, sending me deep into the land of dreams.

I wonder how long I dozed off for. It might be because I slept in a strange position, or because I slept above the organ, I woke up with a crick in my neck. I woke up to a pain in my waist and shoulder.

"Ouch.....! Now..... now, what time is it?!"

"It's 19:45—"

"No way, the school's closed[2]....."

Izumino Gakuen completely closes down at 19:15. Apparently, at 19:00 the clubs are still active but by 19:15 they have to change and leave. And 30 minutes after that, all signs of students disappear.

But if it's 19:45, the sensei might still be here. They might notice us if I knock on the door.

My thoughts stopped there. Who answered my question, just now?

I vaguely understood that there was someone else here. This voice and this

way of speaking, it's without a doubt that hentai, the worst Student Council President whom I hate a lot.

"..... Narahashi....."

"Un?"

A low voice that shocked even me came out.

Narahashi tilted his head with that Cheshire Cat-like smile of his. Even though when Soutarou does this it seems cunningly kawaii, it just pisses me off when this guy does it.

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"It's because bunny-chan slept so peacefully. Your sleeping face was also cute. Almost like an angel's."

His superficial words annoyed me deeply.

I seriously hate you, Narahashi.

This guy doesn't like me. This guy doesn't like *anyone*. This guy doesn't *love* anyone.

Shallowly saying superficial words of love, you're probably just scared of being alone.

The only one, you like or love, is yourself.

Don't put on such a fake smile.

Don't say that you like even though you don't.

Don't cling to things you don't even like and cause trouble.

I wasn't born to fill the gap in your heart, and neither do I possess what you need to fill the gap in your heart.

"That's why, from the depths of my heart I hate you. I hate you a lot, Narahashi."

Narahashi's smile was destroyed for the first time by my heartfelt words.

I wonder what his twitching cheeks were trying to express.

"Eh..... bunny-chan..... I don't understand what you're trying to say....."

I saw a black rabbit jacket lying on my lap when I averted my gaze from the bewildered Narahashi.

Narahashi was probably the one who placed this on me. His scent was faintly lingering on it. It smelled like punk spicy and sweet cologne.

The Prince's smell calms me down but Narahashi's was an uncomfortable smell that sets one fidgeting or makes one's heart throb.

"You know, I love bunny-chan a lot and I also love Mitsuki-chan a lot? Of course, I love the other girls too. But even though you're bunny-chan, I can't say I'm impressed to hear such things from you."

Narahashi who regained his usual self held my arm and pulled me down from the organ.

The numbness that came from sleeping in a weird position spread to my entire body and I lost my balance because he suddenly pulled me. My back became nailed to the bare concrete floor.

"Ow....."

"Bunny-chan, I won't go easy on you today."

He straddled my waist and held my arms down above my head. When I tried to move, I realised that his strength was beyond my expectation and resistance was futile.

No, that's not it. It's because he pushed me down with such a sorrowful face that I found it hard to resist. I'm a guy now after all. If I seriously resist I probably can take him down if it's just him alone.

My necktie was removed and the buttons on my shirt were completely unfastened. This guy, such practised movements.

Even though I was originally female, as expected I still felt embarrassed when my upper body, lit by the fluorescent light, was seen.

Narahashi's hand smoothly stroked my flank. It was ticklish.

"Hey, you..... will Narahashi-kaichou be satisfied if you have sex with me? You'll be satisfied if you sleep with me once?"

“That’s right? As long as bunny-chan does ecchi things with me, kiss me and say you like me, it’s fine.”

His voice clearly sounded hollow.

Even though he tried very hard to give his usual Cheshire Cat smile, he failed big time. His allure-filled ikemen face became unattractive.

“That so. Then, I shall say it. Like you. I like you.”

Saying ‘I like you’, having sex and kissing. Are you satisfied with this?

I’ll yield my body to Narahashi just once. Even though I had some anticipation about my first time with a guy, I’d have never imagined that I’ll sleep with another male while still in this male body.

But if with this he’ll stop getting involved with Mitsuki and I, I can’t be bothered anymore. He can do as he likes.

I stopped resisting completely and let the strength leave my body. And then I immediately stared straight at Narahashi.

Narahashi’s facial expression was warped. It seemed like he fell into despair. Grasping the nape of my neck, he brought his lips so close to mine that they almost touched.

“..... why, did you ..... *sniff*, say..... such a thing.....”

“..... Eh?”

At that moment, I realised.

He’s crying. Narahashi’s crying.

Drop by drop, Narahashi’s tears fell onto my cheeks.

“Isn’t it fine to just be quiet and sleep with me? Why did you expressly dredge out the things I didn’t want others to see? Incomprehensible..... I hate you too. I hate you a lot.”

“Hah?”

The half-naked me who’s prone on the ground. The sobbing Narahashi who’s straddled on my waist.

I’ve had enough. Isn’t this a ridiculous scene?

And for some reason I'm being told that I'm hated. Being hated by Narahashi and no longer having him following me around is a cause for celebration.

It'll be good if I can go, "Hai, sayonara" and leave but that won't do, huh. The me who's like a horse being ridden on can't escape even if I want to.

For now I'll start by trying to sooth the crying Narahashi and coax him to get off me.

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[1] The swimming pool is usually not in operation during winter and cold seasons. Pool cleaning is typically done before swimming activities commence when the cold seasons are over.

[2] Gekou Jikoku 下校時刻. Usually when the school closes, rooms and gates are locked up and the electricity shut down.

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# Chapter 16

Second of 3 chapters to celebrate Valentine's! What do you think of Narahashi now?

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## **Chapter 16 – The Hide-and-Seek and the Darkness and the First Love (2)**

“Eh, why’re you crying?”

“I’m not crying.”

“..... but, my cheeks are getting wet.”

Narahashi who grew flustered as tears spilled from his eyes in large drops, wiped his tears with his sleeve. His fair cheeks turned red.

I stared intently at Narahashi’s face as his eyebrows furrowed and his mouth became — shaped.

He’ll be cute if only he’s this docile and meek normally. After all, his face was arranged to be quite amorous. Although the Prince, Soutarou and Kaname are also beauties, Narahashi is the refined type.

“Shut up. I hate bunny-chan.”

Even though he was all *dere dere* just up until a moment ago, he suddenly became *tsuntsun*[1]. What on earth’s going on.

Not even willing to converse, somehow this became incredibly tiresome. Mitsuki’s probably worried too and while I want to leave Narahashi behind and return home, I can’t do that. Besides, I want to think of myself as someone who won’t do such a heartless thing.

No matter how unlikeable I found Narahashi, I can’t just abandon someone who’s crying and return home.

Even though he took on a *tsuntsun* attitude, he's still gripping my shirt so tightly that I can't move an inch.

As I let out a small breath while wondering what to do, the fluorescent light suddenly went off with a loud "bachitto".

It became pitch dark in a split second. I was surprised, but the moonlight entering from the window was enough for one to determine what was where. There's no need to panic if it's just this much, huh.

"Kaichou, are you okay?"

"Un..... Hey, bunny-chan."

"Un? What's up?"

Narahashi finally got off from my waist.

I'm glad he got off as my waist and my shoulders were becoming numb. Stimulating my numb muscles, I somehow managed to sit up and leaned my back against the cardboard. Narahashi then adhered himself perfectly to me and sat down.

Even though he's too close, this isn't the atmosphere where I can ask him to back off. I'll remain silent and wait for him to speak.

Narahashi watched from the side as I slowly put my shirt in order. I couldn't find my tie with the vicinity being this dark. Forget it, I'll search for it tomorrow.

"Bunny-chan, you said that I shallowly spoke superficial words of love and that I'm just scared of being alone, right."

"..... Ah. I won't apologise."

Even though I felt sincerely sorry that those words made him cry, I don't think I did a bad thing.

Those were veracious words. I worry for the futures of maidens who offered up their bodies to this guy's superficial words of love.

"That's fine. It's true after all."

"Are you afraid of being alone?"

"That's right. I'm scared. Loneliness is a scary thing."



The way he spoke was chock-full of sentiments.

I who grew curious turned to look at Narahashi's face and it just so happened that he was also gazing at me. I reflexively backed away from the surprise of being so close.

"Wait, Narahashi-kaichou, you're too close."

"Is bunny-chan afraid of the dark?"

"Nope, just this much is fine."

I'm aware of my own location due to the moonlight illuminating the storage room. Even if I'm unaware, I can just feel my way around in such a cramped space.

Narahashi suddenly laughed and thrust his hand through the gap of my shirt, gently caressing from my collarbone to my chest. Shocked, I moved backwards. Chasing the retreating me, he buried his face in the nape of my neck.

"Bunny-chan, you're cool, huh. I'm scared. Whether of the darkness or of loneliness. Even more so of sleeping alone."

Is that why he's sleeping around with people regardless of gender? He's fine with sleeping with anyone because he's afraid of the dark, huh.

While thinking that his actions are in no way forgivable, an interest also surfaced within me, wanting to know what happened to push him this far.

Did I make a face as though I was looking outside? Narahashi lifted his head from the nape of my neck and smiled the way a cat who's about to cry would.

"Did bunny-chan think that I was some sex fiend who'd sleep with anyone? You thought that, didn't you. I know everyone looks at me with eyes like that. But, that's a misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding?"

"I won't do ecchi stuff with just anyone. I only do them with people I really like."

I unconsciously made a dubious face.

After all, even when we first met, he was just about to have sexual intercourse

with that flashy girl. There's no way that a half-naked girl and a half-naked guy are just straddling for fun. It's not that I have an excessively dirty thinking, right.

What's more, there's that. Isn't that girl your lover? Is it okay to say things like Mitsuki is your type in her presence? I don't quite understand his thinking.

But it doesn't seem like Narahashi's lying with the expression he's making. However, it doesn't matter even if he *did* lie to me or deceived me with this serious face.

The number of people Narahashi slept with had not even a 1mm connection to my life.

"You're making a face like you don't believe me. But what I said is true. It's doesn't matter whether you believe me or not though."

"I believe you. If you say so, so be it. Don't become so abject."

"But bunny-chan hates me, don't you?"

Narahashi sucked in his breath as though he was surprised, and his line of sight swam. The way his lips curled as though he's sulking is somehow adorable.

Although I don't know whether his words struck a chord within me, honestly speaking I don't find Narahashi likeable.

Nonetheless if I have to say what I dislike about him, the only thing is how he spoke superficial words of love to Mitsuki and I. To put things bluntly, I don't really care about what relationships he has with whomever.

Things like that, I wonder if Narahashi properly understands?

"Then, does kaichou likes me?"

"I like you. Haven't I been saying that all along?"

"The only thing kaichou likes is my face, right?"

Please overlook me saying such a narcissistic thing.

Other than Narahashi commenting that my face was completely his type, I don't remember him praising anything else.

"I don't know. But my heart's throbbing crazily in this darkness. Just the thought of being close to bunny-chan makes my heart beat so fast that my chest

hurts.”

“That’s because you’re scared of the dark, right.”

“Ahaha, perhaps.”

Narahashi who regained his usual self inhaled a small breath and opened his mouth leisurely.

“But....., will bunny-chan fall in love with me, if I say that it’s not just your face that I like?”

“Un?”

“I want to get along better with bunny-chan. This may seem like a lie to bunny-chan but from the first time I met you, I really, *really* thought I like you. However I didn’t tell you because it wasn’t characteristic of me.”

Narahashi who came crawling on the ground entwined his finger with mine. Neither able to squeeze his finger back nor separate from it, I simply let him hold it.

“As I thought, I’m a liar, huh, bunny-chan.”

Narahashi was really a liar. Even though he’s a liar, I’m increasingly starting to find that mostly likeable. Perhaps it’s because of its simplicity.

Thinking that way, I laughed slightly.

“I’ll forgive you if you stop lying.”

Saying playful words, I filled the finger he was holding with my intention and gripped his hand strongly.

Although I don’t think I’ll come to like Narahashi yet, it’s certain that a part of me was gradually having a favourable impression of him.

As expected, it’s important to talk things out. That I quickly re-evaluated him once we started talking, I apologise. This is something I should reflect on, huh.

Just talking to Narahashi made me feel like wanting to know him better in this less than an hour. I have a feeling I can befriend him even though I hated him so much before. I think I can come to like him.

“Seems like bunny-chan’s not an enemy. Thank goodness. I won’t lie to bunny-

chan anymore. I promise that, only to bunny-chan, I'll tell the truth."

"I see. Then I'll also promise not to lie. Only as much as possible though."

"Ahaha, that's crafty of bunny-chan."

Looking at my watch, it's almost 21:00. We've spoke until quite a late hour.

At that moment, multiple sounds of footsteps came from the corridor.

"Makoto's bag was still in the classroom so he must still be here. Along with that Student Council President. We have to save him."

"With the President.....? So Mako-chan's with kaichou-san."

"I understand. I'll search the classrooms then. So Mitsuki-san should go to the 1st school building, Kiritani-kun please search this area."

Judging from their voices, they sound like the Prince, Yurino-sensei and Mitsuki.

Did they come to search after waiting and waiting for me who didn't appear? Although I don't know who proposed it, I'm grateful to these three.

As footsteps of two people got further, footsteps that sounded like the Prince's approached us step by step.

Won't he notice us if I raise my voice now?

"Kiritani, I'm he——.....!"

"Makoto."

Narahashi clung to the waist which I was about to raise.

"Kaichou.....?"

"Call me, Junya. Makoto."

"Eh?! Ah, hmm..... Well then, Junya-senpai, I'm going to call for help so please let go."

Somehow Narahashi seems to be shy. This isn't the time to get shy, though.

Eh, what's this. What's this atmosphere. I got a taste of this before too. It's the atmosphere when a CG appears.

Were there times where I was swept into CG-appearing events before? No, there definitely weren't, right?

"It's okay. You don't have to call for help."

"Eh? No, but at this rate you'll be troubled, right?"

"I won't be troubled. I want to remain like this, with Makoto."

The atmosphere had sweetened so much that I felt uncomfortable.

He planted his face around my navel and rubbed his cheeks against it. Exactly what does he mean by this.

EH, it can't be, ehh..... isn't this atmosphere even more dangerous than the atmosphere when I was being pushed down? Will my chastity be safe?

Save me—, I'm here—, Kiritani!

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[1] [Tsundere](#)

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# Chapter 17

\*\*\*Presence of suggestive scenes.\*\*\*

Last of 3 chapters to celebrate Valentine's! Hope this is sweet enough for you!  
Remember to brush your teeth after the meal~ With this, another arc has ended.



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 17](#) – The Hide-and-Seek and the Darkness and the First Love (3)**

“Junya-senpai, please let go of me.”

“Don’t wanna.”

He put force into his fingertips that were around my waist. He put in so much force that it hurts.

Junya lifted his head suddenly and gazed at me with eyes so large they looked like they were going to spill out. Peeking through his partly opened mouth, one could spot a crimson tongue and his cheeks were lightly dyed in a peach colour.

As he stared at me, he slowly but surely pushed me down. I’ve become the horse that’s being ridden on again, exactly what should be done about this?

*Pop, pop*, he unfastened the buttons I took great pains to fasten from top to bottom. I’m not embarrassed although my body was bared again because it’s pitch dark.

Ah, that’s not the problem. I’m going to be subject to something more appalling. Straddling me with such high spirits, he even seems to be preparing for sexual intercourse.

“I’ll get angry.”

“Don’t be angered.”

“Release me then.”

The left corner of Junya’s mouth rose and he smiled.

“No way.”

Geez, he’s not listening to me at all!

This isn’t the time to be acting so easygoing, right.

I almost unconsciously yelp when he ultimately hoisted my belt. *Click click* sounds resounded throughout the entire storeroom, and the uninhibitedness made me draw my hips back.

While just for an instance, I had the resolution to have sex with Junya just now. But at this moment that resolution feels like a faraway thing. In other words, it means that I’ve no intention of doing such a thing with him now.

“What you do mean “No way”! Junya-senpai, for real, please stop.....”

“I’m not stopping. I like Makoto. And I want Makoto to like me too.”

“Who on earth would come to like you when they’re having such things being done to them? Rather, they’d come to hate you!”

Junya became on the verge of tears when I bluntly told him my genuine feelings. Panicked, I stroked his head. Then, he cheerfully placed his hands on my belt again with a face as though nothing happened.

Eh, what’s this. It’s considered self-defence even if I hit him now, right? It’s not my fault, right?

“Makoto?”

My shoulder shook in surprise when the door of the storeroom was knocked.

This voice belongs to the Prince.

The Prince could have noticed because we were making so much noise. That’s lucky of me.

“Un! Kiritani, it’s me. I’m over here.”

“Makoto! So you’re fine. Is the hentai Student Council President with you?”

“That’s right~. Prince-sama. I’m together with Makoto. Right, Makoto?”

Letting out a wheedling voice, he deposited the tip of his nose in the nape of my neck. At the same time, he slipped his hand onto my torso and caressed my flank, causing me to involuntarily let out a sound. It's ticklish.

Hearing my voice, the Prince started beating the door as though he had the intention of tearing it down.

"Makoto?! Makoto!!"

"Kiritani, both Junya-senpai and I are safe. Can you help me fetch the key?"

"I understand. But that hentai bastard! I'll beat you to death if you lay a hand on Makoto!"

The sounds of his footsteps faded away.

Ah I'm relieved. I'm truly relieved. The Prince today was really a prince-sama.

It takes less than 5 minutes to fetch the key, there shouldn't be any danger of me losing my chastity in this short amount of time. This way, my chastity has been protected.

Relieved, strength left my body. Thereafter Junya made a pouting face and got off my waist in a peppy manner.

"How disappointing..... I was thinking of creating a fait accompli."

"'Fait accompli' ..... can't you talk about more serious matters?"

It's unbearable that my chastity was being targeted time and time again.

He sat in seiza-style[1] before me, with a serious expression on his face.

Even though he's such a frivolous guy, he tentatively made a promise to face me seriously and he's a honest child at core. He should be able to understand what I'm saying.

"I won't come to like you even if you do such a thing to me."

"Then what should I do? To get you to like me?"

I initially thought he's joking but it appears he's serious.

"You see here....."

"Because, if we part ways here, Makoto probably won't talk to me again?"



“I’ll apologise for avoiding you so far. From now on I’ll properly listen to what Junya-senpai has to say. Only if you talks about proper matters, that is.”

Junya took my hand and placed it on his cheek.

“..... Okay.”

“While it’s easy to connect only the bodies, I don’t want to build a relationship on that. We need to communicate properly, heart to heart. Do you understand?”

“Un..... As I thought, I’m useless, huh. At this rate I’ll really become a sex fiend. I’m sorry, Makoto. Because t’s the first time I’ve come to love someone so much, I don’t know what to do.”

A guy like him who’s an experienced master at love-making was blushing while looking at me. He hid his lips with his large fist and looked at me with upturned eyes.

It’ll become a spectacle whereby Subaru rolls over with a nosebleed if she sees this. It’s fortunate that Subaru isn’t here.

However, what should I do about his ‘coming out’.....

Does Junya really love me? Nope nope, no way no way no way. There’s no way, right..... right?

He likes me ‘as a friend’, right? It’s okay to interpret it that way, right?

Noisy footsteps came from beyond the door, growing louder. The clattering sounds of a key unlocking the door rang out and he dove into the storeroom with excessive vigour.

“Makoto! Are you okay?”

“A-ah... I’m fine——”

Just as I saw the figure of the Prince who’s bathed in perspiration, he was hidden by the Junya’s shadow the very next moment. In other words, Junya embraced me strongly and even left a kiss on my cheek.

Though to me it just feels like I’ve been bitten by a dog, the look of the Prince’s changed as he grabbed hold of the back of Junya’s neck.

“I’ll trash you. Narahashi Junya, I’ll seriously trash you.”

One can tell he’s emanating a terrifying killing intent even though he’s expressionless.

The Prince’s eyes were completely hooded, trying to pierce a hole through Junya. His delicate and slender arm constricted Junya’s neck with all his strength.

Junya gave his usual Cheshire Cat-like grin. He had on a face as though he’s totally treating the Prince like an idiot.

“Geez, the Prince is so scary. Bunny-chan, save me~”

“You try and put your hand on him and I’ll put an end to your life.”

“I’ve already put my hand on him. Here, here, take a look.”

Junya pulled open my already-unbuttoned shirt and pointed at the nape of my neck. He’s probably pointing at the kiss mark he made just now.

The Prince released an even more dangerous aura. I think it’s okay to let it go since it’s just a kiss mark. I won’t be able to live in the world of an otome game if I keep feeling disturbed about every single thing.

“What did you do to Makoto..... That, even his clothes were stripped off.....”

“I only stripped one clothing though?”

“Hey there, don’t say things that’ll make Kiritani misunderstand. Kiritani, this was caused by an incident. Nothing happened between Junya-senpai and I. It’s fine. Ok, let’s go home.”

I raised my hips and retrieved Junya’s rabbit ear jacket[2]. I then handed it to him while expressing my gratitude.

Beyond the window, the curtain of the night had fallen; the only light source shining on the school building was the moonlight. I buttoned my dress shirt and picked up the necktie that fell near my feet.

Narahashi who was following behind me cheekily seized my hand once I’m out the door.

“Go home with me, bunny-chan~?”

Pulling aside the playful Junya, the Prince wedged himself us.

“Hang on~ Prince, you’re in the way, you know?”

“Don’t call me ‘Prince’. Also, don’t come near Makoto, he’ll catch your hentai-ness.”

While protecting me behind his back, the Prince stood before Junya and blocked his way.

The Prince’s fur stood on its ends as though he was a parent cat protecting his kitten like before. As I thought, he appears valiant, or should I say, kind of cute. I unknowingly let out a smile.

“Stop fighting. Let’s find Yurino-sensei and Mitsuk quicklyi.”

They’re probably still desperately searching for us as they separated in different directions to look for Junya and I.

It’s not too bad because I have Mitsuki’s phone number but I don’t have a way to contact Yurino-sensei at all. It’s also likely that we’ll miss each other if I blindly search for him.

Alright, the moment I came to the decision that we should stay put and wait, something jumped at me from my rear. As one would expect, I was so surprised that my breath got caught. Being jumped at isn’t that scary as a high school boy, but as expected even the obtuse me would be shocked when I’m assaulted from behind in the dead of the night at school.

Wondering who it could be, I turned around and saw a 155cm fairy-san. It was my cute imouto Mitsuki, followed by Yurino-sensei.

What good timing. How did they know the Prince found me? Is this even possible? Is it because this is an otome game?

“I contacted them.”

The Prince smoothly clarified my doubt. I see.

“Geez! Mako-chan’s an idiot! I was worried!”

“I’m sorry..... I made you worried.”

“Geez..... But I’m glad you weren’t hurt. I prepared dinner for you, Mako-chan. It’s the hamburger you like.”

Mitsuki who looked at me with tearful eyes was really cute. I really think she's an angel.

That Mitsuki's neediness struck me around the solar plexus area gave me an indescribable feeling. You definitely can't let any guys except me hug you. Just the thought of you who's so defenseless diving into someone else's chest makes onii-chan so worried that he won't be able to sleep at night.

She gazed at me with her big round eyes. She said that she made hamburger with her upgraded cooking specs as she scolded me with a frown.

For me to not be home quickly despite Mitsuki having gone to lengths to cook up an evening meal, I'm a failure as an onii-chan.

"Thanks, Mitsuki. I'm sorry."

I embraced Mitsuki's small body and gently stroke her head.

"Un. That's enough."

Mitsuki gave an embarrassed smile.

"I've also troubled Yurino-sensei and Kiritani. Thank you very much for looking for us."

Putting a stop to my lovey-dovey moment with Mitsuki, I lowered my head towards Yurino-sensei and Kiritani.

After all, my chastity would have been in danger if these 3 didn't come and look for us. The word 'grateful' isn't enough to express my gratitude to them.

"Narahashi-kun and Makoto-kun caused us a lot of worrying. The deadline for the reflection essay is 1 week later, okay."

I don't know where he brought them out from but he handed us 5 blank essay sheets.

Does he want us to write today's reflection on these..... Yurino-sensei who had the face of an harmless animal, said such sadistic words in the blink of an eye.

"Do you, have any questions?"

For some reason he was emitting an aura that's hard to oppose even though he's smiling.

Both Junya and I frantically shook our heads left and right, appealing that we'll not oppose him.

And thus the eventful 21st of April ended in this manner.

It's a joke that it's still April when I've been going through every day so eventfully, right? It seems I need to remain in this world for at least 11 more months. The road ahead is too long.

But a part of me is, little by little, starting to enjoy living this kind of life.

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[1] [Seiza](#) 正座: Traditional Japanese way of sitting down. Both legs folded beneath you and putting your weight on them.

[2] It was under him and he was lying on it.

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# Chapter 18

\*GW in the title is the acronym for '[Golden Week](#)'.



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## [Chapter 18](#) – The GW and the Part-time Job and the Ojou-sama (1)

“Erm..... is it here?”

I checked the paper with the delivery address written there multiple times.

Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital. It’s the number 1 largest general hospital in the area.

If you’re wondering why I’m sending deliveries to the Hospital, it’s because of my part-time job.

*‘I decided to work part-time at the florist’s because I felt that a long break like the Golden Week should be used effectively’ ..... that wasn’t my true intention.*

According to Subaru a lot of events will occur during summer vacation, so I’m working part-time to save up money for Mitsuki’s sake.

Well, it makes sense. In summer there’s the sea, there’s the pool and there’s also the Summer Festival. To raise the favorability rating during summer, they’ve to go on many dates. Be it cute clothes, swimsuits or yukata, they all have to be purchased.

At this rate, the allowance given by our parents might not be sufficient. Onii-chan will do his best at work in order to make the cute Mitsuki even cuter.

I’ll work zealously this one week, saving up money to buy Mitsuki lots of cute outfits!

“Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital, room number 801’s

Yukinoshita Madoka-sama, huh.”

The delivery item was a bouquet of more than 50 flowers. It’s a bouquet that’s too large and bulky for calling on someone who’s ill.

Carrying this all the way up to the 8th floor is first-rate tiresome but it can’t be helped since it’s part of my job.

Passing by the visitors’ reception and walking towards the entrance, I saw someone familiar.

A fair-complexioned glasses guy with natural reddish-brown hair. It’s Takayanagi Yasuchika. He was sporting a white V-neck shirt with a black cardigan along with gray slacks. He also had a ring pendant at his chest.

“Takayanagi-senpai?”

“.....N? Ah, Sakurai-kun. What are you doing here, dressed in such a manner?”

By ‘manner’, he should be referring to my t-shirt and jeans, coupled with this apron. The shop’s name was written in a large print on the dark blue cloth.

In one glance, you can tell that I’m not dressed like someone who’s visiting the sick.

“It’s for a part-time job. I’m here as a courier.”

“Courier? Ah, you’ve come to deliver flowers to Madoka, right?”

Glancing at the bouquet I was carrying, for some reason he nodded as though he understood something.

“Eh, are you acquainted with Yukinoshita Madoka-san?”

“The Yukinoshitas are my relatives. The young lady Madoka is prone to falling sick and is often hospitalised in our hospital. I, too, am more or less here to visit her so if you’d like, I can show you the way?”

“Ah, I’d appreciate it if you could do so.”

Come to think of it, Subaru mentioned that Takayanagi’s father was the Director of this Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital.

So Takayanagi’s family is very wealthy. Even though I don’t know how profitable it is to be the Director of a University Hospital, being a doctor is a

profession that definitely rakes in money, huh.

“Madoka is in room 801. As it is at 8th floor, Building A of the East ward, we’ll have to ride the elevator here.”

“A University Hospital sure is huge—. I may get lost if I’m alone.”

“Yes, it contains most of the medical departments. Ah, it’s this way.”

The doctors and nurses we passed by all greeted Takayanagi. They probably know him by sight.

After calling out to the nurse station at the 8th floor of East ward, I knocked on the door of room 801.

“Please come in.”

A cute female voice can be heard coming from within. This voice likely belongs to Yukinoshita Madoka.

“This is the flower shop Flower Orb. I’ve come to deliver your goods.”

Opening the door, a girl about the same age as me was sitting on the bed.

She was a girl who had skin about as fair as Takayanagi’s and clear eyes like the glass marble in a Ramune[1] drink. Her hair was honey-coloured.

“It’s flowers again..... I don’t need them anymore. You can leave them around there.”

She was wearing a sleeveless maxi one-piece with a Swarovski hairband. Her appearance and way of speaking was like an ojou-sama’s.

“Madoka. These flowers were conferred upon you by Kakitsubata-sama, you know. Wouldn’t it be better to at least give him your thanks?”

Takayanagi pulled out a message card from the bouquet I was holding.

“Ah, from Kakitsubata-sama..... That’s right, that person is noisy. If I don’t write a reply, things will get troublesome.”

As though finding it bothersome, Madoka stood up from the bed and with an unsteady gait approached Takayanagi.

This is completely that, huh. Madoka is the rival character you’ll meet when



capturing Takayanagi, huh. Capturing Takayanagi appears to be troublesome with the existence of a rival. While I'd like to ask Mitsuki to give up on Takayanagi, if she wants Takayanagi at all costs, onii-chan won't stop her.

If possible, I prefer if Mitsuki dates the Prince, but if Mitsuki by all means prefers someone else, I can only support her. Since technically, it appears to be possible to head for an ending even if it's not with the Prince.

"Wait, be careful!"

Just as she was about to reach Yasuchika, Madoka lost her strength and tumbled down.

I instinctively rushed over and caught her in my arms. Small! Light! Though I thought Mitsuki was rather light, she was even lighter and smaller than her. As expected, it might be because she has a weak constitution. What a worrying girl.

"..... let go."

Madoka looked at me with ice-cold eyes. Uwah, scary.

Scared, I wanted to let go, but she looked like she'll fall over if I do. Can't Takayanagi substitute me and hold her instead? When she struggles so much, as one would expect, I can't hold her properly. I wonder what I should do.

"Takayanagi-senpai, can you change with me and hold onto Madoka-san?"

"Ah. Madoka is still unable to walk properly, right? This way."

Taking Madoka's hand, Takayanagi supported her waist and helped her onto a chair.

Oh, that's suave. As expected of a bocchan[2]. Rather than a prince, he feels more like a butler or a knight.

Perhaps I didn't notice because I witnessed him using Lariat, Choke Sleeper and the like on Narahashi in school but he's really someone from a well-bred family.

"That person, who is he? He seems to have a good relationship with Yasuchika."

"He's Sakurai Makoto. My kouhai."

“Nice to meet you. I’m Sakurai Makoto. I’ve been in Takayanagi-senpai’s care.”

For an instant she looked over at me, but quickly averted her gaze. There was quite a sharp glint in her eye, did I do something that caused her to hate me in such a short time?

Certainly, being held by an unfamiliar guy wouldn’t make one feel good, but that was inevitable.

While I was worrying to myself, Madoka stood up from the chair and hugged me.

Even though I was surprised, I couldn’t possibly thrust her away so for now I just supported her body and returned the hug.

“I won’t hand over Yasuchika.....”

“Eh.”

“I won’t hand over Yasuchika to you. Remember that. No matter how much you like Yasuchika, I know him much better than you do.”

I unconsciously stiffened from the words that were whispered into my ear.

I like Takayanagi?

When did I show any signs of that? I don’t think I showed such an attitude, not even for an instant, so how on earth did she come to this misunderstanding?

“Madoka, you can’t trouble Sakurai-kun.”

“I’m terribly sorry, Yasuchika.”

Madoka who’s holding onto my arm put strength into her grip and above that, dug her nails into my flesh. It was subtly painful.

As I thought, I can’t let Mitsuki near Takayanagi!

If such a mean girl is near Mitsuki, I don’t know what will be done to her. Just thinking of that made me shudder. It’s okay because I’m a guy but I can’t let the dainty and lovely angel, Mitsuki, fall victim to Madoka. Onii-chan won’t allow that!

“Sakurai-kun, sorry about that. I’ll send you to the entranceway.”

“Ah, yes. Please do.....”

I’d probably lose my way if I return to the entrance by myself. That’s why I thought that if he’d show me the way I’d like the way to be shown to me, but as expected, Madoka’s glaring at me.

However, it doesn’t matter. It’s not like we’ll meet again. While judging that it’s okay even if I’m cursed at, I let myself be spoiled by Takayanagi.

“Well then, Madoka, I’m glad you seem energetic. I’ll come visit with Junya next time.”

“..... I understand. Take care when returning, Yasuchika. Please give my regards to Junya.”

“I’ll let him know. Madoka, don’t be too willful and trouble everyone.”

She’s one to be feared, Yukinoshita Madoka. She’s really a mean ojou-sama.

Come to think of it, Subaru did say that some of the capturable characters are accompanied by rival characters. But I expected them to be more friendly. Isn’t this more like a clash? It’s completely a clash!

It’s the pattern where she’ll seriously torment you if you really throw down a challenge wanting to capture him.

But Mitsuki said she wanted to join the Swimming Club, huh. What in the world can I do to salvage this?

Entering the Swimming Club and becoming intimate with Takayanagi, that’s too dangerous. One can only steel themselves and take the risk.

“I’m sorry about that. Madoka said something to you, didn’t she?”

The moment we got on the elevator, Takayanagi finally opened his mouth.

“Eh? A-ah. She said not to approach senpai too much.”

“As I thought, huh. Madoka’s too attached to me. She thinks of me as something that belongs to her.”

The elevator reached level 1.

“What kind of relationship does senpai, Junya-senpai and Madoka-san has?”

In response to my question, Takayanagi let out a small smile.

“‘Childhood friends’, I wonder if we can be called that? Madoka and I, in particular, were together ever since we were born. Likely, they had the intention for Madoka and I to marry since we were born.”

“Is Madoka-san senpai’s fiancée?”

Although I don’t really understand the world of the rich, are there still things like betrothals or fiancées in this modern era?

Perhaps it’s a setting Subaru added to make the story more interesting. But it’s a pitiful thing if the person in question doesn’t wish to be married.

“We aren’t engaged officially, but both our parents will probably agree to it if we do. I’m going to be of marriageable age soon. It’s not surprising if we get engaged any time.”

“Does senpai like Madoka-san?”

“Like..... even if I don’t, even if I don’t like her in that way, this is a situation where I don’t have a choice but to marry her.”

Having that said to me, I couldn’t say a thing back. I didn’t have the right to say a thing.

Even though it’s supposed to be completely unrelated to me, Takayanagi sure has it hard.

Even though it’s supposed to be completely unrelated to me!

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[1] [Ramune](#): A soda pop sold in Japan.

[2] [Bocchan](#): Often translated as ‘Young Master’ or ‘son’ but the former isn’t exactly correct and the latter lacks the nuance where the term is usually used to refer to rich, young men.

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# Chapter 19

Many thanks for pointing it out! ‘Momoka’ corrected to ‘Touka’. Dundun dundun...! New character...!



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**Chapter 19 – The GW and the Part-time Job and the Ojou-sama (2)**

Onii-chan, for Mitsuki’s sake, will stick it out at work today too.

Finally off from work at 8pm, I exited the florist Flower Orb’s backdoor and headed home. The ride home should take about 15 minutes on bicycle. Mitsuki is probably preparing our meal about now.

Sure enough, Mitsuki joined the Swimming Club before Golden Week begun. I tried to advise her against spontaneously joining the Swimming Club but Mitsuki’s despondent look hurt my heart so much I was unable to do it.

It can’t be helped now that we’ve reached this stage. I’ll protect her from Madoka’s bullying if she embarks on the Takayanagi route.

Well, it seems Madoka has a weak constitution and will be in hospital most of the time. Besides, Subaru also said that Madoka’s a university student, so it’s unlikely for her to come all the way to Izumino Gakuen just to bully Mitsuki.

To be thinking about Mitsuki from the beginning until now, how much of a siskon have I become? I could only give myself a wry smile.

Checking my phone, I saw that I received a mail[1] from Mitsuki. The sparkling contents were abundant with emojis, much like what high school girls would type.

Opening and viewing the mail, it says, “Thank you for your efforts at work, I’ve prepared your meal.” Mitsuki’s skill in cooking rose noticeably with my advice.

She's currently a much better cook than me.

Next, I intend to help her better her studies. To that effect, I also have to do my best and study so that I can teach her.

It seems like at my own discretion, Mitsuki can be transformed into a sexy Mitsuki, an onee-san type Mitsuki, a spoiled Mitsuki, such varied forms. But I absolutely prefer the current kawaii, spoiled and slightly airheaded Mitsuki. Because the Mitsuki who follows behind Mako-chan is so cute that I'm at a loss.

Thinking of Mitsuki who smiled so carefreely while going, "I like Mako-chan very much!", I grinned broadly and walked to the parking area for bicycles. I sensed someone's presence as I retrieved the bicycle's key from my pocket.

"Excuse me, may I know how to get to Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital?"

The person who called out to me as I reached the bicycle area was a quiet and serious-looking young man.

Having gotten used to the glittering looks of otome game capturable characters, the young man's face appeared plain to me.

But of course, even his picturesque mediocrity was definitely more ikemen compared to me.

His neatly-arranged black hair in a honor student-like haircut appeared dark purple when shone upon by the lamplight. As his eyes of the same colour were lowered, his long eyelashes casted shadows onto his white skin. His gaze was somehow unpleasant. It can be seen that those eyes contained some deep darkness.

I felt unsettled when his dark dead fish-like eyes were directed at me.

"Excuse me.....?"

The youth inquired with an uneasy face as I'd been silently staring at him.

While it's bad to doubt others too much, I've come to think of anyone who possesses some special trait as capturable characters, because the people I met up until now were all capturable characters.

What about him? I don't really see any special traits. He feels like the slightly

cool guy who's okay with being alone in class.

He's wearing a black school uniform with a stand-up collar and there are two white lines at the cuffs. On the left side of the collar is a silver cross that flashes when it catches the light. This is the school uniform that students of Private Atlas Academy wear.

Which means, this high school boy is a student of Private Atlas Academy like Subaru.

"Ah, sorry for that. The Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital....."

But his facial features look familiar somehow.

I thought that I felt this prideful atmosphere before somewhere, but perhaps it was my imagination. I was probably misled to feel this way because the current timing and situation left me full of discomfort.

Suppressing my uneasiness, I gestured while explaining the route to the hospital.

"Then, make a right turn at the convenience store in front of that, walk straight from there and you'll reach the hospital. I'm sorry for my poor explanation. Do you understand?"

"Walk straight from there....."

With a stumped face, the youth repeated my instructions.

On top of being poor at directions, I'm also poor at explanations so perhaps it was difficult for him to understand.

"If you're fine with it, I can guide you there."

"Eh, that. It's already late at night, I'd feel bad to trouble you."

"No problem. Something must have happened for you to go all the way to the hospital, right? If you're fine with me, I can guide you there. I'm Sakurai Makoto. A 2nd-year from Izumino Gakuen."

It takes about 30 minutes to reach the Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital on foot from here. Even though it's a huge detour for me, I

can't possibly ignore someone trying to get to the hospital.

Let's message Mitsuki that I'll be late. Even though I'm truly sorry to keep her waiting when she already prepared the food, she probably understands that there were unavoidable circumstances.

"Thank you very much. I'm Yukinoshita Ikuto. I'm a 1st-year from the high school division of Private Atlas Academy."

"Yukinoshita.....?!"

Yukinoshita, he can't possibly be Madoka's younger brother? My eyes widened with shock.

While I was shocked, at the same time I was also convinced. Encountering him at such a timing did have that kind of feeling.

Now that I'm used to characters appearing all of a sudden, I can sense something different in the air.

To have been called out by Madoka's younger brother just now, no matter how established it is that I attract important characters, I really have bad luck. Even though I didn't want to get involved with Madoka as much as possible, if it's already like this at the beginning then I'm starting to worry about the future.

This is the flag where I end up getting involved, huh.

But, this Ikuto, he gives off the same unpleasant feeling as Madoka. Though from his facial features he appears like a serious and good child, I'm concerned about those dead fish eyes.

"Is something wrong?"

"Eh?! Nope, ..... not really. Ah, erm, are you visiting someone in the hospital?"

He's probably suspicious about me who was in such turmoil that I stiffened.

When I asked Ikuto with a perplexed look, his shoulder shook in surprise. I'll be troubled if he feels distrustful and tells Madoka about me.

"Yes, my nee-san was hospitalised. She's already been in the hospital for about a month."

By "nee-san", he was referring to Madoka, right.



I just couldn't think of Ikuto as an unpleasant child when he had on a face that seemed so concerned about Madoka. He gave the impression of a serious youth who cares for his elder sister.

"That's worrying. I hope she gets better soon."

To prevent him from noticing my uneasiness, I spoke cliché words which were at the tip of my tongue.

"That's true. However, even if I visit her, nee-san probably won't be pleased and might feel that I'm in the way. But as expected, I still feel worried."

"That's not true. There's no way she'll be unhappy when her little brother visits her."

"I wonder."

Ikuto gave a bitter smile with the ends of his eyebrows lowered.

"I'm sorry. Letting you hear such a boring story. I'll be fine here."

"Will you really be okay here? I can guide you till the hospital, you know."

"It's alright, till here is fine."

Even though Ikuto said it's fine here, this isn't a place one can say he'll easily find his way from even if it's sugarcoated words.

More than half of the walking distance still remains before we reach the hospital. One would definitely get lost if it's his first time going to the hospital from this half-baked place.

Since I've already brought him here, I might as well finish this. Even though I wanted to help him till the end, Ikuto simply continued to repeat that it's really fine. He's already saying so to such degree, there's no need for me to forcibly accompany him. I'll obediently retreat.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, thank you very much. .... Makoto-san."

The moment he called my name, the hair on my whole body felt like they were standing on their ends.

Startled, I lifted my head and looked at Ikuto intently. It's that smile. It was a

completely unclouded smile. But that smile gave me the creeps somewhere in my heart for some reason.

Was it my imagination?

Ah, come to think of it, why didn't Ikuto know the way to the hospital?

Even if just temporary, it's the hospital his family member is staying at so he should at least know the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital, Building A, 8th floor of the East ward, Room 801.

Yukinoshita Ikuto opened the door after knocking. There, his older sister Madoka was gazing out the window as usual.

Compared to the serious-looking honor student-like Ikuto without any discerning trait, Madoka appeared like a prideful bisque doll with facial features arranged like that of a queen of ice. If Ikuto's features were also arranged, he would definitely have a cold and beautiful face like Madoka's. After all, he also had more than enough of a queen's temperament.

"Nee-san, how's your condition?"

"It's the worst. I feel terrible. It seems like two strange bugs are swarming around Yasuchika."

"Are you talking about the Sakurai siblings? Nee-san, your tongue's too sharp. Makoto-san felt like a good person. He tried his hardest to show me the way without noticing my unnatural behaviour."

Madoka finally turned her gaze towards Ikuto.

Ikuto approached Madoka and sat on a chair. The honor student-like look Ikuto had on his face previously, changed into a contemptuous expression. Suddenly snorting, he rested his chin on his hands.

"He felt like a typical softhearted person. Like a peaceful idiot who never did anything bad to anyone or betrayed anyone. Certainly, he's the type nee-san hates."

“It seems his younger sister is like that too. The type of cute girl who makes one feel like protecting her.”

There was a deep hatred in the words Madoka spat out.

“Don’t do something too bad, nee-san.”

“Who knows, I can’t promise you that.”

Madoka who smiled while illuminated by the moonlight, truly appeared to be a queen of polished ice.

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[1] It’s customary in Japan to exchange phone email addresses rather than phone numbers. So when they ‘text’ each other, they’re actually mailing each other.

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# Chapter 20

A wild sis-con appears!



Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## Chapter 20 – The GW and the Part-time Job and the Ojou-sama (3)

“Isn’t this cute?”

Yesterday, I received 12,000 yen for my 10 days of working part-time.

Along with Subaru, I’m currently shopping for cute clothing to give to Mitsuki as a present. I don’t know much about fashion, plus I also had tons of things to ask Subaru. By that, I meant the matter with Madoka and Ikuto.

“Isn’t that too sexy? I won’t let Mitsuki wear something like that.”

Subaru held a pink frilly bare-back one-piece in her hands.

Strange bugs will gather around Mitsuki if her back is bared like this. Mitsuki’s skin is tender, white and glossy. It’ll definitely become dangerous if it’s shown to those wild animals. Rejected.

“Hang on~, Mako, aren’t you over-protective?”

“This isn’t being over-protective. Mitsuki is really cute.”

“You’ve completely become siscon, huh.”

I’m siscon. Yes, I’m a siscon. Is it bad to be siscon?

Because Mitsuki has a short stature and is delicate, won’t a somewhat loose summer knit and short pants suit her? A feminine one-piece might work too.

I grabbed a brightly-coloured checkered one-piece. The orange checkered pattern looks nice but occasionally a more serene blue would be good too.

I was unable to make a decision because Mitsuki’s so remarkably cute and

looks good in whatever she wears.

*Kyahkyah ufufu*, Mitsuki did a fashion show as she called my name in my head.

Clad in the orange checkered one-piece, with her large, watery eyes, Mitsuki looked at me with upturned eyes. Even the way her cheeks flushed with embarrassment is cute.

“Mako-chan, does this look good?”

Good. It’s marvelous.

I restrained my mouth that involuntarily broke into a smile with my palm.

“Oi, oi, earth to Mako. Ah, this one’s no good. I must do something about this quickly.”

Subaru’s exasperated voice brought me back to reality.

“I’ve decided. It’ll be this orange one-piece.”

“Isn’t that fine? It seems like it’ll suit Mitsuki.”

The checkered one-piece is about 6000 yen, so I have about enough to buy something else. Maybe I could get shoes or something?

I never liked choosing clothes for myself even from the time I was female. But choosing clothes for Mitsuki is enjoyable to death.

I’ll just purchase the clothing for now. I returned to Subaru’s side while acting pleased with my choice. I don’t know how happy a face I had on but Subaru gave me a look that seemed like it said: “there’s no cure for this girl”.

Since I bought what I wanted to buy, for the time being I decided to have lunch.

And it was naturally at the usual family restaurant. I’m already acquainted with the shop assistant here and we get along well enough to exchange a nod now.

“So? You met Madoka and Ikuto, right—. How did it go?”

Pushed by the momentum of Subaru who delved into the main subject right after sitting down, I expressed the uneasiness I’ve been feeling all along.

“You know how Mitsuki joined the Swimming Club? I’m worried that Madoka

will bully her.”

It seems that Mitsuki had endeavored in Swimming Club activities throughout the entire Golden Week.

Onii-chan is also happy as Mitsuki seems to be enjoying herself a lot in the Swimming Club. However. It’s a different matter if joining the Swimming Club makes her a target of Madoka’s bullying.

“The flag shouldn’t be raised just by joining the Swimming Club, but, since even Ikuto appeared, that means something is going on~. Well, technically there’s still other rival characters so be careful.”

“You mean there’s more?”

“I don’t know whether they’ll appear or not though. Well, Madoka’s from Yasuchika’s and JunJun’s route—. Even for Soutarou’s and Kaname’s, the Prince’s, and sensei’s routes, there are different rivals.”

Having decided her order, Subaru called the shop assistant over.

I asked for tonkatsu while Subaru ordered shrimp au gratin.

“Well, my character is technically the rival character for Yurino Tamaki’s route.”

“Why did you create something like rival characters.....”

“It’s only when there’s rivals that there’s moe..... that there’s moe! Besides, Madoka is actually a good child, you know. That girl’s carrying various burdens on her shoulders.”

I listened to Subaru while sipping cocoa.

Sure, Madoka being Madoka, she might be carrying various burdens, but all the same I won’t forgive her if she intends to harm Mitsuki.

While it wasn’t that she’d done anything yet, but I faintly felt some anxiousness when I think that it’s the calm before the storm now.

“Huh? Isn’t it Mako-chan! Suba-chan’s here too—”

I heard a familiar voice at the same time the shop assistant brought us the tonkatsu and shrimp au gratin.

This voice and energy, it must be Kaname. And naturally Soutarou was beside him.

Surprised, Soutarou's face became dyed with red and he looked at me while exuding flowers and mysterious sparkles.

"Oh, Kaname, Soutarou. Back from club activities?"

Kaname sat next to Subaru while Soutarou sat next to me.

Soutarou was wearing the white Izumino Gakuen Basketball Club jersey with blue lines. Kaname wore the unfashionable russet jersey and had a bag which contained a shinai[1] sleeve and protectors swung over his shoulder. Did he help out the Kendo Club this time?

To be able to do even kendo, Kaname, aren't you too high-spec.....

"Yup. I went for the Basketball Club's practice match and Kana was helping out the Kendo Club."

"So Kaname knows even kendo. That's amazing."

"Well, about there. For martial arts-types I can do kendo and archery[2], and a bit of karate."

Kendo, archery, karate and the Basketball Club, the other day he also helped out the Boys' Lacrosse Club.

What a frightening guy, Fujisaki Kaname. Kaname is no doubt the most high-specs character from Renai Kakumei Revolution, huh.

"Are Makoto and Yurino-san hanging out?"

"Is it a date~?"

Kaname poked fun at us with a broad grin.

Even though I already said before that I don't have such a relationship with Subaru, this guy completely didn't understand, huh.

"That's right~. Right, Makoto-kun?"

Subaru got carried away, producing a honey-sweet voice and tilting her head as she looked at me.

Geez, what 'Makoto-kun'. She's never called my name that way before.

"That's not it. We went shopping for clothes. I wanted to get a present for Mitsuki."

"So that's it. I thought you betrayed the Singles Alliance~"

"Singles Alliance?"

Soutarou who opened the menu and was in the midst of deciding what to eat raised his head.

"The Singles Alliance that Mako-chan, Souta and I are in!"

He raised his voice and loudly declared with a devious wink.

What a disturbing alliance.

But it doesn't really matter since I've no intention of having a girlfriend or boyfriend in this world.

"What are you having, Soutarou?"

I quickly ignored the noisy Kaname and asked Soutarou.

Kaname was kicking up a fuss, saying "how mean, how mean" just a while ago but I guess it's okay to ignore him since he started chatting happily with Subaru in the blink of an eye.

"Ah, un. The tonkatsu Mako's eating looks yummy but I feel like eating hamburger too, so I'm at a loss."

"You can have half of my tonkatsu then. I want to have desserts later anyway."

If I remember correctly, there's a Spring-limited strawberry fair going on now.

I'd be just nice if Soutarou eats half of my tonkatsu as I was planning to have strawberry parfait and strawberry gelato.

"Split it into halves then?"

"Ah, that's fine. If so, can I order strawberry parfait and strawberry gelato? Soutarou, please eat half of this."

"Okay. Makoto sure likes sweet things."

Feeling a hot gaze on me, I lifted my head only to find Subaru looking in my



direction while giving a thumbs-up.

It's the face Subaru makes when she's reading BL doujinshi. It's the face she makes when there's heart-fluttering moments in BL games.

I shot her a glare full of admonition. Yet, she won't stop blushing. For some unknown reason, Kaname who was sitting beside her was grinning too. Did he also become rotten? Maybe he's the same species as Subaru. Or is this some kind of joke?

It's no good, I don't understand. I don't understand the high school boys these days.

I gloomily stuffed my cheeks with tonkatsu. The batter is crispy and it's delicious.

At this point, Soutarou's fingertip brushed against the side of my lips. Looking at Soutarou, he was smiling and gazing at me with the warmth of a onii-chan.

"Gee, Mako, there's sauce on you."

"A-ah, there is....."

Just as I was about to thank him, my eyes met with Subaru's and a fidgety feeling rose within me.

Waaa, what a pretty smile. Her head is probably filled with repulsive delusions though.

But when Soutarou turned to look at Subaru, her face quickly changed into that of a perfect beauty so Soutarou was completely unaware of what happened.

Soutarou called the shop assistant over and made his orders.

"Heyy, come to think of it—, is Mako-chan and Suba-chan free tomorrow?"

"My schedule is open but is there something going on tomorrow?"

"Ah, tomorrow, there's a basketball practice match at Touka University. Well, it's just for fun, but Kana and I will be playing tomorrow....."

Soutarou tried to explain to us with utmost effort. But I only had one possible answer.

“Sorry, I can’t.”

“Eh?”

“I’ve plans tomorrow.”

Soutarou gave me a puzzled look.

But I can’t go near Touka University. That Madoka is a student of Touka University. Madoka’s hospitalised so she won’t be at Touka University but I don’t want to take any chances.

“Eh~! Just a moment ago you said you were free!”

“Something urgent came up. I can’t go to Touka.”

“I see..... I thought Mako would come support us.....”

I could hear the, *whimper~*, lonely cry of a dog beside me.

I definitely can’t look at him. I’ll definitely end up going to the practice match at Touka University to support them if I see the cunning upturned eyes of the lonely Soutarou.

“Hey, Makoto, you really can’t come no matter what?”

*Squeeze*, he grasped the hem of my clothes.

The atmosphere became one which I must look at him, so when I timidly looked over, as expected, or should I say, as I thought, there was a sly dog. With his dog ears and tail, his eyebrows in a / \ shape, he fixedly looked at me with upturned eyes.

Am I the only one who can hear these “whim~per, whim~per” cries?

“Uu.....”

I really shouldn’t have looked.

Is this sly face and behaviour really not done intentionally?

Isn’t he making this face because he knows I can’t reject him if he does it?

“Mako?”

The next moment, words spilled from my mouth before I could stop them.

“I’ll go.”

“Really? I’m happy, Mako. Thank you.”

Soutarou’s dog ears stood up with a *prick* and his tail waved so much as though it could fall 1000 men.

Ah, geez, I’m an idiot.

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[1] Bamboo sword-like weapon used in kendo.  
[2] Kyudo 弓道: Japanese archery

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# Chapter 21

Thank you all for various things^^.

I don't know whether to pity Mako-chan who has to deal with these rival characters, or pity the capturable characters who have so many rivals to deal with.



**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**Chapter 21 – The GW and the Part-time Job and the Ojou-sama (4)**

Touka University was the only national university in the city.

In the same city was the Touka University School of Medicine affiliated Hospital. Other than medical education and medical research, it provides advanced medical technology as the core of the medical community in this area. It also plays the role of a tertiary Emergency Medical Care Centre. The position of the head of the Centre is currently filled by Mr. Takayanagi Masaharu.

The above, was extracted from an online encyclopedia.

If you're wondering why I stepped into an university despite being a high school student, it's because I fell for the scheme of the sly dog, Tsubaki Soutarou.

When he made a request with upturned eyes while crying “whim~per,” as expected I was unable to refuse him.

I do want to see Soutarou and Kaname playing in a basketball match. But coming to Touka University may result in encountering Madoka. As I entered Touka University, my heart went *throb throb* in various meanings.

“Uwah~ The university sure is huge, huh, Mako-chan!”

Beside me, Mitsuki who was lovelily clad in Izumino Gakuen's uniform looked

at me with upturned eyes.

Speaking of Subaru, she's busy with Student Council work and can't make it. I don't know when she joined the Student Council. When I asked why she joined, she said that it's because she could use her position in the Student Council to enter Izumino Gakuen. Should I say she's shrewd or what.

She, until the very end of the very end, shed tears at being unable to witness this delicious scene.

"I wonder where's the 1st gymnasium?"

It's the directionally-challenged Mitsuki and I.

In addition to the buildings stretching as far as the eye could see, I don't even know how many gymnasiums there are. Anyhow, this area is huge. Too huge. Thrown into such a place, I wonder exactly when we'll reach the gymnasium.

I did think of contacting Kaname and Soutarou, letting them know our location and getting them to fetch us, but those two are probably occupied with various preparations.

I've no choice but to look for them with my intuition or sixth sense. My intuition probably won't be even a particle's worth of help though.

"Huh, isn't that Makoto-san?"

When I stepped out with the intention of searching for the 1st gymnasium, a voice sounded out behind me.

Turning around, a honor student-like youth with dead fish eyes — — Yukinoshita Ikuto was there. As I thought, something seems unnatural even though he was giving a refreshing smile.

"Ah, Ikuto-kun. Is Ikuto-kun also here for the basketball practice match?"

"That's right. I'm not from the Basketball Club but my friends invited me. Is Makoto-san also participating in in the match?"

I heard that the practice match this time is something like an event just for gathering basketball lovers.

Hence I'm convinced about how Ikuto will be participating in the match even

though he's not in the Basketball Club. He's probably fond of basketball.

"Nope, I'm only here to cheer my friends on."

"I see. Makoto-kun is tall so I thought you'd suit basketball."

The slacks from our school uniform and a long-sleeved dress shirt along with a deep blue cardigan, dressed in this sloppy style, I probably don't appear like someone who plays basketball.

Incidentally, Ikuto was wearing a dark green jersey with the words「Atlas Basketball Club」written on the back. It's likely Private Atlas Academy Basketball Club's jersey.

Ikuto's smile grew deeper when he finally noticed Mitsuki.

"This is.....?"

"She's my twin and imouto, Mitsuki. Mitsuki, he's a student from Private Atlas Academy, Yukinoshita Ikuto. Remember that incident I told you about, when I guided someone after work?"

Explaining till there, Mitsuki smiled as though she understood.

She bowed with an angelic smile on her face.

"I've heard about you. I'm Makoto's imouto, Mitsuki. Thank you for taking care of Makoto."

"No, no, I'm the one who's being taken care of by Makoto. By the way, since you're going to support them, then you should be going to the 1st gymnasium, right? If that's the case, shall we head there together?"

"Is that okay? Honestly, Mitsuki and I don't know the way. It'll help if you come with us."

If the airheaded Mitsuki and the directionally-challenged me search for the 1st gymnasium, we'll likely only reach after the match.

I can rest assured if Ikuto guides us there. Although his smile is rather shady, I can't doubt him just because he's Madoka's little brother. He should be able to properly guide us to the 1st gymnasium.

"Of course, if you're fine with me, let's go together."

Thanks to Ikuto's guidance, we arrived at the 1st gymnasium in just a few minutes.

Many high school students were gathered in the gymnasium. As only boys will be playing in this match, most of the gathered students are male. There are some girls but they're probably managers or something similar.

"Ah, Mako! And Sakurai-san too."

Wagging his tail, the doggy Soutarou approached us.

Clad in the white shirt with blue line of the Izumino Gakuen's uniform, Soutarou was as refreshing as his name[1], but the「 Mako, Mako, Mako~!! You really came to support us~?! I'm so happy~!! 」feeling that overflowed from his face and body is kind of off-putting.

I drew back with shock when he approached me with that red face and enough momentum as though he wanted to plant his nose in me. Scary.

He firmly grabbed both my arms and rubbed his cheek on the crown of my head. Wa..... is this what big dogs feel like?

"Mako, you really came! I'm happy. I, will definitely win with my shoot! For Makoto's sake!"

"O-ok..... do your best."

'For Makoto's sake, that's wrong, right. You should be saying it's for Mitsuki's sake.

Those words should be said to Mitsuki, right. Why are you saying them to me?

I've an inkling Soutarou's been leaping across the boundary of a friend recently, but I wonder if it's my imagination. It's my imagination, right? There's no way the prince of an otome game fell in love with a guy, right?

"By the way, the person here is—?"

At some point Kaname popped up all of a sudden and grabbed hold of Ikuto's shoulder.

"Yukinoshita Ikuto. A first year from Private Atlas Academy. He's a slight acquaintance of mine."

“Nice to meet you. I’m Yukinoshita Ikuto. I’ll also be participating in the match today so please go easy on me.”

“Is that so? I’m Mako-chan’s close friend, Fujisaki Kaname, and over there is Tsubaki Soutarou. Best regards. What’s Ikuto’s position?”

As expected of Kaname. He’s already so chummy with Ikuto.

By the way, Soutarou was still looking at me while smiling bashfully. There was a pink aura in the air.

It started to feel even more unbearably embarrassing when I became aware of Mitsuki standing beside me with a blank look. Does this qualify as the antics of normal high school guys from a third person’s point of view?

I feel that the line had become rather blurred recently.

“Senpai, Umeda-san who’s supposed to appear later apparently isn’t able to come. .... What do we do?”

A young man who looked like a member of the Basketball Club came to Soutarou’s side and spoke in a panicked manner.

“Eh? Umeda-san?”

“Dat’s right! It’s bad, what do we do? It’s almost the deadline for the match participation entry[2]!”

Apparently the participant Umeda is unable to make it to the practice match. Because it wasn’t a serious game, it seems they didn’t prepare any substitute players, what a problem.

As though it was retribution for watching their exchange like it was other people’s business, our eyes met.

“..... There’s one here. A substitute. Sakurai Makoto, Izumino Gakuen Class 2-A.”

“I see. Soz, Sakurai-senpai. I’ll go hand in the entry now.”

The young man departed with a bright smile.

I can’t grasp the situation, what on earth happened? It can’t be that, you’re asking me to participate in the basketball match, right? Rather, had I just been



arbitrarily entered into the match?

“Hang, hang on, Soutarou! I, can’t play basketball!”

“But you know the rules at least, right?”

“A-ah..... that, well, yes.”

With a “Then, it’s decided” smile, a deviousness that I’ve never seen before in Soutarou oozed out of him.

Huh.....? Soutarou-kun.....?

I thought it might have been my imagination because he immediately returned to the usual doggy.

In the end, I think I’m not a match for Soutarou. Be it his cunning head tilts or devious attacks, they’re both frightening as they’re quite something when done by Soutarou.

I’m gentle to Mitsuki and Soutarou. I’m unable to reject them. It’s that, isn’t it, it seems I like cunningly cute people.

“Then, Mako, change into this. It might be slightly stretched because I laundered it but it should be fine if it’s just for the duration of the match.”

“Are you serious..... are you serious.....”

“Mako-chan will be appearing too? That’s cool. I’ll cheer for you, do your best, okay.”

Mitsuki grasped my hand tightly, and did the classic head tilt.

The way she’s like a natural airhead is adorable. But now, that adorableness of hers has become troubling.

For ages now, I’ve only played basketball in PE. Even though I know the rules, inversely, the rules alone are what I know.

While I was worrying to myself, I entered the male changing room only to find Takayanagi and Junya there.

“Huh, bunny-chan? Why are you here?”

Oi, oi, there’s no way some problem won’t arise if so many of these guys

assemble here.

Now we just need Madoka and a dispute flag will raise, isn't it?

Having my strength drained out of me, I collapsed on the spot.

"Is Sakurai-kun also participating in the match?"

"E-eh, well. Somehow it ended up this way."

"Really? Yasuchika will be playing on the Atlas side~. But I'll be supporting bunny-chan, okay."

While I don't know why Takayanagi's playing for Atlas even though he's a student of Izumino Gakuen, perhaps I can explain it by saying it's because of the otome game's revision[3].

If it can't be helped that the situation is hopeless, then it can't be helped. Now that it's come to this, I've no choice but to do it.

"Ah—, thanks for that."

Having confirmed my determination, I took off my school cardigan and removed my necktie. After I unfastened the buttons of my dress shirt, Junya hugged me from the back.

Then, *click click* sounds rang out as he detached my belt in a casual manner. The belt loosened and he sleekly pulled it off with his left hand while his right started fondling my abs.

"Bunny-chan is slim but unexpectedly have some muscles, huh. This faint split in the abs is ecchi and it's, making me, super horny....."

Softly biting my earlobe, he brought his hips to my rump. It's only been several days that events like *that* happened but his nature, from its root, totally didn't change at all. This guy, it's okay to send him flying, right.

If I'm not mistaken, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei Revolution was R-15. The other characters don't need to be age-restricted but this guy alone was restricted to adults. It's definitely due to him that the game is R-15.

Just as I thought of turning around and elbowing him, Takayanagi got him with a Choke Sleeper before I could act.

“Tch, Chika-chan! I’m dying, I’m dying!”

“If it’s you, I think it’s fine even if you die once, you know.”

“Takayanagi-senpai, thank you very much. You’re a great help.”

Entrusting Junya to Takayanagi, I leisurely changed my clothes.

“What pattern does bunny-chan’s underwear have? What will I do if it’s a white bikini-type?”

It feels very hard to change but, I’ll just ignore him. It’ll be fine if I just pretend he doesn’t exist.

Nonetheless, I want to get rid of my constitution of continuously getting swept by the flow[4].

Even though it feels like it’s impossible with Mitsuki and Soutarou around, but I can’t help to feel that at this rate I’ll step on some unwanted landmine. Ah~h, I don’t care anymore.

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[1] The ‘rou’ 朗 in Soutarou’s name can mean ‘bright’ and ‘cheerful’.

[2] The form you have to hand up before the match to state who’s in your team, what positions they’re playing, starting order *etc.*

[3] Hosei 補正. In otome games, it’s referring to how certain things that realistically won’t happen, happens in the game due to the system’s revision. It could be to increase the encounter rate, to aid in starting an event, *etc.*

[4] Flow of events.

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## Chapter 22

It's already March! Time flies. End of this arc. Next chapter, hot *cough* and steamy *cough*.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

### **Chapter 22 – The GW and the Part-time Job and the Ojou-sama (5)**

One way or the other, the result was that we fell at the preliminaries for the basketball match.

Izumino Gakuen Basketball Club is actually skillful enough to be in the best-16 of the prefecture so the reason we lost was because I dragged them down.

Of course, it wasn't that everyone who participated in this match were part of their starting lineup. However, Soutarou was the Basketball Club's starter and Kaname was omnipotent at sports. There were two 1st-year bench players but even they were skillful.

No matter how I think about it, the reason for our defeat was because I sucked at basketball.

"Really..... I'm sorry....."

"It's okay, it's okay. Besides, I was the one who forced you to join. I should be thanking you instead."

"Soutarou..... I'm sorry....."

A smile that was completely unclouded. As I thought, Soutarou is kind. It's precisely because he's kind that I felt even more apologetic and want to disappear.

It wasn't that I was extremely unathletic. I feel that I've gotten more muscular and even my stamina improved ever since becoming male.

I didn't strongly refuse because I thought I could do it if I tried harder. Perhaps I was being conceited, but I wanted to be of help to them.

It's because I had been thinking this way that all the more I still feel ashamed to have failed so badly at the game.

"Mako-chan, you Travelled[1] a number of times, huh. The way Mako-chan's face turned red and flustered was incredibly cute."

Travelling, and then getting agitated over that, I ended up Travelling even more.

Just recalling that made me embarrassed and I felt like crying.

"Sheesh, Kana too, won't Mako be pitiful if you say so much? It can't be helped that Mako is a beginner."

"I wasn't really making fun of him, you know. It's just that it's rare for Mako-chan who can flawlessly handle anything to make a blunder. *So even Mako-chan has things he's not good with, huh*, was what I was thinking."

Even I've things I'm bad at. In fact, just a month ago I was a frail girl.

I don't find insects and snakes repulsive • and I'm also fine with touching frogs. Haunted houses and jet coasters are fine too. Dark places and tall places, those are also completely fine. I don't hate studying and while I don't particularly like athletics, I wasn't bad at them either.

But, ballgames alone, to a devastating extent, I can't do them. By the way, I digress, but I also lack the sense for arts and music.

While in theory I understand ballgames, arts and music, I can't do it if you ask me to try them all of a sudden.

"I'm really bad at ball games..... Though, I didn't think it would be this bad."

It was a match where everyone was earnestly contending. No matter what a light-hearted feel this practice match had, they no doubt had the sentiment of wanting to win.

And I trampled all over that sentiment.

Maybe it couldn't be helped that my shoot didn't make it. However, I should

have at least been able to not drag them down.

I feel that the more I think about it, the more I fall into darkness. Letting out a small sigh, I sat while grasping my knees[2].

“It was Mako who said that it’s not embarrassing to have things you’re bad at.”

Directly before my eyes, Soutarou stooped down and gently stroked my head.

“I’m sorry for teasing you. But, it wasn’t that I wanted to make fun of you.”

Kaname’s voice sounded troubled.

Even I’m the same. I’m at fault, and even though I didn’t have the intention to, I ended up troubling these two with my sulky attitude. I also didn’t have the intention to take on an attitude as though I was beaten when I’m already down.

Much less, I didn’t want them to comfort me so leniently.

“I’m sorry. I.....”

It can’t be helped that I feel down. It’s because they’re excessively compassionate. Thinking like that, I raised my head only to have my head hugged by Soutarou with a *squeeze*.

And it naturally became that my head was buried into Soutarou’s chest.

“I prohibit you from apologising anymore.”

“Ah, just Souta, that’s unfair—. Me too, me too—. I want to “hug” Mako-chan too—.”

Usually he’d say that we’re embarrassing or that we’re flirting, but just today I’m allowed to soak in the tenderness of these two.

“Soutarou, teach me basketball next time. It was, incredibly mortifying to lose.”

“Sure thing. Mako’s reflexes aren’t bad, I think you can surely become good at it.”

Without any strange intentions, I placed my cheek against Soutarou’s chest. Like a certain time back then, I saw the two beauty spots lined up on his left collarbone.

A soft floral fragrance mingled with the smell of sweat, he had a scent like that of young woods. I suppose a similar smell was also coming from me.

An antiperspirant-like citrus scent drifted from Kaname who hunched over and hugged Soutarou and I. Although Soutarou also used antiperspirant, the scent was much easier to detect from Kaname.

But somehow it feels embarrassing to have our skin touching while we're all sweaty.

"Mako-chan, thanks for the good work!"

With her pleated skirt fluttering, Mitsuki jogged towards me.

My face turned blue thinking that, this time, some misunderstanding will definitely arise when she sees three guys embracing each other like this.

But the absent-minded and airheaded Mitsuki, without behaving like she was disturbed to see three guys embracing, directly reached my side.

Just as the two who were embracing me let go, with reddened cheeks she grabbed both my hands.

"Mako-chan, you were really cool! You were more cool than anyone else. As expected of Mako-chan!"

"Mitsuki..... thanks."

"Un! Mako-chan, good work. Do you want to have the bento now? I made the atsuyaki tamago salty for Mako-chan."

Mitsuki's honest eyes didn't contain any malice.

Mitsuki wasn't trying to comfort me. She simply expressed her honest thoughts frankly.

I can feel that she truly, from the bottom of her heart, thought my figure when playing basketball was cool.

"If you'd like, everyone can eat too? I made a lot."

I think that the sight of Mitsuki carrying the 5-tiered box which reached her face was by far the most cute.

"I also want to eat Mitsuki's bento-nya—?"

“Wah, Narahashi-kaichou-san!”

The one who hugged Mitsuki from behind was Junya.

To think you hugged my cute Mitsuki, truly unforgivable.

I started standing up while making a stern face, but he quickly separated from her so I ended up in a half-risen posture.

“Didn’t you say you won’t hug Mitsuki? I won’t let you eat her cooking!”

“How mean. If I can’t hug Mitsuki-chan, then I’ll hug bunny-chan.”

Immediately after speaking, he clung onto the waist of me who had half-rose and pressed our cheeks together. Furthermore, he buried his nose in my temple and started sniffing with a *whiff whiff*.

I want to know what’s so fun about sniffing my body that stinks of sweat from the match.

“Kaichou, kindly get away from Mako!”

“Eh—, don’t wanna—. I’ll eat Mitsuki-chan’s bento while hugging bunny-chan tightly.”

What’s this, so bothersome.

While being watched by Kaname who’s inappropriately laughing and Mizuki who’s inclining her head with a blank look, Junya is hugging me and Soutarou is trying to save me. A very surreal situation has taken place.

Good grief, I don’t even have the time to feel depressed.

Honestly, though I do think it’s bothersome, surprisingly I can’t deny that a part of me felt very happy.

In spite of myself, I burst out laughing at the change of my state of mind.

“Mako……?”

“Let’s eat Mitsuki’s bento, everyone. Mitsuki’s bento is delicious, you know.”

The morning matches will be ending soon.

Then we’ll borrow a space somewhere and enjoy Mitsuki’s bento. It’ll definitely be fun.



“Junya. You’re supposed to eat my bento. Isn’t that right?”

A very feminine and dignified voice. But like a cold and chilly icicle, it directly pierces into one’s heart.

It’s like cold water being poured onto the head.

The owner of that voice was undoubtedly the person I was most afraid to meet. I slowly lifted my head.

As I thought, there stood the Ice Queen.....——Yukinoshita Madoka.

“Madoka-chan, is your condition okay already? Weren’t you just discharged from the hospital?”

“Even so, there’s no way I won’t come and cheer my Yasuchika on when he has a match.”

She emphasised the “my” portion with a studied tone.

Madoka gave an absolute zero icy glare to Mitsuki.

Mitsuki seemed like she had no idea what’s going on, and looked to me seeking help. As a onii-chan, there’s no way I won’t help Mitsuki when she makes such a face.

This time I stood up, blocking Mitsuki like I’m trying to protect her.

“What will you do, Junya?”

“Madoka, let’s eat with bunny-chan and the rest, then. Call Chika-chan too.”

“Don’t mess around, Junya. I want to eat with only Yasuchika and Junya. I don’t need anyone else. You are different.”

Then, for the first time, Junya gave a troubled smile.

“There’s no one here who’ll hurt Madoka-chan.”

It probably wasn’t the reply she expected. Madoka’s face distorted, as though she was about to cry, as though she was angry.

If I recall, I heard that Madoka was a 20 year-old 2nd-year at University but she looks much younger than that. It’s as though her growth stopped in elementary school.

“That’s enough. I’ll just invite Yasuchika. I don’t need Junya anymore.”

“Ah, Madoka-chan!”

Junya chased after Madoka who left the scene like she was sulking.

But before he left, he lowered his gaze just once towards the ground, looking in our direction. It can be seen that he’s troubled.

“Sorry about Madoka-chan. That person, she’s immature. Prone to sickness, she didn’t have many friends. She also doesn’t attend school much so she doesn’t know how to communicate well. So, I hope that you’ll forgive Madoka-chan. I’m sorry. Let me have Mitsuki’s bento next time, okay?”

Saying up till there, Junya went to chase Madoka.

Madoka was certainly immature. The reason was as Junya said, prone to sickness, she doesn’t attend school much and doesn’t have many friends. But there’s no way it’s okay for her to continue using that excuse even into the future, and she can’t either. There’ll be a need to fix this someday.

But if Yasuchika really plans to marry Madoka, is it okay to for him to leave things be and support her for the rest of his life?

Thinking it’s okay to hate everyone else as long as that special person is kept close by, I feel that it’s an extremely wasteful way to live.

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[1] [Traveling](#). Basically he violated a basketball rule.

[2] [Sankaku zuwari](#) 三角座り: lit. triangle sitting. Students in Japan often sit like this in PE.

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# Chapter 23

\*\*\*Presence of suggestive scenes\*\*\*

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Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## Chapter 23 – Gossip: Yurino Subaru’s Delusional Talk

I — — Yurino Subaru, was thinking this way.

Is Sakurai Makoto seme, or is he uke, or even riba[1]? That is the question.

It’s been roughly a month since we got transported into this world. It’s about time to clearly distinguish whether Mako is seme or uke.

Initially, I thought Mako was uke. The reason was simply because Mako was originally female.

But as I watched his movements this month, I reached the conclusion that Mako could possibly be riba. To me who was fixated on whether he’s totally seme or totally uke, him being riba was the only alternative.

Mako is truly manly.

Okay with touching insects and frogs. Horror videos and haunted houses, those are completely okay too. He’s a guy who can flawlessly complete anything.

In addition, since the transportation he unconsciously created a “manly self” on his own, the way he speaks and carries himself became even more like a hero from shoujo manga.

There’s times it feels a bit forced, but that natural airheadedness and composure has become quite a sight to behold. And it’s precisely because it’s become quite a sight to behold that he’s able to fall so many characters. Of course, there’s also that the position as Mitsuki’s older brother endows high favorability rating.

Well then the topic has deviated, is Sakurai Makoto seme or uke. Asking the person in question will probably just provoke his ire.

If it's okay for me to decide, it's embarrassing but I'll circumvent, and choose to go for riba. Afterall, I can't decide! A girl's heart is complicated!

For example, if the other party is Prince, how will it go.

The Prince——Kiritani Riku is set to be straightforward and cool, an aloof prince. Towards Mako he surpassed the creator's, my intention and becomes deredere. According to my setting, his image should be more like a white tiger, but in front of Mako he's like a strong-willed kitten.

From the usual conduct, it feels like Mako's the seme. If that's so, MakoRiku?

It feels like attacker seme Mako x attacked uke Riku, huh. But I think RikuMako works too.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Riku, you'll get dirty if you lick such a place. Stop that."

Riku ran the tip of his tongue between the gaps of Makoto's toes and between his toes and his toenails, coating them with ample saliva.

Fair skin and glossy black hair like that of a bisque doll, the beauty with tsurime eyes and a doubly strong gaze that is the Prince-sama, licking feet——indeed a sensual sight.

Makoto pressed his face into the pillow and while trembling with shyness, grasped the bedsheet. Expressionless, Riku's cheeks became flushed. He focused his attention on his tongue which moved onto Makoto's calves and the inside of his thighs as he sought for his reaction.

Makoto shook his inner thigh, chasing away the welling pleasure.

"It's okay. There's no place on Makoto that's dirty."

"Haha, that's so vain..... As expected of the Prince."

Makoto slightly raised his face that was buried into the pillow and gave a weak smile. Makoto blushed from his cheeks to his ears and his eyes turned teary, but Riku directed an arousing look at him without backing down.

As though sullen, he lifted his head from the thigh, entwining his fingers with Makoto's hands and gripped them tightly, sewing him to the bed.

He brought his lips close to Makoto's cheeks and after licking the tears at the corner of his eyes, softly bit the tip of his nose.

"I'm not 'Prince'. Call my name properly, Makoto."

Riku sulkily replied, gently brushing Makoto's lips with his index finger.

Makoto licked that finger with his bright red tongue, and seemingly embarrassed, seemingly happy, he abruptly laughed.

"I'm sorry, don't sulk ..... Riku."

\* \* \* \* \*

Umu. Riku x Mako seems good too.

MakoRiku and RikuMako, so hard to select. Let's put the decision on hold.

However my first recommendation is still, the Sakurai Makoto and Tsubaki Soutarou pairing.

Though it's the 'easy path', close friends who get along well becoming increasingly attracted to each other is stimulating, huh.

But in that case which is Makoto? Will he be uke. Will he be seme.

Soutarou is tall and muscular, has a generous, gentle and compassionate personality, but is somewhat timid and cowardly. Because he has younger siblings with age difference whom he looks after a lot, he plays the role of an onii-chan in the 3-person good friends group that has Makoto, Kaname and Soutarou.

Thinking up till here, was Soutarou a flexible seme? Even if he doesn't want to, it might be good to let Makoto have a taste of his flexibility.

Makoto may look like that but he has a childish side, and even as Mitsuki's older brother, he's quite the natural airhead. It's to the point I want Soutarou's flexibility to somehow make him surrender.

That's right. Let's recall the interaction between Soutarou and Makoto.

He seems quite attached, but I wonder what Soutarou thinks of Makoto.

Yes, for example.....

\* \* \* \* \*

“Geez, Mako, you can’t..... What should we do if someone sees us doing it here?”

In an empty classroom, Makoto pushed Soutarou down onto the table.

Standing on tiptoe, Makoto aimed for the lips of Soutarou who’s taller than himself, but Makoto couldn’t kiss him properly as he kept dodging in embarrassment.

Makoto seems to be sulking because he couldn’t kiss properly. He placed his right hand on Soutarou’s chest, caressing the beauty spots on his left collarbone through his open shirt.

“Soutarou doesn’t want to do it with me?”

“The way you ask is unfair. But, be a good kid and let’s go home? Another time, at my house..... Wait, Mako?!”

Makoto licked Soutarou’s Adam’s apple below his chin, sucking his left collarbone and leaving a kiss mark there.

Soutarou’s face became more and more flushed as Makoto looked at him from below and laughed teasingly.

Makoto placed his right knee onto the desk and rested the weight of Soutarou’s upper body on it, pressing his lips onto Soutarou’s.

“Don’t let out a loud voice. What should we do if someone hears?”

“Wai-, Mako, that’s why I said to stop..... uu..... n”

“Even if you say things like that, your body is honest?”

\* \* \* \* \*

GOOD.....!! Very, good.

From this flow, it’ll be Makoto x Soutarou——MakoSou. But Soutarou whose fire was lit, going “Do you really want to be found by everyone? That you’re having sex with me.” with a dark smile works too.

Soutarou may be pure, but he also has a dark side. How delicious.

“Oi, Subaru. What’s with this unpleasant story?”

Mako entered my room on his own accord, holding the novel I wrote with his fingertips like it’s something dirty.

He spoke with a disgusted look on his face, scowling at me.

“RikuMako..... MakoSou.....”

“It means Riku x Mako and Mako x Sou. By the way, do you know that the seme comes before the ‘x’?”

“How would I know, such a thing! Rather, I won’t say those things, or do them! Anyway, my relationship with Prince and Soutarou isn’t like that.”

Mako’s face didn’t turn red, he simply got angry.

This is when you should blush, and bashfully deny with watery eyes, right. “It’s not like I particularly like Soutarou or the Prince.....” right— Well, I’ll probably get scolded if I say that, so I’ll refrain. Besides, it’s not aligned to Mako’s character.

Also, Mako, you may not have that kind of relationship now, but who knows what will happen in the future?

After all, this is a world where people gathered for the sake of romance. Even if you don’t want to, a Renai Kakumei Revolution[2] will happen.

Just kidding.

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[1] [Seme, uke and riba](#).

[2] Literally Love Revolution Revolution. The 2nd ‘Revolution’ was written in English in the original.

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# Chapter 24

Original for ‘Third Wheel’ in the title – Ojama mushi お邪魔虫: lit. hindering insect. Someone who gets in the way.

Reading this again made me realise how important this chapter is~ so will format line spacing and indents. But maybe not every chapter.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 24](#) – The Third Wheel and the Knight and the Princess (1)**

The eventful Golden Week has ended, it’s the beginning of an enjoyable and boisterous school life once again.

Attending school as a boy 4 months ago was painful, but now I’m starting to get used to the position of a high school boy. Well, there’s a sense of discomfort to be getting used to having what I didn’t have before and not having what I’ve gotten used to, but I think that being a high school boy isn’t too bad.

That I can hang out with Soutarou and Kaname this way and have such a relationship, is probably because I’m a guy. If I were a girl, it’s sad, but we likely won’t have such a relationship.

“Does Mako-chan have someone you like?”

“Ha?”

After school. Soutarou left early for Basketball Club activities, but Kaname, the Prince and I in the Go-Home club remained in class, having a lively boys’ talk while stuffing our cheeks with snacks.

The contents of the talk is extremely trivial. Imitating x teacher’s way of speaking, chatting about what’s been amusing in the latest manga, things like that.

Clearly of a different nature from the conversation up till now, the sudden foxy



query alarmed me and I couldn't reply properly.

Biting his straw, Kaname looked at me with an expression full of curiosity, grinning broadly.

The Prince also stopped eating gum, staring fixedly at me with the same full-of-curiosity expression as Kaname. Despite being primarily expressionless, it's troubling when at unexpected moments his emotions stream out. The Prince at times like that will usually be decidedly difficult.

"There isn't. I don't talk to girls much in the first place, so it's a problem even before coming to like any."

Since enrolling in Izumino Gakuen, the girls who spoke to me are, or should I say 99% of them, were aiming for Soutarou or Kaname or the Prince. Between Soutarou, Kaname, the Prince and I, the one who's easiest to speak to, well naturally the answer is obvious. Even as a girl if I want to approach these sparkly boys, I'll also think of attacking from a normal guy like me.

Girls who genuinely want to converse with me, excluding Mitsuki and Subaru, there's only Mitsuki's friend I guess? Somehow I'm starting to feel a little dispirited.

"I see—. That's unfortunate since Mako-chan's cool and looks popular."

"There's no use flattering me."

It's not convincing at all when I'm told that by Kaname who has that sparkly face.

"I wasn't flattering you. Really!"

"I think Makoto's cool too."

"O-ou....."

I can just wave it off with "Hai, hai" hearing it from the easily-carried-away Kaname, but hearing it from the Prince with a serious look makes me very sheepish. Because the Prince is several hundred million times cooler.

"Well then well then! What kind of girls do you like, Mako-chan—?"

“I don’t really……. More importantly, what type of girls do Kiritani and Kaname like?”

I didn’t even think about what type of girls I prefer. As I was originally a girl and in the first place have no intention of having a romance as a boy, there wasn’t a need to think about it.

More importantly, to ease Mitsuki’s romance, it’s better to hear about the Prince’s and Kaname’s preference. I especially have to hear the Prince’s preference so I can metamorphose Mitsuki into his type.

“If Mako-chan doesn’t tell us, I’m not answering eithe~r!”

“What’s with that.”

Kaname stared at me with a mischievous glint in his eyes, tilting his head.

Even the Prince, while silently munching a cookie, gave me a hard stare as though he’s waiting for me to answer the question.

There’s no doubt these two will continue waiting until I reply.

There’s no way out, huh. Let’s think about my preferred type for a little. What kind of guys did I like when I was female, again? I wasn’t interested in romance since long before, so nothing comes to mind.

Let’s change the way of thinking. Yes for example, in the world of Dokidoki Renai Kakumei Revolution who would I want to go out with? But hanging out with them as friends now is too enjoyable, I wouldn’t think of going out with them as lovers.

If I have to choose, it’ll probably be Soutarou? That absentminded healing type is a little like Mitsuki. I’ll say it vaguely without being obviously indirect.

“…… a healing type and cute one is good.”

“That’s mainstream~”

“I’ve already answered, Kaname and Kiritani have to answer too.”

It’s sad that the answer I frantically produced is less than 10 words, but I don’t have the confidence to come up with more details regarding my preferred type

of girl beyond this.

Isn't it fine for the person you already like to be your preferred type? It may not be convincing for someone who never fell in love to say this, but the thing called love is probably like that. Besides, shoujo manga also said something similar.

"Me? For me—, maybe someone with a cute smile. Also, someone who's fun to be with!"

"Isn't Kaname's mainstream too."

"Eh~, is it. It's not easy to have fun together, you know~?"

Possessing a cute smile and having fun when you're together, Mitsuki fulfills those.

Mitsuki's smile is lovely, and above all it's fun to be with her. Good, good.

"What about Kiritani?"

"I....."

"Un, un."

The Prince silently ate his snacks, absentmindedly staring in space like he isn't that interested.

The Prince doesn't seem very interested in romance. Even though he's the prince of an otome game.

"Makoto."

"Un, what?"

"My type is Makoto."

The shocking reply immediately froze the air.

"Eh?! Eh..... Thanks.....?"

"Does the Prince like Mako-chan~?"

I'm shocked at how Kaname accepted this situation so easily.

Also, Prince, what do you mean I'm your type. Does the Prince like guys?! No, it's not like I plan to reject same-gender love at all, but the prince of an otome

game can't fall in love with the same gender, right. We may both be Sakurai, but if it's like this just pick Mitsuki instead of me.

"Somehow, the atmosphere's good."

"Atmosphere, you say~. Certainly, Mako-chan's gentle and very calming, isn't he. It resembles Sakurai imouto-chan's ambience, doesn't it~."

The feeling's complicated, but the fact that my ambience resembles Mitsuki's, means, to the Prince Mitsuki's his type too, right. It's okay to interpret it like this, right.

The feeling's a little complicated, but I'll treat it as a merit. I'll interpret it as the Prince's type being the Sakurai family. Well, being liked by someone won't cause unpleasant feelings to emerge.

"Mako-chan!"

"Ah, Mitsuki. What's up?"

At this moment, Mitsuki clad in the female Swimming Club's jersey ran towards me with a broad smile.

"Um you see, I, will be able to participate in the upcoming match. It's not much, just a practice match but....."

"That's amazing, Mitsuki. Even though you just joined recently."

"Ehehe..... Well, I've been swimming since long before....."

Mitsuki seems pretty happy to be praised by me, her cheeks flushed as she acted shyly, bashfully.

Rather, had Mitsuki been swimming since long before? I didn't know. I have to pay attention to not accidentally say something strange.

"That's why, I want Mako-chan to come support me during the match. It's this weekend but..... you can't make it?"

"There's no way I can't make it. Mitsuki's match, I'll definitely be there to support."

Something like a reason to not go and support the cute Mitsuki shouldn't exist. I'll definitely be there to support even if a typhoon comes or a demon appears.

“I’m glad. Thank you, Mako-chan. I, will return to practice okay~!”

The happy Mitsuki with blushed cheeks is completely an angel. She’s mi dulce angel.[1]

Subtle body line visible from the slightly baggy jersey, moe sode appropriate for a heroine with her fingertips appearing just a smidgen is adorable, gesturing with her small body while frantically trying to speak is also unbearable.

What. Yes, I’m siscon. A siscon. Is that bad?

Mitsuki waved her hand as she left for club activities.

How cute, how super cute. My cheeks loosened reflexively.

“Mako-chan seriously likes Sakurai imouto-chan a lot huh. The face you make is kinder than when you talk to anyone else.”

When I started grinning after thinking about Mitsuki, Kaname pointed at me as he drank strawberry au lait.

“Of course cracker—. I’m Mitsuki’s onii-chan after all.”

“If you have such a hard time letting go of your imouto, what will you do if she gets a boyfriend?”

“I don’t mind her getting a boyfriend. If it’s a good guy like Kiritani or Kaname or Soutarou.”

Rather, I *want* the Prince or Kaname or Soutarou to date Mitsuki. Especially dating the Prince.

Mitsuki is without mistake terribly terribly cute and I think of her as important, but I can’t always be by her side, and I desire to return to the previous world.

“So technically you do understand.”

“Nuh huh.”

Understand or whatever, from the bottom of my heart I want Mitsuki and the Prince to date. I really think so.

Looking at the Prince, he's single-mindedly stuffing his cheeks with gummies.

As I thought, the Prince is ikemen. Standing beside Mitsuki it'll be a biseinen and a bishoujo, very compatible I think. Additionally there's more to the Prince than just his face.

When Junya persistently solicited me to the Student Council, he desperately tried to save me, and when I was trapped in the storeroom he came to find me. He's truly a good guy.

Although I think so, there's too few points of contact between Mitsuki and the Prince.

Isn't Takayanagi the only character who has the most connection with Mitsuki now?

Does Mitsuki seriously even plan to romance? Despite being the heroine her enthusiasm is too low. Good grief.

Looking at Kaname and the Prince chatting happily, I reached out for the snacks.

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[1] マイスウィートエンジェル: mai suwīto enjeru (my sweet angel)

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# Chapter 25

I wonder who's the 'third wheel', the 'knight' and the 'princess'?



Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## Chapter 25 – The Third Wheel and the Knight and the Princess (2)

The second Sunday of March. Accompanying Mitsuki who wanted to do some final adjustments before the practice match begins, we came to Izumino Gakuen's indoor pool in the morning.

But because Mitsuki asserted that *it's embarrassing to be watched during practice so you can't see!*, I quietly hid in the shadows and looked at her. Like a hentai. Well it's my fault for coming against her will.

With her body wrapped in a black competitive swimsuit with pink lines, Mitsuki dived into the glistening water. Cutting open the water surface, she who gracefully and smoothly advanced was just like a doll.

So it wasn't a lie that she had an interest in swimming. Even someone like me who's not familiar with swimming can tell that her swimming is beautiful.

"Sakurai-san's swimming is by no means fast, but it's pretty isn't it."

Takayanagi who apparently emerged from the males' changing room, folded his arms and gently watched over the swimming Mitsuki.

He too was wearing a black knee-length competitive swimsuit with blue lines. A beautiful supple body with taut muscles.

Not expecting in her wildest dreams that we are watching her, Mitsuki rose from the pool after swimming 50 metres, catching her breath. I wonder how so much power is derived from such a small and slender body.

"It causes one to think *Mitsuki sure likes swimming*. See, even now she's

grinning so much.”

“You’re right. She swam very freely. It won’t do if swimming isn’t like that.”

Once again, Mitsuki dived into the pool.

Submerging into the water with a beautiful form, she twisted her body and single-mindedly, simply single-mindedly bisected the water.

Takayanagi vacantly watched that figure of Mitsuki’s. That vacant blue eyes, as though longing for that freely-swimming Mitsuki, seemed to be looking at something beyond her.

“I want to see Takayanagi-senpai swim too. I heard from Mitsuki but, you’ve won prizes on various occasions. I bet you’re fast.”

Will he, like Mitsuki, glide through the glistening water with his supple muscles? Or will he, in discord with his outer appearance, swim vigorously like he’s cutting through water?

*Kyu*, Takayanagi clenched his fist tightly, and made a face as though he’s laughing, as though he’s about to crying.

“Senpai.....?”

“That’s right. I’m fast.”

“Ah, saying that yourself.”

As though the face just now was a lie, to Takayanagi who spoke confidently with a nonchalant face, I returned words like I’m teasing him.

“Truthfully I *am* fast.....But, very soon I’ll quit swimming.....This, is already the last.”

“‘This is already the last’, but, isn’t there still the interhigh preliminaries? Senpai’s the Swimming Club’s ace you know.”

Hereon we’ll face summer and its corresponding matches, for such a practice match to be the last is too wasteful.

Takayanagi is sufficiently competent. There’s no way it’s okay for his swimming life to end in such a place.

Moreover this expression of Takayanagi, it’s obvious with a single look that he



doesn't really want to quit the Swimming Club.

“Even if my swimming is fast, even if I'm the ace, there's times when one has no choice but to quit.”

This again.

I think he said something similar before, regarding the marriage with Madoka.

It's not like I plan to say “If you give up now, the match ends there you know?” something like that, and if Takayanagi intends to give his life up to Madoka I don't really care.

However. Choosing the result of giving up like this, how is it to Madoka? Rather, I think Madoka is pitiful.

Nonetheless if he chooses Madoka, does he really think that's fine?

“Madoka.....?”

“Eh? Madoka-san?”

Reacting to Takayanagi's words, I chased his line of sight.

The destination of his sight was the, fair-skinned, beauty with a hair colour like honey and translucent eyes like glass balls, Yukinoshita Madoka, and the small-animal-like lovely girl, owner of large black eyes and small red lips, Sakurai Mitsuki who's standing by the poolside.

It's within my expectations that if her beloved Takayanagi participates in this match, Madoka'll be here like it's completely natural. Though I didn't think she'll appear at such an early timing.

(

Since by no means can I suddenly step in, I decided to watch over the two's situation. Fortunately or unfortunately, they shouldn't be able to see us from over there.

“You seem to be, having a lot of fun huh.”

Abruptly opening with a villain's line and clearly picking a fight, I feel slightly touched at the template villainess.

Since long before, I've been the type who feels like supporting rival characters

or villain characters in shoujo manga, so I don't think that badly of Madoka. Neither do I really *want* to think badly of her.

But if it seems like she's going to do anything cruel to Mitsuki, I can't overlook it.

Astonished, Mitsuki tilted her head as she stared at Madoka's face.

"I, loathe impertinent women like you who shower your charms on anyone, and think that they'll listen to anything you say as long as you make a slightly cute face."

*Nice to meet you I'm the villain*, with an absolute zero smile like she's looking down on Mitsuki, she spit out those words.

I thought I would be more angry, but when she plays the role of a villain to this extent, on the contrary I feel refreshed. After all there aren't many 3-dimensional villains who play their role to this extent.

"Um....."

Mitsuki faltered with a troubled expression. Her eyebrows became like the 八 character and she stirred restlessly.

Looking at her face, she doesn't seem that hurt but if it comes to that I will have to put a stop to it.

"On no account, ever approach Yasuchika and Junya. Do quit the Swimming Club too. It's unsettling when someone like you is around."

"I can't do that. I didn't enter the Swimming Club to get along well with Takayanagi-senpai or Kaichou-san. I entered because I love swimming and I want to swim. That's why it's not something that I can quit when Madoka-san tells me to."

My heart throbbed seeing the side of Mitsuki's face which holds a strong will different from usual. And before I realised, with the colour of her face clearly changed, Madoka drew a step closer to Mitsuki.

"If you don't quit, Yasuchika will have to quit! Are you saying that's okay?!"

Before I could even think what she's going to do, Madoka pushed Mitsuki's shoulder with all her strength. It seems Mitsuki couldn't resist the sudden

movement.

Having lost her balance, Mitsuki plunged back first into the pool. There weren't even time to let out a *ah* voice.

When Mitsuki fell into the pool with a *splash* sound, I was finally able to let out my voice.

"Mitsuki!!"

Forgetting that I was hiding, I ran towards the poolside and jumped without hesitation.

Grabbing the arm of Mitsuki who sunk into the water without even preparing[1] for the fall, I pulled her towards my chest, hugging her as I led her towards the water surface. Mitsuki's face emerged from the water and after coughing violently *goho goho*, she took a deep breath.

Having scrutinised till there, I finally felt relieved and the tension left my shoulders.

"Mako, chan..... tha, nk..... you."

In the interval between Mitsuki's coughing fits, with a feeble breath she thanked me, making my heart tighten.

Despite having such a thing done to her, with neither fear nor anger, Mitsuki smiled sweetly. Only a ridiculous maso or a ridiculous softhearted person would be able to smile at a time like this.

"Are you hurt?"

"Ehehe, my foot might have been twisted a little. It's hurts, I don't think I can stand if not for Mako-chan's support."

Mitsuki laughed frivolously, but perhaps her twisted foot is painful, she frowned once in a while.

Settling her down by the pool side, looking at her right ankle there's a red swelling. With her foot like this, not even mentioning today's practice match, she likely can't swim for the next few weeks.

Mitsuki who swam so beautifully and smoothly, Mitsuki who enjoyed

swimming so much, because of Madoka who pushed her with an irrational reason, it became that she can't swim.

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I can't get angry here. Losing to my feelings here, shouting and brandishing violence, is what an idiot would do. Yes, what an idiot would do. I know that but I was unable to disperse the welling anger.

"Mado....."

Just when I lifted my head, *smack!*, the clear sound resounded in the indoor pool.

"Yasu, chika.....?"

What first entered my sight was Madoka holding her reddening left cheek, looking in shock at Takayanagi. Before her was Takayanagi, biting his lips in an attempt to suppress his anger.

"What are you doing! You, do you know who you just hit?!"

"I know. Madoka, apologise. Apologise to Sakurai-san."

Towards Madoka who screamed hysterically, Takayanagi addressed her with a quiet low voice, like he's warning her.

But Madoka's lips trembled as though she was about to cry, and she grabbed Takayanagi's arm strongly.

"I'm not in the wrong. Because, Yasuchika....."

"I swore to you that I would quit the Swimming Club, didn't I. With that you should have been convinced too. And yet, what is this about? Because you pushed her, Sakurai-kun got injured, and now she can't participate in the match. How do you plan to take responsibility for this?"

"Yasuchika's an idiot! Why is it only me you don't look at? Even though the only important people I have are you and Junya! Even though we promised that 3 of us will always be together."

Madoka looked at Yasuchika once again. But Yasuchika's anger did not subside.

This was probably the first time Madoka was scolded by Yasuchika. Her shoulders shook with a start, and she took several steps back. But she was by nature a headstrong woman. Without being outdone, she glared back.

“I don’t need someone like Yasuchika anymore.”

Running, Madoka left the indoor pool.

I was unable to follow this flow of events and vacantly watched the two’s exchange while still submerged in the pool, but as Takayanagi unexpectedly said what I wanted to, the anger I held towards Madoka had already calmed down.

More importantly, didn’t this turn into quite a dire situation? What action will Madoka who lost the support of her heart, Takayanagi, take? I can imagine the point of her anger being directed at Mitsuki again.

But I don’t think it will help even if Takayanagi goes after her.

“..... Sakurai-kun, will you go after Madoka? It’s embarrassing when I’m the one who said all that to her, but I don’t know what she will do when blood rushes to her head. Of course I’m not forcing you but.....”

“Understood. Senpai, please take care of Mitsuki.”

“Of course. Please leave Sakurai-san to me.”

Nodding just once to Takayanagi’s words, I chased after Madoka in a half-run.

I’ve no idea where she ran off to, but she originally has a weak constitution and shouldn’t have much stamina, so she’s likely not too far away.

What should I say to Madoka when I catch up to her? As the anger from her pushing Mitsuki was all conveyed by Takayanagi’s words, the rage has largely calmed down, so I should be able to speak with composure.

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Well I have no choice but to do it.

Somehow or other, I have to say something skillful, and obtain a promise from her to not do cruel things to Mitsuki anymore.

It’s just my gut speaking, but I have a feeling Madoka isn’t that disagreeable a

person. What, perhaps I'm also softhearted to the extent I have no right to call Mitsuki softhearted.

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[Ukemi](#) 受け身: Receiving shocks without getting injured, defensive posture, etc. In this case Mako's referring to falling safely.

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# Chapter 26

Mako-chan, kakkoi! Thanks for reading.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## **Chapter 26 – The Third Wheel and the Knight and the Princess (3)**

Running in the corridor clad in a drenched school uniform, with this appearance it must make quite a laughable sight. It’s embarrassing because it appears like I was splendidly bullied, but it’s not the time to be embarrassed.

I have to find Madoka and somehow or other bring this development to a close. Now then, where’s the crucial Madoka in question?

Walking and looking around restlessly, I happened to spot Soutarou who was just about to enter the clubroom.

Right as I was going to call out to him, Soutarou noticed me and abruptly turned around. And then his usual full-faced smile that seemed to say「It’s Mako~! Makomako, why are you here~? Did you come to see me~?」rose up. Somehow it feels like I’m raising a dog.

“Y-yo, Soutarou.”

Soutarou closed the distance with a dash and firmly gripped my shoulder. And then with a *rub rub*, he rubbed his cheek against my head.

What a stifling guy. But no unpleasant feelings surfaced. Rather I’ve even come to think it cute.

“Mako~! Why are you here? What did you come here for? Eh, why are you drenched?”

“So-Soutarou…… if you ask so many questions at once I can’t answer them.”

“Ah, sorry.”

Soutarou made ku~un ku~un sounds like an abandoned dog as he looked at me worriedly.

“More importantly, did you see a girl in casual clothes around here?”

“A girl in casual clothes? Ahh, I saw her run that way towards the courtyard. Is there something wrong?”

“Ah, just a little.”

To Soutarou who called my name, I smoothed it over with a smile while running towards the courtyard.

“Mako! It’s not that way. The courtyard is in the opposite direction—!”

I panickedly changed directions after Soutarou pointed it out.

Izumino Gakuen was made by repeatedly adding constructions, so the structure of the building is complicated. It’s a source of worry for a directionally-challenged person like me each time.

Looking down at the courtyard from the old school building’s 2nd storey, I saw a girl in casual clothing standing there. It’s Madoka.

Coincidentally, Madoka turned around, so our line of sight steadily met. For an instance, Madoka made a face as though she was scared. Perhaps she knew I was chasing her, she broke into a run to escape.

“Wait! Madoka-san, I have something to say!”

Grabbing the window frame, I leaned my body out.

Despite hearing my voice, Madoka tried harder to escape. Rather, it might be precisely because she heard my voice that she tried harder to escape.

“Wait, I said!”

At a time like this, if it were the hero of a shoujo manga, he’ll probably coolly leap from the 2nd storey and gallantly appear before Madoka, but I don’t have that kind of courage.

Ah, but she’s already that far.

It’s about 3 meters from 2nd storey to the 1st. Since the current me is tall, if I dangle from a good location won’t I be able to avoid a big injury and land safely?



I'll be very cool if I do that, huh.

I made my resolve and planted my foot on the window frame.

"Madoka-san!"

Hearing my voice, Madoka slowly turned around.

Shocked by my conduct, Madoka's eyes widened. Placing her white palm against her lips, she let out a scream.

"You! What are you doing. Please do stop. What if you get injured!"

"It'll be fine. Wait for me."

Dangling from the window frame, I let my body fall the way it does when I'm doing pull-up, reducing the impact as much as possible.

My heartbeat raced in spite having said I'll be fine. I patted my chest in relief the moment my feet reached the lawn. But surprisingly one can do anything if he puts his mind to it, huh.

"Jumping from the 2nd storey, that dangerous."

Madoka rushed over, hurriedly grabbing my arm.

I felt a little uneasy to receive an unexpected serious scolding.

"Isn't it because Madoka-san ran away from me....."

"Obviously I'll run. I made your imouto-san injured, you know."

*Squeeze*, more strength was put into the hand holding my arm.

Surmising from her expression and attitude, I think she definitely didn't make Mitsuki injured purposefully.

Mitsuki, in Mitsuki's way, is naturally straightforward and excessively softhearted, and easily carries out actions like that would only seem like a burikko's[1] if carried out by real life girls. It probably rubs people's shoulders the wrong way. With that as the impetus, she pushed her on impulse and by chance she fell into the pool, and by chance she twisted her ankle, so it was like that?

Me too, I'm glad I didn't hit Madoka on impulse. Though imperfect, the current me is without a doubt a high school boy, and it's bad to hit a frail girl,

right. I'll reflect.

"That's, well, having an injury inflicted on my imouto upsets me."

"I knew it. You're mad, right."

"Of course, there's anger."

There's no way I'm not mad when the superbly cute Mitsuki gets injured. As a matter of fact, I'm a siskon, y'know.

Madoka's large eyes grew wet.

What's this what's this—. The queen of ice is crying, but what should I do?

By no means did I expect her to start crying abruptly. Being exposed to the cold early spring wind while wearing school uniform that's drenched from having jumped into the pool, I'm the one who wants to cry. It's still May y'know. It's insanely cold. To think that she'll cry just because I answered "I'm angry" when asked "Ya angry?", what should I do?

"Don't cry. I'm not angry now."

"But you said are. Both you and Yasuchika are angry, and Junya isn't nowhere to be found."

I was startled by Madoka who let large drops of tears spill out. What do normal guys do to comfort crying girls? What should I do?

First let's think back to the time when I was a girl.

When comforting my female friend, to start off with, while casually mixing in some body contact, "Geez, don't cry so much~. How about we go karaoke or something for a change of pace?" Like that, I somehow managed by using the pattern of distracting her from the source of sadness.

But it's a no-no for the male me to do this to Madoka. Besides, Madoka and I don't have such a touchy-feely relationship. In the first place the comforting method between fellow women and people of the opposite gender is different.

But Takayanagi, he sure dealt that slap unsparingly. He might have intended to hold back, but Madoka's left cheek had turned red.

"Hey, here, it's better to cool it down."

My right hand lightly touched the reddened cheek.

Perhaps it's painful as expected, Madoka's shoulders shook with a start.

"There's club activities today, if we're lucky the infirmary should be open. C'mon."

"You, didn't you hear? I'm already hated by Yasuchika....."

Somehow it's become troublesome to think.

From long ago men bear courage, women bear love, and monks bear sutras. Since I've no choice but to do it, it can't be helped. I'll just speak whatever's in my mind.

"Like. I. Said. He doesn't hate you. You'll quarrel if you're friends. It's much stranger that you haven't quarrelled until now."

"But, after quarrelling it's difficult to return to the relationship before. Everyone leaves my side after we quarrel."

"It's because Takayanagi-senpai and Junya-senpai attended to all of Madoka-san's selfishness that it didn't come to quarrelling. But that's not what friends are. A lackey or a slave, servant, that's what it's called. Friends don't listen[2] to everything their friends say. Even if you bump heads or quarrel, as long as you make up you'll return to being friends. You should say 'sorry' at times like this."

Was it kind of dodgy?

But Madoka has a childish side, so I have a feeling saying something at this level of dodgy is okay.

"Is that so?"

"That is so. Well then, first make up with me. I'll say 'I'm sorry', so Madoka-san will reply with 'it's fine'. Then Madoka-san and I would have made up and become friends. How about that?"

Madoka stopped crying and looked at me in puzzlement.

Even though Madoka is slightly taller than Mitsuki, about the same height as me from the past, she appears considerably delicate.

Well, the me who was female didn't have a 155cm 38kg-desu figure like a 2D

character. Well, it's possible that's an excuse, and I was simply a fatty.

"I, won't become friends with males other than Yasuchika and Junya."

"Ah—, is it?"

I'm female though. The outer appearance is totally that of a male's so there's no persuasive power at all though.

"But, if you insist, I don't mind being something like friends."

Even as her cheeks blushed, she flipped her long hair and spoke high-handedly.

Madoka keeps doing things that irks others, but gradually I'm coming to think that this girl who's like the template tsundere is cute. As I thought, Madoka's nature isn't wicked. She's an awfully awkward and honest girl.

I reflexively let out a laugh.

"It's rude to laugh all of a sudden. You were the one who said you wanted to be friends with me, weren't you."

"My bad. Then, .....I'm sorry, be friends with me."

"Alright."

I held out my right hand with the intention of shaking hands, but Madoka ignored that and hugged me.

"E-e-eh, why am I, being hugged?"

"We're friends, right?"

"Are friends people who do things like hugging?"

Ever since coming to this world, my concept of 'friends' had been overturned in various ways.

Are friends people who do things like hugging? Even if they're of the opposite gender?

Certainly I'm often hugged by Soutarou or Kaname, but I deemed that safe since it's between guys. But it's a no-no with the opposite gender right?

"To me they're people who do things like hugging. Does Makoto not want to be hugged by me?"

The queen of ice——Yukinoshita Madoka, smiled so innocently you wouldn't think she's an adult. How can I say no after seeing such a face?

Perhaps Madoka didn't force them to listen to her, those two listened to her on their own after seeing this face. And then the pure Madoka who's ignorant about the ways of the world, might have come under the impression that it's normal for Takayanagi and Junya to listen to her words. In other words, that it's normal for friends to listen to one's words.

“Well, it's not like I particularly don't want to..... But I'm all drenched, so Madoka-san's clothes will get wet.”

“It's alright. It's just a 100 000 yen clothing.”

“Ex!”

To be able to say it's *just* a 100 000 yen clothing, Madoka's sense of value is a mystery.

Since I can't push Madoka away, for now I just hugged her back. Glancing at Madoka who's buried in my chest, her eyes were closed like she's relieved from the bottom of her heart as she rubbed the tip of her nose. My heart thumped a little.

Bringing down a girl on high horse? Such situations aren't rare, but I think I get why people have a preference for that now. Certainly, a girl who was so tsuntsun becoming this dere is cute, huh.

“Sakurai—!”

“Un? Ah, Hasumi, what's up? I'm not Mitsuki, you know.”

Mitsuki's closest friend, Hasumi, gave a huge wave from the window I jumped off just now.

She's one of the aforementioned girls who speak to me without minding the ikemens. She's a lively and spirited girl with short hair dyed brown.

“Of course I know that. More importantly, Takayanagi-senpai wants Sakurai at the infirmary—!”

“Okay—. Thanks—”

“Gee, don’t you flirt in school—?”

I have nothing but bad premonition seeing the grin Hasumi gave at the end.

That girl, I hope she doesn’t spread rumours within the school, of Sakurai flirting with a girl.

As expected wearing wet clothes robs one of all their body temperature. Let’s borrow clothes from Soutarou before going to the infirmary.

Regardless, I have a feeling that things are finally coming to a close. While hugging Madoka, I gave a sigh of relief.

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[1] [Burikko](#)

[2] Nuance of ‘do what she says’.

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## Chapter 27

Sometimes I really want to chop off these repetitive phrases.....

With the end of this arc, will be taking some time to re-edit/proofread the translations so far.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

### [Chapter 27](#) – The Third Wheel and the Knight and the Princess (4)

“Mitsuki, are you okay?”

“Mako-chan! Unn, I’m totally okay~”

Arriving at the infirmary, Takayanagi and Mitsuki, clad in competitive swimsuit and the Swimming Club’s jersey, were present as expected.

A compress was attached to Mitsuki’s ankle. Her ankle was swollen and one can tell it’s *not* okay with a single glance. However, Mitsuki had her usual frivolous smile on as she waved at me.

I crouched down by her feet and brushed my finger against her ankle.

“It’s not okay right. It looks painful. I’ll carry you on the way back.”

“You don’t have to do that! I can walk, geez. Besides, I’m heavy.....”

There’s no way this delicate body of Mitsuki is heavy. With her being this slender, I can even princess carry her all the way home. And while this isn’t some shoujo manga, “Mitsuki sure is light, it’s like you have wings on your back” I have confidence I can say something flowery like that.

Rather, even if Mitsuki’s a giant that exceeds 100kg, I have confidence I can carry her back.

“Mitsuki’s an angel so you’re light.”

“Stop it, geez~! Mako-chan’s embarrassing.”

Is there anything embarrassing about it? To me, Mitsuki's really an angel. Mitsuki's mi dulce angel.

Was it that her charm specs increased, or that she became more concerned about grooming herself, Mitsuki who was already cute became even cuter. Even her large black eyes and soft pink lips, even her white skin, all of them are perfect. Even her tight waist and small chest, even her lovely thighs, are all captivating. The points of focus were like a hentai's, but it's safe since I was formerly female.

While it's provisional, although Mitsuki and I are supposed to be twins we don't look alike at all.

We're of the opposite gender and fraternal twins so it's okay even if we don't particularly look alike, but if I also had this much good looks, I'll probably be leading a popular ikemen life now. Since I'm transported to another world anyway, I wanted to be transported as an ikemen.

"Madoka."

Takayanagi had on a complicated face as he called Madoka's name. As I had nothing but worldly thoughts on my mind, that startled even me.

Madoka's shoulder trembled with a start, pursing her lips. She grasped the hem of her one-piece in a frightened manner.

It's just like a child who was reprimanded, trying not to cry before her mother. But I'm sure Takayanagi isn't angry anymore. Rather, he's likely going to reconcile with her.

"Madoka, does your cheek hurt?"

Takayanagi stood in front of Madoka, his hand coming in contact with her cheek that turned red.

Madoka had a face that looked like she'll start crying any moment as she wiped the corner of her eyes with her fingertips, shaking her head left and right.

"I, was scolded by Makoto. That my relationship with Yasuchika isn't that of friends'."

Takayanagi gave me a fleeting glance.

I thought he was going to find fault with me who scolded his precious Madoka, but that doesn't seem to be the case.



Thank goodness. I thought he was going to strike me with the Choke Sleeper I witnessed him using on Junya.

“That I can’t just let Yasuchika and Junya listen to what I say. I was convinced. I apologise for doing nothing but making you listen to me until now. I’ll listen to what you say from now on too.”

Madoka stared squarely at Takayanagi. She appeared to be trying to conduct herself firmly but she will probably break into tears any moment. The tips of her fingers are trembling.

Madoka took a deep breath. It seemed that it took all she had just to breath; her body trembled even more intensely.

“That’s why, yes, ..... you don’t have to quit the Swimming Club. Also, I don’t mind if your marriage with me is restored to clean slate. If you come to like me enough to truly want to marry, at that time, will you marry me?”

Spilling tears, Madoka made the first move and turned her back towards Yasuchika. The queen of ice who’s originally prideful, probably didn’t want him who, in term of age is like a younger brother, to see her crying. Takayanagi appeared shocked by Madoka’s words; he stiffened with his eyes widened. However he quickly returned to his usual look, taking a step towards Madoka and addressing her gently.

“I understand, Madoka. Thank you. I really like the Swimming Club, so I’m really happy to hear you say that.”

Without a word Madoka was about to leave the infirmary, but just as her hand was on the door she turned back just once, sending Mitsuki a gaze.

“I also apologise for injuring Mitsuki-san. It wasn’t my intention to injure you. Really.”

Saying just that, Madoka left the infirmary, not waiting for Mitsuki’s response. Having heard Madoka’s words, Mitsuki stood upright with the intention of chasing after her.

“Wait, Mitsuki, where are you planning to go with your foot in pain?”

“I, haven’t told Madoka-san *it’s alright*. Mako-chan became friends with Madoka-san right? I want to be friends with Madoka-san too!”

*Squeeze*, she declared as she made a clenched fist. Completely ignoring my words Mitsuki left the infirmary with a *hop hop*, as though trying to guard her foot.

Mitsuki sure is stubborn at strange timings. I wonder who she takes after, good grief.

“Sakurai-kun, about Madoka, thank you.”

Takayanagi approached me who was still crouching, and bowed his head deeply.

I was the one who became flustered. I simply said what I wanted to, throwing the friendship theory at her like a know-it-all. I stood up as though prompted, waving my hands widely before my chest.

“No, I simply said what I wanted to, as I liked. I didn’t do anything for senpai to thank me.”

“I didn’t expect such words from Madoka. I’ve no idea what you said or how you said it, but truly, thank you.”

Being thanked so much, on the contrary I feel ashamed.

I simply said all I wanted to, and by chance that tugged at some part of Madoka’s heart. Whether it’s the intention to save Takayanagi, or the intention to save Madoka, I had neither of them.

But if the words I said resounds in someone’s heart, and directs something in someone towards a good direction, I think that that’s a happy thing.

“That’s my line, thank you for nursing Mitsuki. I’ll return with Mitsuki now. Senpai will participate in the practice match, right. Please do your best.”

“Ah, then shall I lend you my gym clothes? You can’t return drenched like that, right?”

Now that he mentioned it, I’m still wearing wet clothes.

I thought of borrowing clothes from Soutarou, but because he was endeavouring at Basketball Club activities, I didn’t manage to borrow clothes from him.

I thought that since it can’t be helped I’ll just ride the train drenched, as at any rate it’s just about 15 minutes, but if Takayanagi will lend me clothes then let’s be pampered by his offer.

“Are you sure?”

“Of course. If it’s Sakurai-kun, your stature and built is similar to me, so it should be just right.”

Certainly Takayanagi and my stature and built are about the same, so it might be better to borrow clothes from Takayanagi than to borrow clothes from Soutarou.

After all, the other day when I borrowed Soutarou’s basketball uniform, it was all baggy.

“Thank you very much. That helps a lot.”

I headed to the Swimming Club lockers with Takayanagi.

Various problems cropped up but I wonder if results-wise they were settled well? It’s extremely lamentable to let Mitsuki get injured, but I’m really glad it wasn’t a serious injury.

Well it’s kind of late but, could it be that this position of making Madoka and Takayanagi reconcile was actually Mitsuki’s position?

With the reason of being worried about Mitsuki or that it’s for Mitsuki’s sake, I stick my nose in now and then, but that might have broken flags at full-strength. Let’s be careful from now on.

Honestly, I don’t mind if flags other than the Prince’s are broken. But if it’s with any of the capturable characters, oh well, it’s okay if you want me recognise your association with Mitsuki, y’know.

“Here’s my locker.”

“Ah, hai.”

Takayanagi’s locker was as expected, neatly arranged and put in order. Putting aside Soutarou, Kaname’s locker is filthy. It can’t be helped if he doesn’t fold his gym clothes and jersey and it’s okay to gloss over that, but I don’t understand why he doesn’t dump rubbish in the rubbish bin and stuffs them in his locker instead.

Moreover there’s some weird smell. Even though Kaname himself smells good normally, why is it that his locker stinks? In other words since you’re an ikemen, you should make your locker like an ikemen’s too.

“Here you go. If you’re fine with mine.”

“Thank you very much. I’ll return it after washing.”

“You don’t have to worry about that.”

Naturally, Takayanagi’s jersey was blue, the 3rd-years’ colour. Looking at the tag, it’s the same as mine in terms of size. If it’s this size, it’ll fit me perfectly. Just that, boarding the train in this blue jersey that’s painful for the eyes is exceedingly embarrassing, but it’s much better than going back wearing drenched school uniform that clings to the skin.

Takayanagi said he wanted to do warm-ups before the match, so he quickly left the locker area.

I took off my school uniform, and changed into the borrowed jersey. The shirt sticks to my body and it feels awful. I realised only after taking off my slacks, but even my underwear is wet. By no means can I wear someone else’s jersey without underwear, so with the wet underwear on, I put on the jersey.

Still, it’s that isn’t it, never do I want to encounter rival characters again. Just this time onii-chan is tired. Already completely exhausted.

My wish is to, live a normal highschool life in the remaining time, for it to go well between Mitsuki and the Prince, and to quickly return to the previous world on 31st March next year.

But things definitely won’t go so well huh. After all this is an event omnium gatherum otome game world.

And I am the heroine’s older brother. There’s no way I won’t get dragged into it.

## Chapter 28

Sorry, been getting busier lately :C ... If you need to review certain terms esp. because it's been a while since they appeared in the story, do drop by the [Glossary](#) which I'll continue to update.

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

### **[Chapter 28](#) – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (1)**

June. At the same time it's the rainy season, it's the season of the Sports Festival.

The Sports Festival bustle also arrived at our Izumino Gakuen. It seems Izumino Gakuen carries out Ballgame Tournaments instead of Sports Festivals in this season. We're using the LHR period to decide which game we'll participate in, but should I say as expected, I can't quite make a decision.

It's truly troublesome to have a Ballgame Tournament in this season when it's becoming warm.

Having said that, the Ballgame Tournament is a slightly gloomy event for me because I don't particularly like physical activities. Especially when, as you know, my sense regarding ballgames is catastrophic.

“What's Mako planning to enter?”

Soutarou grinned as he pulled my sleeve.

“I think I don't want to enter if possible.”

“You can't do that. It's been determined that every person has to enter one.”

It's good for Soutarou who's good at sports huh. He'll play a huge role no matter which ballgame he joins and gets 'kya kya'-ed at by girls, won't he.

There's no way he won't be popular with his good looks and being almighty at sports huh.

In comparison, I'm bad with ballgames and however you put it the inside is a frail girl y'know. I don't think of wanting to be popular, but at very least I don't want to drag them down. I wonder what I should do.

"I understand but, you know I'm bad with ballgames, right."

"Enter the same ballgame with me then. Let's practice together?"

Soutarou came up with what can only be said to be a good idea, bringing his lips close to my ear and suggested in a whisper. Thereafter "How about it?" he tilted his head as he said that. It's the usual sly Soutarou.

Certainly Soutarou seems like he'll match my pace, teaching me slowly and carefully because he's kind. Moreover, personally it seems more fun to enter the same ballgame as friends I get along with like Soutarou or Kaname, the Prince.

"Alright. Okay. By the way what's Soutarou planning to enter? As I thought is it basketball?"

"I like Mako so anything's fine."

Having heard my reply, dog ears popped out with a *spring* from Soutarou. Then *shine*, a smile surfaced as though there were flowers blooming. In short, it's the usual Soutarou.

What the heck, I wonder which part of me attracted Soutarou to come hugging this much. I don't feel unpleasant when he's all over me and hugs me, rather, while the area around my chest gets ticklish, I do feel happy.

Well then, rather than Soutarou I've to think of which ballgame to participate in.

The ballgames are basketball, volleyball, soccer, tennis and table tennis. By the way they're all separated by gender. You've to participate in at least one, and it seems you can hold at most three positions concurrently.

First of all basketball is out of question. There's no doubt I'll end up a master of Travelling. I hit home runs in tennis and table tennis, and I'm not even sure of the rules for soccer. I've played volleyball quite a bit when I was a girl, so

comparatively I've a feeling I can do it.

"I'll go for volleyball."

"Volley? Okay~"

I'm not very good at volleyball either, but it can't be helped if there's no choice but to participate.

I'm tentatively a high school student too. It's not too bad to relish in high school student-like events.

"If it's volleyball for Mako, I'll go for volleyball too."

I was extremely shocked as the Prince suddenly turned around the moment LHR ended.

"I see, it's heartening to have the Prince with us. Let's do our best."

*Nod*, the Prince bowed his head in assent while expressionless.

I can't picture the figure of the lethargic Prince doing his best at volleyball. But since Subaru said the Prince's a high-specs prince who can do anything be it studies, sports or the arts, he'll be impressive if he's up to it.

Ikemen who's able to do anything, what a cheat, a cheat. But if such a person was given the setting of a prince in an otome game, it means that maidens of the world pine for an ikemen who can do anything and loves only them, huh.

As a result, it's been decided that the Prince and I will participate only in volleyball, Soutarou in volleyball and basketball, Kaname in tennis and basketball, and Mitsuki in tennis.

The current Mitsuki shouldn't be very athletic as she specialises in Housework and Charm. I don't mind even if she's hopeless at sports as that's cute, but I suppose in terms of otome games, being good at sports increases the favorability rating more.

"Mako-chaan!"

"Uwa, don't come jumping all of a sudden, Kaname."

"I wanted to enter the same ballgame as Mako-chan~!"

He grabbed and shook my shoulder while making an unnatural tearful voice.

Kaname's strong despite being shorter than me, so I get dizzy if he shakes me too much. I may look like this on the outside but I'm actually weak. Feeble.

"I get it already so stop, I'm getting dizzy."

"Mako-chan doesn't give a hoot about someone like me, don't you?"

"I didn't say that right. I find it cool that Kaname can do sports, y'know."

Kaname's face was 20cm away from the tip of my nose. I can't continue letting his face draw closer.

The distance people of this world converse at is too close that I end up getting nervous every time. I can hear you well even if you don't bring your face so close.

"Did you hear that Souta! Mako-chan said that I'm cool—!"

Contrary to me who's speechless at Kaname's excessive reaction, Soutarou gallantly returned words like "Is that so, good for you huh".

I don't have cleaning duties today so let's go home quickly. I've to prepare dinner in place of Mitsuki who should be tired when she returns after club activities. Let's make cheese cake or something since there's lots of time. Because Mitsuki loves sweet things. How girlish and cute.

"Oii, Sakurai—! You're on good terms with Kaichou right."

Hasumi who's the class rep called out as I stuffed textbooks into my enamel bag.

Moreover is it my imagination that the contents of the conversation had an uneasy foreboding? By 'Kaichou' she means the Student Council President, in other words Narahashi Junya, doesn't she?

More than being on good terms with Junya, should I say it was one-sidedly made to be on good terms, or should I say something that shouldn't occur was almost made to transpire. In any case we aren't particularly on good terms.

Nevertheless it's too laborious to explain *this* and *that* concerning Junya to Hasumi, and it'll probably incite a groundless misunderstanding.

"Wun, well, we're acquainted. Is something the matter?"

"It became that we've to allocate one person from our class to be the Student



Council's odd-jobber. Sakurai's free since you're only entering one ballgame right. Can I leave this to you?"

Having to allocate an odd-jobber from our class, I can only think of it as Junya's scheme.

There's no doubt he'll use his authority as Student Council President to the max, naming Mitsuki the odd-jobber if I don't go now. It seems like something that hentai Student Council President will come up with.

As though he's granting me freedom but actually not, it's just like Junya's way of doing things. I've no freedom of choice.

"Alright. Okay."

"Eh? Mako."

"As expected of Sakurai~! Thank you. Then be on your way to the Student Council room now, okay."

Soutarou looked at me worriedly.

I'm on the same boat in terms of being worried, but I won't retreat at this point. Because Mitsuki's chastity will be in danger if I retreat. The pure maiden Mitsuki might get tainted by Junya.

Shoving the troublesome matter to me, Hasumi left dashing.

"Wait a minute, is it really okay, Mako? Who knows what'll be done to you if you become Narahashi's odd-jobber."

Like an abandoned dog Soutarou made his eyebrows into the /\ character and looked at me with upturned eyes.

"Something might be done to me, but I'll tackle it myself somehow. I'm a guy after all."

Junya's a 180cm guy with tall stature, but I'm also a guy now. I think I can at least do something somehow.

Besides I don't intend to be alone with Junya, nor do I intend to let down my guard.

In the first place this is a otome game y'know. I'm the heroine's onii-chan and

Junya's the heroine's capturable character y'know. I think it'll be fine to not worry about weird things.

"Mako, listen to me. Mako might say I'm being overprotective, but I'm really worried you know.

Soutarou gripped my shoulder and closed in with a serious face. It wasn't the sparkly fluffy face of the doggy Soutarou.

It's a scary thing when a guy with a huge body and a strong built closes in.

*Sway sway*, my head that's being shaken back and forth becomes all wobbly. Today I got shook back and forth, I got shook left and right, what on earth's going on. I'm not Akabeko[1] y'know.

I'm extremely happy about Soutarou's feelings of worrying about me, but it's not like I was nominated to be Junya's odd-jobber because I wished to. Well, if you ask why I accepted the odd-jobber position then, I'm the bait so that Mitsuki won't fall prey to Junya.

That's why I *cannot* retreat.

"Thanks for worrying. But——"

"But, bunny-chan's appointed as my odd-jobber. Right?"

"Uwa, Junya-senpai?!"

What appeared from the side all of a sudden, was Narahashi Junya who fits the name 'hentai Student Council President' to a T.

"Un, it's me~. I thought if it's bunny-chan, you'll become the odd-jobber as expected."

Junya firmly settled his arm around my waist and clung on.

*Rub rub*, the tip of his nose came rubbing at my solar plexus, and an indescribable emotion rose up within me.

Soutarou who saw the entire series of events, moved behind me and thrust his arms under my armpits. Around the same time I turned around wondering what he's going to do, *yank*, I was pulled into the chest of he who was behind.

"I'll have you return Mako."

“Hang on, Soutarou-kun. Bunny-chan’s my odd-jobber you know? Besides, what exactly are you to bunny-chan. You think you’ve the right to restrain bunny-chan?”

Not being outdone, Junya grabbed my arms.

“I’m Mako’s close friend. That’s why I won’t sit back and watch as Kaichou does fishy things to Mako.”

“Ahaha, scary. Bunny-chan’s raising quite an outstanding watchdog huh?”

I can’t see it clearly, but Soutarou seemed to be browbeating Junya.

It’s a little hard to breathe when *squeeze squeeze*, I’m being hugged with all his strength from behind.

I glanced at Kaname seeking help from him, but he was desperately trying to hold back his laughter. Good grief, Kaname sure is carefree thinking it’s someone else’s business.

“Kaname.....”

“Mako-chan’s popular as expected! Won’t you achieve the Izumino’s Popular Dude title with just a little push?”

“Don’t mess around. I’m not the least bit happy.”

I don’t particularly want to be popular. That’s something that’ll will never change and has never changed since the past. Even before being male or being female, to wholeheartedly accept such straightforward good will is something that only frightens me.

I’ve never had it expressed to me so fervently before, even if it’s in terms of friendship, so I’ve no idea what to do.

“Senpai and Soutarou let go of me for the time being! Conversing comes after that!”

It doesn’t matter whether it’s love, friendship or something borderline. I didn’t act the way I did for the sake of being popular like this. Whatever whoever says, the heroine of this story is Mitsuki. It’s *Mitsuki*.

I believe there’s a need for me to create anew an opportunity to carefully and

slowly talk with these guys regarding this issue.

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[1] A red cow bobblehead toy inspired by the [Akabeko legend](#).

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# Chapter 29

*\*Chore IC changed to odd-jobber.*

Btw Mako’s been calling Kiritani ‘Prince’ in her head but out loud she calls him ‘Kiritani’. So she must have lost the composure to make the change~

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 29](#) – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (2)**

“Welcome to the Student Council Room, bunny-chan~. Go ahead, don’t hold back and sit on my lap alright.”

“Makoto, come beside me. Don’t go near that hentai.”

It became that the Prince’s accompanying me to the Student Council Room, in place of Soutarou who couldn’t avoid going to the Basketball Club activities.

Persuading Soutarou who shook his head as he grabbed the hem of my clothes with teary-eyes, somehow or other I obtained permission to go to the Student Council Room with the premise of the Prince who was on the spot coming along.

This may not be the best thing to put into words, but it’s a little surprising that Soutarou trusts the Prince. Even though they seemed on bad terms during the April training camp.

The Student Council President Junya sat on the chief seat at the head table, and Takayanagi sat on his right side. The Prince settled down on his left side, and I’m beside the Prince, the positioning was as such. The Prince is unrestrainedly browbeating Junya in place of the Soutarou just now.

But Soutarou had more intensity. Rather than a doggy he was like a wolf. On the other hand, the current Prince, as expected, feels like a cute kitten. The cat

seems to just be going *fuu fuu*[1], it's *simply* adorable.

"I say, Bunny-chan, not just a watchdog you're even raising a 'watchcat' huh~? Even though I finally made bunny-chan the odd-jobber, it's borrring for even the watchcat to come along."

Junya pouted as though he's sulking.

Slumped on the table and moving his legs with a *thud thud*, was he trying to assert '*I'm sulking*'?

"Oi studhorse, was it a lie you'll work hard for the Ballgame Tournament preparations if you make Sakurai-kun the odd-jobber?"

"It's not a lie but~. Aww this isn't the odd-jobber I imagined. It's more like bunny-chan sitting on my lap, saying "Senpai, do your best-*nyan*", like that."

Something like that isn't the work of an odd-jobber.

What 'do your best at work-*nyan*'. No matter how you look I'm not a character who'll say that.

That sort of thing should be done by a loli-like bishoujo right. As in someone like Mitsuki.

"There's no motivation~ I've no motivation unless bunny-chan treats me kinder~!"

While I'm slightly put off by the hentai Student Council President who's magnificently throwing a tantrum, this guy's trying to get along with me in his own way.

If the feelings this guy spoke of during the storeroom incident the other day is true, the reason he approaches so persistently in this erotic manner is to attract my attention. It's incredibly annoying but if I think of it this way it's also kind of cute, maybe?

Even as the Prince who's sitting beside me, *chew chew*, stuffed his cheeks with animal cookies he procured, he continued to glare at Junya.

"Understood. I don't want to sit on your lap but! Definitely don't want to but! Since I'm tentatively the odd-jobber, I'll help out with Senpai's work."

“Really? Then, over here, my bunny-chan. Sit beside me!”

He excitedly brought over a foldable chair and placed it beside his own seat.

And then *tap tap* he hit the chair, indicating me to sit.

The Prince who stopped indulging in the cookies eyeballed Junya, glaring at him. Junya deliberately shrugged and warded it off.

“Kiritani, it’ll be fine.”

“Makoto.”

“Kiritani will save me if something happens right?”

Though he’s expressionless, I understand very well that he’s worried.

The Prince reluctantly nodded, and *shuffle shuffle* resumed his eating of the snacks. I’ve a feeling the Prince’s constantly eating snacks. So why is it he doesn’t get fat! The past me gained whatever amount I take in, y’know.

I settled down at the foldable chair Junya prepared, reaching out for the scattered documents.

“Is it okay as long as I staple this?”

“Un, ..... but, even if bunny-chan doesn’t do anything, just having you sit by my side, I, will be able to work *really* hard you know.”

He peeped at my face while grinning happily.

“Don’t say anymore trivial things, do your job properly.”

“Un! I’ll work hard so watch me okay!”

As though his slovenly state until now was a lie, Junya began working in high spirits.

Junya’s side profile as he scanned through the documents was unexpectedly serious, and just a little— *really* just a little, appeared cool. As expected the face of a serious man is something that appears cool regardless of who sees it isn’t it.

Only the *tack, tack* sound of documents being stapled and the sound of Takayanagi writing something on the documents resounded within the quiet

Student Council Room.

These documents are probably, related to the Ballgame Tournament. To be preparing for the Ballgame Tournament now when it's still some time into the future, even though this guy is hentai and a guy who can't be helped, he's a proper Student Council President huh.

And I think Takayanagi who controls that Student Council President is even more amazing.

Glancing at Takayanagi, he's correcting the documents with his back straightened impeccably. His large hand with prominent knuckles is pretty.

"Sakurai-kun, is there something you don't understand?"

"Eh, ah, there isn't! I'm good."

Takayanagi suddenly raised his head and smiled at me lightly. My heart thumped a little. This is bad this is bad. I've to do my work properly.

The odd job entrusted to me was, the monotonous work of doing nothing but repeated stapling. This can be carried out without much thinking so time passes quickly if I focus on it.

Before I knew it it became 18:00, and the outside of the window turned a complete pitch-black.

It was Takayanagi who first noticed the approach of the school closing hour. Takayanagi removed his glasses, rubbing his inner canthi.

"I don't mind if Sakurai-kun goes home soon. Junya and I will do the rest."

The curtain of the night had already fallen beyond the window.

Junya who was working seriously, raised his head and *tug tug*, pulled at my clothes.

"Hey hey, bunny-chan, go home with me~?"

The Prince held onto my clothes and smacked Junya's arm away silently, expressionlessly holding my arm and pulling me till the front of the door.

"Kaichou still has work right. I'll send Makoto back. Let's go home together, Makoto."



“E-eh? Ah, u-un.”

“I want to go home with Makoto, two of us. Can’t we?”

The Prince gripped my hand, and though he remained expressionless, somehow he appeared despondent as he looked at me.

It wasn’t only the doggy Soutarou who’s sly. The kitty Prince’s also considerably sly. Being gazed upon by this sparkly ikemen face that’s behaving like a spoiled child, I can’t possibly say ‘no’, can I.

Furthermore I’m weak to the Prince’s voice. And I’m also weak to his smell.

“Prince, I was the one who spoke about going home together first, you know?”

Junya grabbed my other arm, and wrapped his arm around my waist in an extremely natural motion.

Not only that, *pull*, he drew my waist towards him. My waist and Junya’s waist became glued together. Somehow Junya is lewd, time and time again huh.

“Let go of Makoto. You still have work right.”

“Don’t wanna, even I want to go home with bunny-chan, two.of.us~!”

My arms were grabbed from both sides and my waist embraced, having two obnoxious dudes clinging to me, somehow I think my mind’s drifting away.

Being pulled to the left and pulled to the right, perhaps it’s about time I, who was shook in both directions, head to Aizu[2]. In the Akabeko kind of meaning.

“Ah geez, isn’t it fine if three of us go back together. Are you guys children?”

“I don’t want that! Because, again, you won’t converse with me at all!”

Junya strengthened his embrace, this time shaking me back and forth as though he’s an uncontrollable kid.

“That’s..... isn’t it because Senpai’s messing around.....”

“..... I’m not messing around.”

Junya buried his face at the nape of my neck. It’s very ticklish so by all means I’d like him to move away, but it seems like it’ll become troublesome if I push him now so I’ll remain silent.

The Prince was desperately *tug tug* pulling at my arm. I wonder what should I do.

I can't avoid trouble regardless of selecting the Prince or selecting Junya. Well then what should I do. What.

"Junya, don't trouble Sakurai-kun. Kiritani-kun, you too."

"Takayanagi-senpai.....!"

Takayanagi who was unable to remain a bystander walked over, and pulled me away from Junya and the Prince.

"You, Junya, stay behind and work. Kiritani-kun and Sakurai-kun do be on your way."

The back of Junya's collar was grasped by Takayanagi.

Being stared fixedly by those teary eyes, a restless feeling surfaced. Perhaps his heart wasn't in it, I've a feeling the rabbit ears of his rabbit-ear jacket appeared downhearted.

Junya seems to be constantly clad in rabbit-ear jackets but, I wonder how many articles he has?

"Wait I say, bunny-chan! I, thought *really* hard, about what to do for the sake of being together with bunny-chan even if it's just for a while, and for the sake of talking to you, I thought *really* hard, and so"

"And so you asked me to be the odd-jobber?"

Junya hesitantly nodded in a meek manner.

Somehow I understand this is a scene where one's heart is supposed to throb. I understand but, that the result of having contemplated is this, it's just a speculation but, isn't Junya an astounding idiot.....?

"I understand your feelings. I'll come to the Student Council Room as much as possible, every day beginning from tomorrow. Even if there's no odd-jobber work."

Though I think he's an astounding idiot, he thought that much because he wanted to converse with me after all.

Certainly, Soutarou or the Prince, and Kaname are constantly around me. It might not be possible to converse at ease even if he attacks head-on.

Honestly, though I'm bad with Junya, he holds this much good will towards me. No matter how bad I am with him, I should respond properly like a man.

"..... really?"

"Ah. I'll come."

"Bunny-chan's cool as expected. I like you, I really like you."

Junya broke away from Takayanagi's loosened grip and briskly approached me.

Looking at him smiling frivolously as though nothing happened, *Ah so he was pretending to be downhearted just now*, I thought that in a corner of my mind.

*Chu*, a cute sound of the lips could be heard from my forehead. Probably, or should I say 9 out of 10 cases, I'm being kissed on the forehead by Junya. I'm not disturbed or anything anymore since I've been kissed by him a number of times already, but it seems it's different for the Prince beside me.

His face turned grim at once, and grabbing my arm he rushed out of the room.

It was a gentle arm grab for me who was used to Soutarou's superhuman strength. Shortly after I wondered why he grabbed my arm, in the blink of an eye I was brought to the old school building, and kabadon'ed[3] in the recesses of a sparsely-populated corridor.

By the way it wasn't a kabadon in the protest[4] kind of meaning, but a kabadon for the sake of cornering the other party and cutting away their escape route.

While I have no idea why I'm being kabadon'ed, for the time being, the Prince sure has a pretty face. As expected of a prince.

His doll-like finely-chiseled features and double-eyelid tsurime were more suitable to be called a beauty's than an ikemen's. His eyes which don't show emotions were upturned as they tried to capture mine.

"Makoto."

"Un? What's up Kiritani?"

“Kiss me too.”

The Prince grabbed my necktie while expressionless and, *tug*, pulled me closer.

The Prince’s pretty even as I look from a close distance. Perhaps because his eyes were lowered, his long eyelashes casted shadows onto his skin that was pale to a shocking extent.

“Eh, wait wait wait wait, wait a moment!”

“Why?”

“Calm down, Kiritani. You can’t kiss.”

Without saying a thing and not listening to my words, *lick*, the Prince licked my forehead.

“Wha-wha, wha, Prince.”

“I licked because you said I can’t kiss.”

“Un?”

My voice cracked.

“I’m, very jealous. Because Makoto’s flirting with Kaichou, I’m jealous. Makoto.”

Despite being expressionless his cheeks were flushed as he rubbed his cheek against my lower jaw area, and in my uneasiness I tried to draw back, but the wall was behind so I couldn’t move.

The Prince was so unremitting that I could only open and close my mouth.

Is this behaviour categorised under friendship?

Is this normal behaviour for, high school boys these days?

Someone tell me—!

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[1] Fuu Fuu ふーふー. Blowing sounds

[2] The Akabeko legend originated from Aizu 会津 (Fukushima prefecture, Japan).

[3] [Kabedon](#) 壁ドン. Kabe = wall. Don (in this case) = sound when his hand(s)

hit(s) the wall.

[4] Hitting the wall (kabedon) in protest 抗議. *Eg.* when your neighbours are too noisy next door and you [‘kabedon’ in protest](#).

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# Chapter 30

Ara ara, ouji yaru wa ne~. Seid ihr das Essen? Nein, wir sind der Jäger!

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Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## [Chapter 30](#) – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (3)

Perhaps it’s time I do something about my disposition of getting swept by the flow.

But seeing Prince’s downhearted look makes one feel like listening to what he has to say, doesn’t it.

I think the characters here definitely know they’re good-looking. Surely, they know that with their good looks, showing a downcast look or gazing with upturned eyes, the other party will listen to what they have to say.

Despite knowing that, I listened to him against my better judgment.

And as a result of listening to him, for some reason Prince’s coming over to play at my house.

“Kiritani, get in the bath too.”

“Yeah.”

*Won’t the encounter rate with Mitsuki increase if Prince’s coming over,* for a moment I thought of it as a boon but alas, Mitsuki said she’s staying over at Subaru’s house.

Is Mitsuki really a heroine? She has such bad timing. And she personally holds too little will to have a romance. Could it be she’s not in the love mode yet because it’s still June? I haven’t played many otome games so I don’t know what a normal state of progress is like. If I knew it’s gonna be like this, I should’ve

played more otome games or BL games.

“Are you okay with the change of clothes being mine? The size might be too large though.”

Prince’s thin enough that it becomes a little worrying, so my clothes might be too baggy for him.

The official profile I received from Subaru stated something like 175cm and 60kg, was it? Too thin. Isn’t it better to be slightly heavier?

Prince accepted my home clothes, and *nod*, silently nodded.

Staring at the back view of Prince who entered the bath, I let out a deep sigh.

Certainly, I do like Prince. But that’s friendship, and I want Mitsuki to raise the love flag with Prince.

It might be me being too self-conscious, but I doubt we’ll pass the night like this with nothing happening. It’ll be good if it’s a needless worry, but I’ve an inkling something that I can’t tell Subaru will happen.

At the very least, if this flag raised in the real world when I was female, I might’ve been able to respond, but it’s impossible now. Definitely impossible.

Nonetheless, I’m weak to things such as Prince’s face or his voice or his smell, huh. According to Subaru it’s apparently some setting of the Prince’s pheromones mesmerising the Sakurai siblings, but sheesh she really made an unnecessary setting.

“Makoto, bath, thanks.”

“Un?! Yeah, un!”

As I brooded on my own, Prince returned before I knew it.

It’s downright awkward being alone with Prince in my room. Come to think of it, this might be the first time I’m alone with Prince. After all, we were always with Soutarou or Kaname and so forth. What should I talk about? Food we like? Or how we spend our time off? I’ve a feeling either of them are kind of off.

Prince sat down beside me. I got even more nervous as the bed creaked.

My fingertips which lost a place to go, touched those of the Prince who shifted to the bed. I reflexively pulled my fingers away in shock, but Prince's fingers chased after mine with a clear intention, entwining and capturing them.

Uwah, I'm nervous. I'm nervous but it's stranger to feel needlessly conscious about it huh. Prince's the type who doesn't have many friends, so he might just be poor at judging the distance to take between friends, and might just be acting spoiled.

"Makoto."

"What's wrong, Kiritani. Suddenly holding hands. Are you a spoiled kid or what~?"

As much as possible, equanimity. Equanimity.  
*Squeeze*, I hugged Prince as I leaned on him, stroking his head.  
As expected Prince is thin and feels very small. Even though his height isn't so different from mine, I wonder why he's this thin?  
The shirt I lent him was somewhat baggy, and the situation was as if he's wearing a boyfriend shirt.

"Makoto, why's it only my name you won't call?" [1]

"Nah, there isn't really any reason. What's up all of a sudden?"

"Because you call Soutarou or Kaname by their names."

He's expressionless but this is how his atmosphere gets when he's sulking. His eyebrows are slightly lowered.

"Alright. I'll call you by your name from now on."

"Now."

I became anxious when pressed by Prince who was strangely urging me. Even though Prince is usually lethargic, he's pressurizing only at times like this.

"Alright, I say. Erm....."

Now that you mention it, what's the Prince's name again?

I've been calling him 'Prince' in my heart, and have been calling him 'Kiritani' until now so I can't remember.



But I can't possibly ask the Prince "What's your name, again?" at this eleventh hour. What do I do, me?!

Prince probably noticed, that I don't know his name. He let out a displeased voice that was half a tone lower than before.

"..... Kiritani, Riku."

"Sorry....."

I caused Prince to be displeased so quickly.

"Ah, erm, Riku?"

Prince is happy. Prince is happy! His cheeks were lightly dyed pink, and cat ears rose.

Soutarou shows his happiness by 'attaching' dog ears and *whizz whizz*, waving his tail, but Prince moves his cat ears with a *prick prick* as his tail *plonk plonk* hits the bed..... or so it appears. It's kinda cute.

"Somehow, it finally feels like I've become friends with Makoto."

"What are you sayin'. We were friends since way before, ya."

Prince's eyes grew a size larger as though he was shocked, and then he smiled faintly.

"..... That's true."

Thereupon I finally slackened the arm I held Prince with until now.

The seductiveness of Prince who smiled at me with upturned eyes as he blushed, its destructive power was exceptional. A skeletal frame that's manly for someone this slender, an Adam's apple and a collarbone peeked out from the nightclothes I lent him. For a girl, there's no spectacle that exceeds this. My throat unconsciously sounded audibly.

The heart of I, whose heart fluttered at his manly stature, was properly a girl's. However, the outer appearance is a boy. What's this, what's this unbalanced me. For my heart to flutter at this manly stature despite having a male body, isn't this remarkably a BL flag? Subaru would be ecstatic.

Moreover, Prince smells very good. I wonder what smell is this? Even though

he should've used the same shampoo and body soap as me, it's different from that, it's the Prince's smell.

As though in an attempt to hide something in the depths of my chest which couldn't hide my fluttering heart, I got down from the bed and moved to the bookshelf.

"N'then, let's read manga shall we!"

"Manga?"

"There's a variety but. Does Riku read stuff like manga?"

Makoto's room——in this case it might be more apt to call him Mitsuki's older brother but——he has, originally left manga and games I've never read or played before here. I believe a large amount of them are things like shounen manga and RPG-type game software.

Not only manga, and though it's natural, even the clothes are menswear, and even with a scan of the room's ambience it's different from the room I've lived in until now.[2]

"I don't 'eally read manga."

"Then, what do ya usually do?"

"..... I eat."

Certainly there's the image of Prince constantly eating something. However, he can't possibly be eating something all year round right.

"Does Makoto like this kind of manga and games?"

"Wun, ..... that's, right."

By nature I wasn't the type who likes manga or games. Of course I don't hate manga and such, but I won't want to read them so badly that I'll buy them.

To say nothing of shounen manga and whatnot, those especially I don't read much.

Come to think of it I haven't heard much about Mitsuki's older brother from Subaru, but I wonder what kind of person he was? From the look of this room, a boyish impression is keenly conveyed.

Surely Mitsuki's older brother isn't a half-baked existence like me who can't be distinguished between female or male, he should've been a proper onii-chan.

I really like Mitsuki a lot, but I wonder if, Mitsuki is okay with a person like me being her onii-chan?

"I, wanna know more about Makoto."

"What's wrong. All of a sudden."

Prince got down from the bed and sat in front of me.

"I realised that even tho' I like Makoto, I don't know anything."

"Ah, well it's been less than 2 months since we met. But despite that you like me, huh."

With increased wrinkles between his brows, Prince stilled for a couple of seconds.

And then he tilted his head to the left in that state.

"Don't know."

"Then isn't it your imagination, that you like me?"

When I suddenly laughed as though to poke fun at him, Prince closed the distance while remaining expressionless. A man drawing nearer expressionlessly is quite scary y'know.

And then just like that I was drove to the wall like a certain time before. This time, it wasn't a wall behind me but a bookshelf. The bumpy back spines of the books pressed against my back. It's as though they're telling me to go towards Prince.

Thinking *I've to stop the approaching Prince*, I caught hold of both his arms.

"Who knows. It could be my imagination, and it could also not be. To discern thereabouts, I think I've to know more and more about Makoto."

The strength in the hands I held Prince's arms with, diminished.

"About me?"

*Nod*, Prince bowed his head in assent.

“About Makoto. Subjects Makoto likes or what you do on Sundays, or what kind of manga you read. If I still like you after learning everything from A to Z, doesn’t that mean these feelings are real?”

The subjects I like are all the humanities. I tend to pass my Sundays by hanging out with Subaru or watching TV, but once in awhile at Subaru’s request, I also play the BL games and such that she made. I don’t read much manga but it seems recently some of them were made into movies, and I’m curious about the Shingeki whatsitsname.

This is all, about me and not Mitsuki’s older brother.

Is it okay to talk about this? Are these answers appropriate for an older brother of Mitsuki?

“I don’t know what Makoto is hesitating about but, I think it’s probably, not my imagination. That I like Makoto, I don’t think it’s my imagination.”

With no hint of teasing, he spoke unequivocally with his usual lack of expression.

It’s strange that I feel it’s truly just as he says when he declared with a straight face.

At Prince’s words, the tension left me in a moment, and I laughed out loud.

“I see I see, I got it. That being the case, come to know about me bit by bit, alright.”

At that point, the Prince placed his hand next to my head. The bookshelf shook slightly from the impact.

“Riku?”

“..... Tell me what food you like, Makoto.”

“Sheesh I say, Riku, it’s always about food with you. The food I like are meat dishes on a whole and sweet things.”

Prince’s right hand is next to my head, and his left hand is grasping my shoulder.

Ah, as expected there’s a nice smell coming from Prince. It’s a nice smell that makes my head go wool-gathering. Because I was so distracted by Prince’s smell,

his face came so close that we could kiss.

That pretty nose of yours will bump into my glasses if you come so close y’know.

“..... Urm, Riku.....”

“Mako-chaan! I’m back—?”

Without even a knock, the door opened all of a sudden.

On the other side of the opened door stood, mi dulce angel Mitsuki and Subaru.

Mitsuki tilted her head with a blank look, while Subaru grinned after looking at the two of us. This is the “I did it!” smile she makes after entering a route she set her sights on in a BL game and triggering an event. I’ve seen this face of Subaru a number of times so I know.

“Kiritani-kun’s here too, huh. You see, I made a cake with Subaru-chan so I was thinking of letting Mako-chan have some too~. Mako-chan, you like sweet things right?”

Thus, thanks to Mitsuki’s oblivious my pace-ness, I managed to avert a kiss with the Prince. However at this rate I’ve a feeling there’ll be one or two more turmoils before the Ballgame Tournament.

What should I do from now on? Will the Ballgame be able to safely commence? My anxiety only continues to pile up.

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[1] He’s referring to Mako calling him by his “family” name (Kiritani) rather than his “own” name (Riku).

[2] The room she lived in before entering the game (her own room, a girl’s), rather than the one in the current story timeline (a male game character’s).

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# Chapter 31

In an attempt to generate more views for the original/raw/Japanese RKO, there'll be a link to it in each chapter from now on. Do show your support for the author!

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**Chapter 31 – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (4)**

I finished the odd jobs at the Student Council Room as per usual, and headed to the 2nd gymnasium.

Junya desperately tried to detain me while crying crocodile tears a number of times initially, but as Takayanagi readied Choke Sleeper or Lariat each time, recently he's finally sending me off to the gymnasium obediently.

While the 2nd gymnasium is smaller than the 1st gymnasium, there's more than enough space for volleyball practice.

Over there was Soutarou, whose club activities had already ended. Soutarou who smoothly wore a russet jersey was carrying out attack practices using the wall. Ear-splitting sounds were coming from the wall. It clearly conveys how tremendous the might of his attacks are.

“Soutarou, I’ve kept you waiting.”

“Wun, my club activities were just about over. Well done for your hard work.”

Carrying a ball, he approached with a broad smile.

‘*Well done for your hard work*’? Are you my spouse! It’s because he’s like *that* that Kaname calls him my wife and so forth. Well, it isn’t unpleasant to have one’s hard work recognized.

“Then, shall we begin practice now?”

“Yeah, sorry to make you tag along everyday.”

“It’s alright~. It’s because I *want* to tag along in Mako’s practice.”

Taking off my blazer and leaving it at the periphery of the gymnasium, I stretched my body. I also left my enamel bag by the blazer.

You may be thinking “Go change into gym clothes!”, but the amount of time the school arranged for Ballgame Tournament practices is a mere 60 minutes. Club activities ends at 7pm, and 8pm is already the school’s closing time.

Soutarou and I gather here like this to practise whenever we don’t have class practice.

“Well then, I’ll throw so Mako return it here okay.”

“Okay.”

It’s already the 5th time I practised with Soutarou.

I feel bad having Soutarou tag along each and every time, however it should be fine since he’s okay with it.

The ball Soutarou threw drew a beautiful arch as it came towards me. I took a stance to catch the ball and retreated bit by bit. The speed of the ball’s slow, so if it’s this much, even I who’s lousy at ballgames should be able to receive it— —.....

“Ugh!”

“Uwah, Mako! Are you okay?”

I splendidly caught the ball with my face and got my nose hit just like how it goes in anime and manga. With this, the failures of catching the ball with my face has crossed the 2-digits threshold. My flat nose will become even flatter.

I held my nose and crouched down. My nose stings.  
I’m so pathetic I feel crying. Despite having him tag along so frequently, my volleyball skills are as you can see.  
Soutarou rushed towards me, and before I who was crouching down, he similarly crouched down, peeping at my face.

“Mako, I’m sorry. Are you okay?”

“No..... Soutarou didn’t do anything wrong. I’m just fed up with my slow reflexes.”

Not being able to even catch a ball despite this much practice, I’m completely athletic-inept. Without a doubt, a ballgame incompetent. This ballgame incompetency is probably not at a level where something can be done about it just by practising.

What should I do? At this rate I’ll be dragging everyone down again.

“Mako doesn’t have slow reflexes. After all, apart from ballgames, you fare satisfactory right?”

“Ballgames have something against me.....”

“Gee, don’t get negative, I say. Mako’s a capable person right?”

It’s as Soutarou says, apart from ballgames, I fare satisfactory. From swimming to track-and-field events, even my studies are satisfactory. I’m a man who can brag about faring satisfactory at anything and everything.

However, my lack of ability for ballgames, music and arts is catastrophic. Ballgames are as you can see; I’m inept at it, and my drawings are avant-garde. Just this, no matter how much I practice I accumulate, I can never overcome.

I spiritlessly drew the  $\mathcal{O}$  character on the floor.

I’m already a hopeless case. Even though I don’t want anything more expected of me with regards to ballgames, I’ve no choice but to appear in the Ballgame Tournament.

There’s no more time already; I’ve to work hard. Even if I don’t contribute, somehow or other I’ve to reach a level where I don’t drag them down.

“Alright! I’ll work hard.”

I stood upright, clenching my fist.

“Then Mako, I’m throwing it again.”

“Alright! Bring it on!”

While it’s a straightforward practice of, me simply repeatedly catching the



balls Soutarou throw, somehow it's a considerably difficult exercise for the ballgame incompetent me. It's a degree of incompetency whereby I can only catch about half of 10 balls thrown even though they were thrown lightly.

I think I was slightly better when I was female, though.

"Hey, Sakurai-kun, Tsubaki-kun, it's time to go home."

"Ah, Yurino-sensei. I apologise, we'll go back soon."

It seems like it's already passed 8pm. The outside of the window was already pitch-black before I knew it.

Yurino-sensei entered the gymnasium, picking up the volleyballs that were scattered around.

"My, I see you've been practising hard. That's admirable."

"..... That's 'cos I'm, ridiculously inept at ballgames."

"My, Sakurai-kun looks skillful so that's unexpected. If you're fine with it, I can teach you~"

I fixed my neck tie and put on my blazer in preparation to go home.

"Can sensei do sports?"

This might not be the best thing to put into words, but Yurino-sensei has an incredibly sluggish image.

Be it his way of speaking or how he moves, they're all leisurely.

"Snap..... I'm angry right now you know . *I may look like this, but I was part of Track-and-Field Club in my student days, and appeared in prefecture-level competitions for 100-meter dash and high jump, alright ?*"

"Ohh, that's amazing, sensei."

The obedient Soutarou grinned, answering as though he was impressed.

"I, too, would love to see it if it's that amazing."

"That's not possible ~. The current me is already at this age, so I've been careful not to overdo it. My back will be done in."

Certainly, according to the official profile, Yurino-sensei should be about 10 years older than Subaru and us, so I understand he's still at the second half of his

20s. I thought the second half of one's 20s still counts as a man's prime, but I wonder if I'm wrong?

"Leave me aside aside, c'mon c'mon go home go home ~. I'll do the locking up .  
*Leave the tidying to me, hurry up and go home.*"

Yurino-sensei spoke to us kindly like a kindergarten caretaker while picking up the balls.

"Yes, sensei. Then, Soutarou, get changed and let's go back."

"Un, mind if we drop by the Basketball Clubroom then?"

"Ok. Well then, sensei, goodbye~"

Lifting up the enamel bag, I slung it on my shoulder.

"Hai hai~, see you tomorrow. It's already dark so take care on your way home okay~"

Bidding Yurino-sensei farewell, along with Soutarou I headed for the old school building where clubrooms and so on are located. Undeviatingly walking to the old school building from the gymnasium, I stopped in front of the Basketball Club that was within.

"I'll be waiting here, so hurry up and get changed inside alright."

"Why? Come in too, Mako. It's warm there right. There's fans inside so it's cooler too."

"No, but....."

Soutarou pulled my hand.

Anyhow, being alone with a guy and furthermore the other party will be changing directly before my eyes. That's a situation where I can't complain even if *this* or *that* are done to me.

I'll laugh thinking she holds too little sense of danger if a girl leaves herself in such a situation.

That's precisely my current situation though!

Losing to Soutarou's gentle but pushy arm-pulling, I was stuffed into the clubroom before I could even let out a sound of surprise.

As the clubroom is about half the size of a classroom, things like lockers and fans were crammed up in there. Should I say a little, no, there's a fair amount of male odor. While it seems they were at least mindful of it since there's a whiff of air-freshener, it still stinks of men.

Soutarou took off the Izumino Gakuen Basketball Club's T-shirt through his head by tugging the collar. As expected of Soutarou. One can tell he has a muscular built even from the side. His dorsal muscles are beautiful, and his chest is also thick huh. His body holds a different kind of beauty from the Prince's.

Anyhow, Mitsuki's thin waist, needy chest and full thighs are considerably cute. The white skin that peeks out in the area between her pleated skirt and navy blue socks is again, sexy. My heart throbbed even though I'm female.

Having put on his dress shirt, this time it's his slacks. As expected I doubt I should stare at someone else's underpants, so I took a seat on the chair and looked in the direction the sun rises.

At the end of my line of sight stretched a gravure poster of the recently popular idol group. If I'm not wrong, it's an idol group called Bakumatsu Shishi Girls, and this girl is the center[1], Sakamoto Ryou, was it?

Sakamoto Ryou wore a frilly pink swimsuit that emphasized her chest as she looked here provocatively. I see. Not bad. It's not bad but I'm part of the flat-chested faction, and if it's the Bakumatsu Shishi Girl group, I'm in the Katsura Koharu faction. She's cute; her face and eyes are huge and like a small animal's, and she's also an imouto character.

"Could it be Mako likes Sakamoto Ryou?"

"Nope, I'm the Katsura Koharu faction. What about Soutarou?"

"Me? I'm, let's see. Takasugi Sakura I guess—"

Takasugi sports a short haircut and is boyish, a character who addresses herself as 'boku'[2].

Does Soutarou like boyish, lively girls? Let's use this as reference if Mitsuki comes to capture Soutarou. Mitsuki using 'boku' as her first-person pronoun would be so rousing[3].....!

Being convinced on my own, I turned towards Soutarou. While he had his

trousers on, it wasn't zipped, and the buttons of his dress shirt were in an unfastened state. Start a conversation *after* wearing your clothes properly. I can see your orange boxers you know.

"More importantly, hurry up and get changed. You're too bared."

"Aren't you the same, Mako?"

After putting his own clothes in order, Soutarou placed his hands on my shirt and fastened the first button without my consent. He also properly tightened my necktie in passing. Despite me being the type who doesn't properly tightens his tie, my tie was tightened properly as though in harassment.

"Soutarou, it's uncomfortable."

"Oy, you can't~. That'll be unbecoming right."

Soutarou tightened my necktie when I tried to loosen it. Certainly, be it high school boys or high school girls, it's more fashionable to wear the uniform properly, and I think it's lame to needlessly dress untidily.

However isn't it fine to close one eye for this level of untidiness if it's just loosening the necktie? I'm not wearing my pants at my hips[4] and I'm wearing both my dress shirts and slacks properly. Even my hair's black and properly trimmed. I don't put on perfume, nor use so much hair gel that it gets all sticky.

My outer appearance is satisfactorily a honour student's, I believe.

"Let's go back now since you're changed."

Opening the clubroom door, outside was a pitch darkness. The current time was passed 8.20pm. It was long passed the time the lights were turned off, so it's natural that it's pitch-black.

I was going to exit the clubroom without much thought, but Soutarou pulled my school uniform.

*Yank*, I inclined backwards, almost falling down. "*What are you doing!*" I thought, but turning back, I saw a frightened Soutarou grasping the hem of my clothes.

His expression was unchanged; the same as usual, but with a smile he stiffened. Furthermore he was, *tremble tremble*, quivering as he grabbed my arm and hid

behind me.

Ah come to think of it, this doggy’s scared of the school when it’s dark, was it. He was also pretty frightened during a certain kimodameshi huh.

“..... . Sorry for being so pathetic every time, Mako.”

“It’s ok, besides, I know Soutarou’s scared of the school when it’s dark. I’ll bring you out properly, so close your eyes.”

I took Soutarou’s hand and quietly gripped it, continuously pulling that hand as I guided him on the way to the main gate. The pitch-black corridor was, even to me, a path hard to navigate. Moreover, I’m bringing a huge dog behind me.

However, as thanks for teaching me volleyball, let’s properly bring him out of the school.

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[1] [Center](#): A prominent position in the group. Bakumatsu Shishi Girls is also mentioned in the author’s other work, Takamura-kun is Cursed.

[2] 僕っ娘 Boku musume: slang for females who address themselves with ‘boku’. ‘Boku’ is typically only used by males, so it can be considered tomboyish for a girl to address herself as such.

[3] 萌え [Moe](#)

[4] Koshipan: lit. hip pan(ts). Slang for Sagging, or the fashion of wearing one’s pants low.

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# Chapter 32

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

## **Chapter 32 – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (5)**

Now then, the Izumino Gakuen Ballgame Tournament has arrived.

Refreshing youths brought out everything they honed in the practice till now as they perspired, aiming for victory as they bore teamwork within their hands.

Looking at such youths, I thought. The Student Council’s odd-jobber is truly a dreadful position, which all sorts of odd jobs are entrusted to.

From the Student Council’s odd jobs and assistance of the Health Committee members, to assistance of the Sports Committee members who organised the Ballgame Tournament and so on. Odd jobs for all of them. Rushing over like a gopher once I’m called, and toiling like a cart-horse.

Honestly, it’s tough to complete the odd jobs, but it’s much better than having to appear more than necessary in the ballgames I’m poor at.

”Sakurai—, if you’re free, help with carrying this—.”

“Do I look like I’m free, Hasumi?”

I’m currently babysitting the infirmary as a Health Committee member.

There was a shortage of personnel because the original Health Committee members left to participate in their respective matches. Thus the one selected to replace them was I, the odd-jobber.

The work of a Health Committee member was fairly hectic.

Despite that, this Hasumi seemed to have come all the way to the infirmary

just to push odd jobs to me.

With both hands full holding huge boxes, she grinned. Even though Hasumi's extremely kind towards Mitsuki, she's extremely severe towards me, Mitsuki's brother.

According to Subaru, it appears Hasumi a.k.a. Hasumi Yuiko is the rival character on Soutarou and Kaname's route.

Certainly if you ask whether the boyish and lively Hasumi, resembles Bakumatsu Shishi Girls' Takasugi Sakura who Soutarou said he liked, then yes, she does.

Though there's no such signs at all at this point, there's no harm being on the lookout. Besides, she could be a repeat of Madoka.

"People like Health Committee members are free when no one comes, right. In other words, you're free right now, yes?"

She nonchalantly passed me the box that contains table tennis rackets.

Moreover there's about 20 rackets inside. It's moderately heavy, to think Hasumi managed to carry both boxes.

"Well, I'm free but—"

Certainly I'm free but, I don't think it's right to leave the infirmary completely vacant.

However, well, it's not far to the gymnasium from here, so wouldn't it be fine to vacate for a while? There shouldn't be any problem if I leave quickly and return quickly. It's not good to let a girl carry such heavy things, and if I were a girl I'd like some help carrying these.

I adjusted my grip of the box, drawing nearer towards Hasumi's direction.

"Got it. I'll help. Just a bit, okay."

"As expected of Sakurai~. Kind~!"

"I'm an ikemen only at heart after all. Hasumi, you can put the box over there on top too."

For some reason all around me are no one but sparkly men, so I have to at

least be an ikemen at heart.

That's precisely: appearing dashing with a refreshing smile like the hero of a shoujo manga, carrying himself with ease. I'm female precisely at heart but, now that I'm living as a male, I do want to be at least a little popular with girls.

Like this, as a guy, I wonder how it feels to get *kyahkyah*'d at by girls. Now that I've become a guy, I'd think of wanting to be told "Sakurai-kun, so cool, *kyah kyah*" by cute girls.

"That's true huh. There's no one but ikemen who're at a level where they're hard to compete with, around Sakurai after all."

"Does Hasumi, as expected, prefers ikemen too? Like Soutarou or Kaname?"

It's a chance to hear what she thinks of Soutarou and Kaname, in this natural course of events.

Well then, Hasumi, how will you reply?

I casually examined Hasumi's expression as we walked in the corridor. Hasumi's face flushed faintly as she looked in my direction.

"Ah, ehh..... I'm not too concerned about stuff like looks. Besides, right now it's more fun to play around with friends....."

Judging from this reaction I think it doesn't feel like she's become Mitsuki's rival yet. Good good.

It could be that Hasumi hasn't moved into the rival position as Mitsuki hasn't entered Soutarou's route or Kaname's route. Thank goodness. After all, Hasumi and Mitsuki are good friends. It'll definitely be saddening if someone you're on good terms with suddenly turns into your rival.

I don't want Mitsuki to weather sad feelings. I wish for Mitsuki to live a fun high school life. To that effect, I increasingly want Mitsuki to progress on Prince's route.

There's no problem stopping with the love stories since I already heard what I want from Hasumi, but as it doesn't feel right to chop the conversation abruptly, I decided to continue with the harmless love stories for the time being.

"I see. But you've a type you like and so on right?"



“Eh! U-un. That’s, I *am* a girl after all?”

For some reason Hasumi blushed, and started getting worked up.

*To be embarrassed over something like love stories, even Hasumi has a girly side huh*, I secretly thought such impolite things.

“A girl, only on the outside?”

*I’ll tease you a little*, I thought as I grinned.

Hasumi knitted her brows like she was sullen, as she poked my side.

“Shut up. It’s because Sakurai’s like this that you aren’t popular.”

“It’s okay. Even if I’m not popular, someday I’ll get a cute girlfriend who’s delicate and petite.”

If I do get a girlfriend, a soft, cute and healing type of girl would be good. A girl who’s petite and like a small animal, causing one to want to protect her, is good.

Well, though in truth I’ve absolutely no intention of having a lover in this world.

After all, I don’t know how long I’ll be here. It could be till March next year in accordance to the game’s scenario, or I may end up having to live here for life, or I may return to the real world when I wake up tomorrow.

To have a special and important someone despite being such an existence, I can’t do such an irresponsible thing. It’ll just be painful for both parties that way.

“Sakurai likes cute girls don’t you? If it’s the Bakumatsu Shishi Girls, someone like Katsura Koharu.”

“Eh, ah, un. How did Hasumi, know that I like Katsura Koharu?”

“I heard from Tsubaki. How is it, are girls like Katsura Koharu your type?”

Bakumatsu Shishi Girls’ Katsura Koharu is certainly cute.

She’s a 152cm tall and weighing 36kg, slender, small-chested and baby-faced small-animal type female. She’s a girl who seems like she’ll suit soft, pink, lavish frills.

Saying she’s my type may make me sound les but, well, I think she’s a girl so cute that even the hearts of girls would thump.

“Yeah, well, if it’s Bakumatsu Shishi Girls, it’s Katsura Koharu. She *is* cute.”

“I see. As I thought, guys do like cute girls.”

Hasumi seemed to be mulling over something, looking down as she made a complicated face.

I wonder what’s wrong. It’s just a possibility but, could it be, Hasumi likes me or something.....Nah, it can’t be. Hasumi’s the rival character when you capture Soutarou and Kaname y’know. No way, no way. There’s no way, no way Hasumi likes me.

It’s me being too self-conscious huh. Hahaha, how embarrassing.

Hasumi and I finally reached the 1st gymnasium, and we lowered the boxes that contained the table tennis rackets.

“Ah! It’s Mako-chan and Hasumi—. Yo there!”

“Ah, Kaname, yo. How was your match?”

“Duh! I’m the overall champion y’know~, or at least I’d like to say, but unfortunately I’m in the best 8. As expected the 3rd-years are strong, man.”

I was busy with the odd jobs, and couldn’t cheer for Kaname at all. But this is the substantially high specs Kaname. He likely played a performed well even in the basketball match. He’s slightly short for playing basketball, but possesses skill that doesn’t let you feel so. Enough that I, who’s poor with ballgames, feel envious.

“Even the best 8 is amazing. It’s the best 8 out of 24 classes after all. You’ve worked hard.”

Izumino Gakuen’s Normal Department consists of 5 classes from A to E, and besides that, there are the Special Class, English Special Class and Mathematics Special Class.

If it’s the best 8 out of 24 classes, I believe it’s quite an excellent result. I wanted to see Kaname’s good performance.

“Ou. Mako-chan too, all the best for volleyball. I, will come cheer you on! Hasumi will come and cheer too right~”

“Un, I’ll come cheer you on along with Mitsuki. Sakurai, all the best.”

Not to mention performing well, I'll definitely end up weighing everyone down. No matter how much I practised with Soutarou, I didn't become able to play ballgames at all. Not to mention that, I didn't even improve a tiny bit. Despite practising that much, not even a bit.

I can only think that I've no ability to play ballgames.

"Ah, un, I'll do my best."

"Ah, Mako! Did you come to cheer us on?"

Soutarou rushed over with a full-faced smile.

In the area Soutarou appeared to have been at until a while ago, were *kyahkyah*-ing girls who appeared to be his fans.

Surely, they clamoured "Tsubaki-kun, so cool!", "So dreamy!" as they watched his good performance. Sheesh, it's enough to make one envious.

"Oh, Soutarou, you worked hard."

"Volleyball's in the afternoon, right. Let's do our best together."

To think I've no choice but to participate in the volleyball match later, sheesh how depressing.

"U-un..... Ah, un, I'll do ma best. Well then, the Health Committee member me will return to the infirmary."

Speaking in a fake Kansai dialect, I left for the infirmary hurriedly.

"Eh, Mako, wait."

I don't want to participate in the volleyball match. I don't want to participate but I've no choice but to do so.

It's precisely because I know it's useless no matter how much I grumble, that I've to calm my heart. That's why, let's take it easy in the quiet infirmary.

Since it seems I'll be crushed by various kinds of pressure if I remain here. I'm happy for their support, but it seems a little like I'll be unable to bear this pressure anymore.

As I headed to the infirmary in a quick pace, Soutarou who followed behind grabbed my hand, holding me back.

It was just right before the infirmary.

“Mako! Mako, wait. Um, you know!”

“What’s up, Soutarou? Did you get hurt?”

“That’s not it……. It’s just that I was thinking *Mako seems to be hurting over something*, so I ended up chasing after you.”

Soutarou lowered his head as though he was embarrassed.

“……Soutarou.”

He may be a scaredy-cat, gets lonely easily, and is undiscerning at times, but he always carries a warm heart. He’s a good guy who’ll offer his hand when I want a hand to reach out to me.

“It could just be a misunderstanding on my part though.”

“Nah, …… thanks. As I thought, Soutarou is kind. I feel incredibly relieved.”

As I thought, the aura Soutarou’s wrapped in is kind. I can feel my face which was acting strong gradually fall apart.

Soutarou sure is magnanimous. It’ll be good if someone like Soutarou’s my onii-chan.

I want to become a person who Mitsuki will think of that way. For that purpose, too, I want to aim to be that kind of onii-chan.

Soutarou’s eyes widened in shock, and he laughed as though he was embarrassed.

“Un, I’m happy Mako feels that way.”

Soutarou strengthened his grip on my hand.

“Just like how Mako always comes to save me, just like how I save Mako, …… Even for the volleyball this time, I’ll save Mako.”

The smile this time was one in which dog ears and tail did not spring up. It’s one like a hero from an otome game’s. It’s a little embarrassing.

“Though I can’t do ballgames by any means, I’ll work hard the best I can.”

I probably can’t contribute much. Nah, rather than ‘probably’, it’s ‘definitely’ can’t contribute much.

There’s no point getting nervous since I can’t do it anyway. If I go at it the best I

can, Soutarou will probably come save me when I reach a really painful point.

Soutarou is, always my ally without fail, and always comes to save me. I believe he'll definitely not lie.

Nah, let's say he *does* betray me, I'll likely accept it if that's the case. Because there should definitely be some reason for Soutarou to do such a thing.

I wonder why I trust him this much despite having known each other for a mere several months.

Somehow or other, right.

# Chapter 33

Reminds of Haikyuu (:



Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## [Chapter 33](#) – The Sports Festival and the Odd-Jobber and the Staying Over (6)

I was thinking *how terrifying how terrifying*, however once I went for it, it lasted but a moment.

We, the Year 2 Class A volleyball team, got 4th place at the end of the day, and secured 10th place overall. This result was mainly obtained by the good performance of Soutarou, Prince and Kaname. These fellows, they have the looks and they excel in sports, exactly how much are they blessed with. Do bestow some unto me too.

In the first place, the thing called volleyball isn't something very complicated. The team that scores 25 points first wins. The team that procures 2 sets of out 3, wins. The rules are clear-cut and simple. Return the ball that comes flying within 3 contacts. The team that lets it drop loses. What an easily-understandable rule.

Even so, I can't accomplish that. Even for a normal high school student playing volleyball, there's no issue height-wise for me, and this may be a repetition but I don't think my reflexes are that bad. Nonetheless, ballgames alone, I'm not up to them.

I was allowed to get someone to sub in after pleading, but I still had to participate because of the decision from the staff's side that one must appear in the match at least once.

I only participated for a round, hence the game managed to conclude safely

without giving birth to a tragedy. I'm really glad. I'm nothing short of delighted that it ended without me dragging everyone down in some strange way.

"Oii, Sakurai—it's over here this time, okay."

"Haai, I'm coming now!"

My final task as an odd-jobber was tidying up.

Both the Student Council and Sports Committee are also tidying up, but somehow this was quite the heavy labour. Things like rackets and balls are somewhat heavy when there's a large amount of them.

"Umeda-san, is it okay as long as I carry this?"

"Un, bring that to the 1st gymnasium's storeroom. I'll also be bringing this."

"Haai."

Umeda may be a Student Council member, but in terms of Dokidoki Renai Kakumei Revolution, he's a minor character, not a capturable character.

Subaru said the only capturable characters in the Student Council are Takayanagi and Junya, and that Umeda was prepared for the sake of moving the story forward. He's a character positioned between a supporting character and a minor character.

When there's a necessity for an aide who enables you to converse with the main characters, but it's not important enough that the other main characters have to be brought out, such a convenient character — that is Umeda. That's why Umeda's in the Student Council, and also enrolled in the Basketball Club that has ties with Soutarou and Kaname.

Therefore, this Umeda Daichi wasn't set to be very cool. However, he's a character that somehow feels comforting. He has precisely the visual image that gives a feeling of a normal high school boy.

I picked up the volleyball net that was left by my feet. This isn't heavy but it's bulky and hard to carry.

"Sakurai, you've really worked hard. I'm saying this as a Student Council member, but you really helped us out."

"Ah, no. I also relatively enjoyed it."

With this, my work at the Student Council has also come to an end, huh. It seems like I can live peacefully for a while from now on.

“Still, next is the school end-of-term exams, huh~”

“End-of-term, exams?”

My feelings of wanting to live peacefully was shattered in an instant.

It's now the last day of June. If the period around 20th July is summer vacation, then certainly, I've an inkling end-of-term exams are held around this period. If so, I'll probably be unable to score well if I don't start studying soon.

While the me from the real world always had grades around the middle, this time I want to work hard a little and try aiming for an upper-level score. By all means, I also wish for Mitsuki to aim for the upper-levels. And I wish that the capturable targets' favorability rating will increase.

“You, you forgot, right.”

“Hai..... But as I hate studying, so rather than saying I forgot, should I say I *wanted* to forget.....”

Now that I decided, I've to begin studying from today, huh.  
First of all, I've to study to the extent that I can teach Mitsuki.

“What are you mumbling about. I'm sayin', I can teach you if you're okay with me. Or so I say, but I'm not that smart either.”

“Please teach me, by all means. I'm poor at maths so it'll be very helpful if you'll teach me.”

I don't have the right to say this about others, but this is truly a face that's neither distinctive nor bad.

If I force myself to come up with something, perhaps his stiff black unkempt hair and thick eyebrows can be counted as his traits? The pointlessly refreshing and sparkly~ aura that he emits is also his trait, huh. I estimate his height to be about the same as mine.

What is this, because I'm always beside fellows who *oozed* the sparkly aura of ikemen, my shoulders loosen up when I'm with this kind of normal-ish person.



“I can teach you if it’s maths, I’m sayin’.”

“Hai! Please take care of me, Umeda-san.”

“Un.”

All the matches have ended, and by the time I finished the final big task as an odd-jobber, it’s already 7pm.

It’s already pitch-black outside. As school ended today without club activities, the only people remaining were Student Council members and Sports Committee members who were tidying up.

“Sakurai-kun, it is fine for you to leave already. Thank you very much up for your work till now.”

When we completed the cleaning of the gymnasium, Takayanagi lowered his head at me.

“Ah, no, I enjoyed it too. Thank you very much.”

“Come to the Student Council more then~, bunny-chan.”

“That’s impossible.”

Certainly I enjoyed it, but that and this are different matters. There’s a mountain load of things I must to do at all costs. I have the huge task of attaching Mitsuki to Prince.

“I also hope for Sakurai-kun to come to the Student Council again. Because you work better than this idiot.”

Takayanagi pushed the bridge of his glasses up and grinned.

“Hai! I’ll come and see Takayanagi-senpai again.”

“Bunny-chan, bunny-chan, what about me?”

“..... I’ll also come and see Junya-senpai.”

Because if I don’t say it this way, Junya will get noisy again. *Flop flop*, Junya swung the rabbit ears of his sweater in delight. Somehow when I witness a big guy going *kyahkyah*, there’s this, very complicated feeling that surfaces. It’s probably because this is Junya we’re talking about, though.

I started smiling all of a sudden.

While I said the reason I promised to drop by the Student Council once in a while was because Junya's noisy, I personally do feel it's fine to visit the Student Council again as I truly enjoyed myself there. That's why I made a promise. I'm not a nice person so I'll clearly state that I hate it if I really didn't want to go.

Takayanagi may be a serious person but he gets sharp-tongued at times and is interesting. Junya may be noisy and a hentai, but he's not a bad person. Moreover, Umeda's normal-ish aura calms me down in a different way from Soutarou's.

"Take care on your way home." (T/N: Takayanagi)

"I'll go home with bunny-chan~"

"Oi the studhorse idiot rabbit over there, you can't leave. You still have work left."

Takayanagi attempted to use the Backdrop move on Junya. So Takayanagi can bring out such a major move too.

Having failed at Backdrop, Takayanagi quickly switched to a Headlock. Junya's bones cracked till their limits. To think that Junya still doesn't learn his lesson and continues with his wrongdoings despite experiencing such skillful techniques each time. In a way he's the strongest, huh.

"Takayanagi, Narahashi's going to die, I say. Hey Narahashi, you should do your work seriously too. Or else there'll be no end." (T/N: Umeda)

I was wavering over whether to leave this alone, but I decided to take him at his word and go home.

I walked on the gloomy paddy field path[1] between Izumino Gakuen and Hanagaki Station.

Tentatively, the street lights are lit for the sake of Izumino Gakuen's commuting students, albeit dimly. But as expected the path becomes gloomy when it's the middle of the night.

"Makoto-san."

Being called by a voice from behind on such a gloomy path, as expected even if

it's me, my shoulders shook in surprise.

Turning back timidly, there stood Yukinoshita Ikuto who was clad in the black gakuran that's the proof of being a student of Private Atlas Academy.

Ikuto's abnormally fair complexion was emphasised when he bathed in the twilight, and he appeared even more fragile.

There weren't any opportunities to meet Ikuto ever since that one incident with Madoka ended. Well, not that there was a need to, in the first place.

"Ahh, Ikuto-kun. You're going back now?"

"Hai, I was doing Student Council work."

"Ikuto-kun's in the Student Council? You've worked hard. Where do you live? Let's go home together."

If it's the Student Council then he's the same as Subaru, huh. Let's ask Subaru for more details about Ikuto next time.

"It's Miyoshino Station for me."

"Ah, the same train then. I'll be alighting at Tachibana though."

Miyoshino Station is about 3 stations apart from the Tachibana Station I'm alighting at.

The line to board is the same so we can go home together for a part of the journey.

Although Ikuto smiled as he said "Together then", as I thought, his eyes weren't smiling. It's the feeling that even though he appears to be beaming on the surface, you don't know what he's thinking about in his heart.

In the depths of those eyes that one can spy a bit of violet from, was a whirling darkness that appears muddy, as though the night melted and warped into them.

Ikuto's shorter than me but he gives a sort of overpowering sensation, perhaps due to the aura he emanates. My instincts tells me he's scary. No no, for such a serious and fine young man to be scary, it's probably my imagination.

"Makoto and I don't see each other much despite our schools being close,

don't we?"

"That's right, huh. I usually go back much earlier. Because I'm not in any clubs or committees. Does Ikuto-kun always go home around this time?"

I've been thinking all along that *it's about time I join some club, join*. However I'm still undecided as of now, and somehow or other it became like this.

"Yes, it's always about this time for me. Because the Student Council and club activities are pretty hectic."

"I see. So that's why we haven't met till now. You've had it hard too, Ikuto."

Passing through the faregate, we waited for the train at the platform. There were other students like us waiting for the train at the platform.

It's not an exaggeration to say that this station exists mostly for the commuting students from Izumino Gakuen and Private Atlas Academy. Other than schools there's only private houses, paddy fields and farms here, hence there are few users of Hanagaki Station.

"It's not hard on me as I'm doing it because I like it. Just that, there isn't even time for studying. I'm worried about the end-of-terms."

"Well, it *is* around the corner. I talked about this with my senpai today too. Because I'm not that good at studying either."

So students from distinguished private schools like Atlas also worry about things like studies.

I thought they can take it easy for exams or something because they have a good head on their shoulders. Or perhaps, he's worried about the exam exactly because he's in a distinguished school?

"Makoto-san, shall we study together when you're free next time?"

"With me? Sure. If you're okay with me."

We boarded the local train[2] that finally arrived.

The figures of students are few and far between, but there are many salarymen on their way home. Unable to find seats that the two of us can sit together, we grabbed hold of the handrail. We have about 15 minutes to spare.

I didn't think I'd get involved with Ikuto again. This may be overly frank, but I thought everything would have ended with Ikuto too, after Madoka's incident came to a close. It was a pleasant miscalculation.

It's not like I'm anticipating the possibility of Ikuto and Mitsuki building a romantic relationship, and obviously not the possibility of Ikuto and I building a romantic relationship. It's just that I find it's simply delightful for one's friends to increase.

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- [1] [田んぼ道](#) tanbo michi  
[2] These trains stop at every stop.

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# Chapter 34

Added links to previous chapter, table of contents and next chapter for TiC and EGP chapters. Will be adding them for RKO soon.

Guess we can be considered to have finally reached the halfway mark? The “Hey, mum.” part also occurred in [chapter 3](#).

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## Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

### [Chapter 34](#) – The Quarrel and the Dog and the Wolf (1)

“Hey, mum.”

It’s been 3 months since I became a high school boy. It’s already July. I was once a maiden, but now I’m without a doubt a high school boy. It’s something praiseworthy.

It’s about time I manage to bring out the so-called man in me. In spite of that, “Ack, a guy?!”, even now I get a fright if I look into the mirror when I’m half-asleep. It feels as though it’s not my body even though it *is* my body. So much so that I unknowingly burst into laughter at times like that.

There’s times when the feeling that I’m male really sinks in. They’re when I stand beside girls, when I talk to Soutarou and company or when I happen to see boys in the toilet.

My height grew by about 20cm, my voice is low and there’s no chest. No, well, my chest was already almost nonexistent originally though.

But there aren’t many opportunities to turn into a high school boy these days, so I started thinking I should just try and become a cool high school boy. I’ll become a high school boy like the ones I thought I’d like to date when I was a girl, yo.

Even as I started to adapt this way and that, as expected I made neither progress nor regress regarding returning back to the real world. Naught.

“Oi, Souta, are you ignoring me!”

“Ehh, I’m the mother?”

“This development, I reckon it happened too before.”

I retorted while eating the mango cake, a newly-released summer product. The 3-person rowdy group of Soutarou, Kaname and I, went to the usual family restaurant. It was in order for us to study there, but the only one seriously studying was Soutarou alone.

Kaname has his head propped on the opened textbooks as he idle and lounge around, and I’m eating cake.

Truth be told, I wanted to eat the giant parfait, another newly-released summer product, but Soutarou stopped me. It seems that the payment will be waived if you finish the giant parfait within 30 minutes, and furthermore you will receive a 5000 yen food voucher. It’s a matter that has to be tackled seriously.

“Noi—sy, Mako-chan. I don’t want to be told by someone who’s eating cake.”

“You’re the noisy one. This cake is a new product, y’know.”

There’s 10 more days till the end-of-term test. I think the first day is Mathematics II • B, Biology I and Music. Well, to begin with, casting aside Music which I’m poor at, I’m demoralised due to the array of science subjects I’m poor at.

Modern Japanese, Traditional Japanese, Chinese Literature, World History and Japanese History were originally my forte, so I think I can do even without studying too much for those, but the sciences are a complete no-no. Still, it’s much better than ballgames.

If I’m not wrong, Mitsuki should also be better at humanities. Additionally, the arts should also be her forte. That’s why, all the more I have to study the sciences so I can teach her.

It’s all for the sake of raising Mitsuki’s specs. I must work hard at studying.

Let’s first finish eating this cake, then study for dear life.

“Oh right, Mako-chan went to observe the Karate Club, huh?”

“Ahh, un, just a bit the other day. I’m not joining the club though.”

Speaking of a cool guy it’s strength, and speaking of strength I thought of tile-breaking, so I went to observe the Karate Club the other day.

However, when I heard about it in more details, even women can do things like tile-breaking as long as you get the knack. And in the first place, the only time they do tile-breaking is during the performance for the freshmen welcome party, so or I heard.

Nevertheless, it’s definitely cool and impactful. I was introduced to a bit of the basics, the standard stance and thrust, and was also taught how to kick. It was interesting.

There are of course people who pursue Karate even though they’re girls, but I didn’t hold such an interest when I was a girl. It was a precious experience.

“Is—that so? Karate’s interesting, you know—. Besides, you can get a black belt if you do it for 2 to 3 years. And the forms and stuff are SUPER cool!”

The high-specs Kaname can do even Karate.  
I understand very well that Karate is cool, but I still hesitate to enter the Karate Club. It’s unwished-for to use up my time there.

“Eh, Makoto-san.”

As I chewed the few remaining pieces of the cake, a familiar voice came from above my head. It’s Ikuto who’s wearing the school uniform of Private Atlas Academy.

As usual, Ikuto had eyes like those of a dead fish.

“Ikuto-kun, yo.”

“AH! It’s Ikkun. You’re Ikkun from Atlas right? Do you remember me? Kaname! Fujisaki Kaname!”

The companionable Kaname smoothly suspended the talk about Karate, and started talking to Ikuto who was leaning over.

Ikuto had an expression like he was slightly taken aback by Kaname’s enthusiasm, but he quickly smiled and lowered his head.



“Yes, of course I do. You participated in the basketball match at Touka, right?”

“Un, yup yup! I know! Have a meal with us, Ikkun.”

“Eh, is it okay?”

Ikuto gave me a bewildered look.

I stopped eating the cake and nodded at him.

“That’s right. Come sit here. Let’s study together if you’re fine with it. We made a promise before, right?”

“Is that okay? Thank you very much.”

Ikuto took a seat next to me, and behaved awkwardly as though he was shy. The Ikuto who said “Excuse me” as he looked at me again, is bewitching to the point of being an eye-opener. They sure are siblings. He resembles Madoka.

He resembles the queen of ice who has a beautiful, sublime ephemerality and was somewhere erotic.

Only the shadow reflected in their eyes are different. The sculpting of their faces are like two peas in a pod.

“Is there something on my face?”

Did he noticed my scrutinising stare? Ikuto gave a wry smile.

I hastily shook my head from left to right.

“No, I was thinking that you really do look like Madoka.”

Marble-like large eyes on a fair and smooth oval face, thin lips. A slim and delicate body.

Ikuto who smiled abruptly differed from that serious look of his, and was erotic to the point of giving me the shivers. This also differs from Madoka. Madoka smiles in a purer way.

“I’m, ..... different from nee-san. Because nee-san is white.”

Madoka is white. Dirty things and contaminated things, living beyond the bounds of all and sundry fetters. There may also be times it appears black, but the truth is, it’s probably pure white.

What colour would this Ikuto be, then?

“Mako.....?”

Reacting to Soutarou’s voice, I raised my head with a startle. It seems like I was staring fixedly into Ikuto’s eyes while I was ruminating. I wonder what is reflected of me on the other side of those eyes. He’s a mysterious person. Even though he’s serious, I also have a feeling he’s not.

“Mako, what’s wrong? For you to be zoning out, are you feeling unwell?”

Soutarou who happened to be sitting right opposite me, worriedly peeked at my face.

“Ah, nah, there’s no such thing. I’m peppy.”

“If that’s the case, then all’s good.....”

Soutarou seems to be in low spirits somehow. The dog ears growing from his head were hanging down, and the tail that’s usually wagging busily was drooping. Soutarou hasn’t spoken much since Ikuto came, and he seems much more unwell rather than me.

“Are you okay, Soutarou? You’re somewhat strange, y’know.”

Soutarou was listlessly shrinking his large body that’s like that of a big dog’s, but his body straightened with a spring when I spoke to him.

“Eh, you’re wrong! You’ve got it wrong!”

“..... what have I gotten wrong?”

What in the world, is up with Soutarou? In one moment he’s listless and in low spirits, then he gets all worked up in the next. Strange. Without a doubt, strange.

Kaname who sat next to Soutarou seemed to know the reason for Soutarou’s weird behaviour; he was snickering away. Please tell me if you know something.

It’s at times like this that Kaname can’t read the atmosphere, huh.

Having finished the cake, I barely managed to raise my heavy back as I opened the textbook. It’s the Mathematics II • B textbook. Calculus, vectors, and so forth,

I don't get them. Though I don't get them, I've no choice but to understand them.

Adjacent to me whose head began hurting immediately, Ikuto was going to open his World History textbook.

However, that hand of Ikuto's knocked into a cup that contained coffee. The cup slowly tipped over. He's out of luck because the one who laid ahead of that was a person you can expect the worst from.

"Ahh?"

He's a red-haired high school boy who has his bangs slicked back, and some hair jutting out at the sides like the legs of a crab. He has well-defined facial features like a Greek sculpture's, sharp sanpaku eyes[1], a height that exceeds even Soutarou's, and a sturdy build.

He feels like the template delinquent high school student. Someone I'll normally never want to get involved with.

"I a-apologise!"

To think that, of all things, coffee was splashed onto this high school boy.

Ikuto turned ghastly pale and stood up in a hurry, lowering his head deeply. However, there is no way he will pardon Ikuto so easily. The delinquent high school student furrowed his brows as he glared at Ikuto.

"Ikuto-kun.....!"

Without thinking, I stood up too.

The scrawny Ikuto will be helpless if such a robust guy does something to him. I'm also pretty scrawny, but it's definitely much better compared to him.

The delinquent high school student threw me a fleeting glance. His expression then changed into a surprised one, and he suddenly turned away.

I wonder if there's something on my face.

"..... not really."

Leaving only these words in a barely audible voice, he quickly left the family restaurant.

It was Ikuto who panicked. Ikuto probably thought that he can't leave him be, having splashed coffee on him.

Stuffing the scattered textbooks and whatnot into his bag, he chased after the delinquent high school student.

"I apologise, everyone! I'll be excusing myself first."

"Ah, wait, Ikuto-kun! It's dangerous alone. I'll go with—..... he left."

He ran off without listening to the end of my words, leaving behind only the money for the coffee.

I promptly stood up too, and stuffed the textbooks into my bag. Taking out the money for the cake and coffee from my wallet, I prepared to chase after Ikuto.

"Hang on, Mako? Are you planning to go after them?"

"That's right. That's the normal reaction, right. I can't leave Ikuto in the lurch."

I gave a distinct and decisive reply to Soutarou who made a dubious face.

There's no way I can send him off with a "Okay, goodbye" and let the weedy Ikuto confront such a stern-looking high school boy. If I continue pretending that I didn't see a thing, there's no way I can nonchalantly smile at Ikuto again.

I'll of course also be too ashamed to face Madoka.

"Mako-chan's so cool— ! But y'know—, for the time being, calm down, now."

"Don't push the matter forward on your own, Kana."

Soutarou issued those words in a surprisingly low voice.

Kaname stopped speaking and glanced at Soutarou, then shrugged.

"Mako, I'm worried about you, you know. Certainly, Mako is cool. You're kind and forthright to anyone, as though you're a hero. But Mako isn't something like a hero. You're just a high school student, right. You may get hurt to a certain degree if you go too far, and may also end up in hot water."

"What are you trying to say, Soutarou? Are you asking me to leave Ikuto-kun in the lurch? Are you saying, I should leave him in the lurch and pretend to have seen nothing, even if he gets hurt or if something happens to him?"

"That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying it's not the best course of action to

chase after Ikuto-kun this way and pick a fight with that high school student. Calm down, Mako.”

It’s not the time to be talking about such a thing. It’s not the time to be arguing here.

At this very moment, something might be happening to Ikuto.

I *am* calm. If you want to talk about calming down and so on, then Soutarou who had been in a daze until a while ago is much more inapt.

“To Soutarou.....”

*Squeeze*, I held my bag tightly.

“I won’t bring any trouble to Soutarou.”

Having said that, I left the family restaurant.

I think I heard something like my name being called from behind, but I ignored it. Of course, I understand that Soutarou and Kaname are truly worried about me.

Nevertheless, I simply want to save the person before my eyes. That’s my sole focus.

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[1] 三白眼 [Sanpaku gan](#)

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# Chapter 35

Hi guys, it'd really help, and is very much appreciated if you'd disable Adblock (if you're using it) on this site. Muchas gracias! xoxo

(insert name) are stuff I've added next to dialogue where it isn't too clear who's speaking. In other words, it's not in the original Japanese story, where the speaker is much clearer due to the presence of polite speech, etc.

Presence of suggestive delusions.

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Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.

## Chapter 35 – The Quarrel and the Dog and the Wolf (2)

“Ikuto-kun!”

“Ah, Makoto-san.”

Ikuto and the delinquent student are confronting each other in the middle of downtown.

The delinquent high school boy has a height close to 190cm and in addition to that, is robust. On the other hand, Ikuto is more or less 165cm and has a bean sprout-ish build. It's just like an adult and a child.

“Ikuto-kun, are you okay?”

“I'm fine. Thank you very much.”

First and foremost, it seems like he hasn't been beaten up.

I looked up at the delinquent student adjacent to Ikuto. Large. Larger than Soutarou by a great, great deal.

“Erm.....”

“Aa?”

“The area that was splashed by coffee, is it alright?”

The question just now, I was thinking it might be silly, but it was just as I thought.

This guy, clicked his tongue imprudently and started trembling! It's been a while since I met someone clearly larger than me ever since my body became like this. I reaffirmed that beings this large are this scary.

I withered in the presence of males with large bodies when I was female, too. I've returned to my original disposition.

“Of ‘cos not, right.”

“That's right, isn't it. My bad. The question just now was silly.”

“You, again..... is it your hobby to poke your nose into others' disputes?”

This person, did he say 'again'?

By 'again', does it mean that I had once poked my nose into his dispute? Nothing comes to mind even when I eyeballed his face. Did I have such an unpleasant-looking acquaintance? Junya comes under this if you're talking about someone who's a bad influence, but Junya isn't this sort of delinquent. That guy is more frivolous and isn't as intimidating.

“‘Again’.....? Have I met you before?”

“Forget it if you don't remember.”

Forget it if I don't remember, is it? Well then.

“‘I shan't remember it’..... is what you're thinking right, Mako.”

“Geh, Subaru.”

“What do you mean by 'geh'. And towards your girlfriend too—”

The one who abruptly appeared from behind the delinquent student was the high and mighty Subaru-sama.

She sleekly donned a white sailor uniform with black lines, the Private Atlas Academy's summer uniform for girls. The bishoujo Subaru-sama appeared with a tender smile on her face. I have no doubt that she's grinning in her heart.

Her mind is probably in the middle of pairing people up ecstatically. I don't care already.

“‘Girlfriend’? Who are you talking about. I don't have a girlfriend.”

“Hm, was it so?”

The chuckling Subaru is a beauty. She's a beauty but it's kind of dubious.

Suddenly remembering that the two of us were chatting away while neglecting Ikuto and the delinquent, I turned towards them. Then I realised that the delinquent was staring at Subaru with a red face. Well well, he was staring hard enough he could bore holes through her.

A rugged grizzly-like guy is blushing. Eh, what's this? What's this?

Subaru also appeared to have noticed; her eyes widened into perfect circles as she stiffened. What does it mean when the author herself is flabbergasted? In the first place, is this person a 'character' from Dokidoki Renai Kakumei Revolution?

I strode towards Subaru and whispered in her ear.

“This guy, is he a 'character'?”

“Y-yeah. Technically a hidden character. Think back, don't you recall? He was one of the delinquents who was bullying Prince in the first encounter, remember?”

“This guy bullied Prince?”

There's no way I would clearly remember the faces of the delinquents who bullied Prince.

I tried my hardest to recall, but I totally couldn't remember what kind of faces they had. However, now that she mentioned it, there may or may not have been a red-haired large-bodied guy.

“No, no. He may look like that, but he's actually quite a diligent child. In the original story, it should have been Mako and Mitsuki-chan who were there at that time. And then, Kaburagi Kazutoki should have fallen in love at first sight with Mitsuki-chan who happened to be there and tried to save Prince.”



This imposing delinquent is probably Kaburagi Kazutoki.

Digesting Subaru's words, the Kaburagi who should have fallen for Mitsuki, who should have been with me when I tried to save Prince, fell for Subaru in place of Mitsuki.

"What if you go out with him?"

It's rare for Subaru to feel disturbed. I grinned and teased her. However, it seems like something like my teasing was only at the level of a puppy's nibble to Subaru-sama. Without warning, she froze the surroundings with a dark smile.

"I will never cooperate with you again if you talk so impudently."

"I apologise, Subaru-sama."

"Very well."

I looked at Kaburagi once again. As expected, he was blushing and fidgeting as he threw glances at Subaru.

It's unlikely that he'll attack a person who seems like the friend of the woman he likes, so Ikuto should be safe for now. That makes me relieved.

However, the problem is ahead of that. Something like the character of an otome game liking its creator, Subaru, is that viable?

"But, Subaru, what will you do?"

"Whichever way, it's impossible to go out with him and so forth. He's my character after all! I'm completely aware of what kind of personality he has and what kind of approach he will make.

"That's right, huh."

I think Subaru mentioned before that going out with her own character is like going out with her own children.

Unsettled, Subaru took a step back. It's been a while since I saw such a troubled Subaru. It's a little cute. It seems like she'll hit me if I say that though. So I won't.

Neither Subaru nor I are able to come up with a good plan. Both of us simply

stood there quietly. The issue changed from Coffee Incident to Dokidoki Subaru Revolution before I knew it.

Just as I worried about what to do, Kaburagi approached us without a word. The intimidation is incredible.

“... Name.”

“Ehh, ah, m-me?”

Kaburagi nodded.

“I’m Yurino Subaru. A 2nd-year at Private Atlas Academy’s high school division.”

“I’m a 2nd-year at Kuzuha Minami Technical High School, Kaburagi Kazutoki.

I pretended not to hear Subaru muttering “I’m well aware of that”.

“Un, best regards.”

Kaburagi was bewitched by Subaru’s certain-kill business smile. He energetically grasped Subaru’s hand and spoke a shocking phrase with a red face.

“I like you.”

The atmosphere froze with a crackle. Subaru’s expression, in particular, froze. Nonetheless, she was the high and mighty Subaru-sama. She immediately gave a wily angel smile and tugged at my arm.

When I squirmed a little, she held me so firmly that I can’t get out of it. A voluptuous chest, different from Mitsuki’s, was pressed against my arm. Then she spoke a phrase even more shocking than Kaburagi’s.

“I am truly sorry. I am going out with this person. Right, Makoto-kun?”

“Hah?! What are you saying. There’s absolutely—”

Subaru gave me a fierce glare. It appears that she won’t cooperate with me ever again if I say that we aren’t going out. There isn’t really any demerit even if Ikuto and Kaburagi misunderstands that Subaru and I are going out. I guess it’s fine to coordinate with Subaru.

After letting out a small sigh, I returned my gaze to Kaburagi. I tried to give a

smile as natural as possible but my face cramped up despite my efforts. It's Subaru, y'know. It's Subaru who's my close friend in the real world, y'know. The thought of saying she's my girlfriend at this point makes my skin crawl so much that the words wouldn't come out. The words wouldn't come out, but I have to force them out.

"My bad. That's how it is."

The high and mighty Subaru-sama was beside me, and in front of me was the man who's the grizzly or perhaps a beast like the Thailand wolf. He's so fearsome that my cold sweat couldn't stop flowing.

"'Makoto', is that what ya called?"

It was a very low and deep voice. Being glared at by his sharp sanpakugan, I unintentionally let out a hiccup.

What should I do if he challenges me to a duel? I might die if I'm beaten by such a large guy who's 10cm taller than me and has a steel-like body.

But I cannot waver here. I raised my face properly, and tried to retain a normal mental state as much as possible.

"That's right. Sakurai Makoto, 2nd year in Izumino Gakuen's High School division."

"..... Does Subaru-san like this kind of guy? This kind of, lanky person with black hair, and a lack of presence?"

"Eh? Ehh, let's see. I might like a person with black hair."

Do I appear like a lanky person with black hair from a 3rd person's perspective? Slightly complicated feelings rose up.

"Sakurai Makoto."

Having my name called, I turned in Kaburagi's direction. He's seriously glaring at me. Scary.

"I'll definitely not lose."

Leaving just those words, he quickly departed. Dumbfounded, the remaining 3 people simply stood rooted on the spot. Ikuto

was the first to return to his senses. He adjusted his posture, in a hurry to chase after Kaburagi.

“Oi, I’m coming with.”

“It will be fine. Besides, he doesn’t seem to be a very scary person. Rather, it’ll be more dangerous if Makoto-san comes along.”

“..... That’s true. Can’t deny that.”

Kaburagi undoubtedly dubbed me as his rival thanks to Subaru. Just like what Ikuto said, I think it’ll be more dangerous if I went along with him.

“Well then, Makoto-san, Subaru-san, see you.”

“Aa, take care.” (Makoto)

“Goodbye, Ikuto-kun.” (Subaru)

Sending Ikuto’s running figure with our eyes, the two of us gave a sigh at the same time.

Subaru appeared worn-out like never before.

“Good for you; you’ll probably never meet again. You go to different schools after all.”

“Nah..... even though he looks like that, Ichigo-chan is the puppy and devoted type so I think he will come all the way to Atlas to see me. Also, I think he’ll come and repel you off too.....”

Subaru staggered without focus and leaned on the vending machine.

“Ichigo-chan?”

“Artist-san and I had been calling him Ichigo-chan because ‘Kazutoki (一期)’ is written like the ‘ichi go (一期)’ from ‘ichi go ichi e (一期一会)’[1]. Well, leaving that aside, this is bad~! Ah geez, Mako will be my boyfriend for the time being! Okay, right!”

“I don’t really mind but what should I do? I’ll do as you say if you’ll tell me what to do.”

He’s a puppy and moreover the devoted type with those looks? You really can’t judge a book by its cover, huh.

Subaru placed her hand against her chin contemplatively, then pointed her finger at me abruptly.

“Kindle[2] me more then. I want to be kindled even more by MakoSou and RikuMako—”

“What the heck. Isn’t that completely unrelated to the matter before?”

“I’m going to cover up the unerasable stress with moe. I really want to see the breeder Mako assaulted by the dog, cat and rabbit. 3 creatures surrounding Mako who was stripped naked..... that’s too stirring. Crossovers are nice. The pet shop employee Mako getting assaulted by the three who transformed into half-animals after the shop closes sounds good..... hm so who should be felled?”

I, the pet shop employee, being assaulted by the dog-eared Soutarou, the cat-eared Riku and the rabbit-eared Junya?

What a joke. I don’t intend to fall anyone, and as if I’d get assaulted in the first place! Even if by chance I get assaulted, I’ll escape with everything I have.

Where did that troubled-looking expression of hers just now go? Subaru’s eyes were shining.

There’s probably repulsive delusions churning around in her head.

“Yep yep, a battle for dominance between the dog and the wolf is pretty good too, now that even Kaburagi appeared. A battle of pride with Mako in the middle. How delicious. Both are strapping carnivorous-type boys, so Mako won’t be able to raise his hips the next day, won’t he.”

There isn’t even a hint of the bishoujo just now on Subaru who is laughing “Guhehe” vulgarly.

Regardless, I’m glad that Subaru has regained her cheer. Let’s leave it at that.

It’s incredibly concerning that the reason she regained her cheer was because of her BL discourse starring me, but well, they are delusions. They are, to the end, delusions.

More importantly, I might be the one who’s in a more serious situation. I came here leaving Soutarou in anger. I one-sidedly said whatever I wanted and left the family restaurant. I didn’t do anything wrong. That was Soutarou’s fault for

saying something like leaving Ikuto be. I'm not in the wrong.

However. Will Soutarou smile at me as usual when I go to school tomorrow?

*Prick prick*, my heart was in pain. I pretended not to notice that.

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[1] 一期一会 means once-in-a-lifetime encounter. 一期 can be read as both Kazutoki and Ichi Go. The 'ichigo' used here isn't strawberry (莓).

[2] [Moe](#).

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# Chapter 36

Thank you guys so much for the support! I feel so happy every time I get notifications (I read every comment!). I hope you guys are happy with the translations too.

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| | Next Chapter

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**Watashi, Dokidoki Renai Kakumei de Onii-chan Yattemasu.**

**[Chapter 36](#) – The Quarrel and the Dog and the Wolf (3)**

The next day. As expected, my worries hit the mark.

Soutarou’s responses have been cold throughout the morning. He’s clearly holding a grudge regarding yesterday’s matter. Even though he speaks normally to Kaname, he doesn’t even look at me when we talk.

What I did yesterday ——chasing after Ikuto and trying to cross swords with Kaburagi—— oh, he’s definitely still angry, huh. But even now, I still don’t think that my choice at that time was wrong.

Back then, Kaburagi just happened to not really be a scary person. That’s why everything ended safely. But if it weren’t so, Ikuto might not be in one piece.

That’s why I can proudly say that my decision is not wrong.  
Getting angry over something of that level, it’s Soutarou who’s weird.

“Why do you think Souta is so angry, Mako-chan?”

“It’s probably because I chased after Ikuto-kun and picked a fight with Kaburagi.”

“That’s correct, but that’s not the point. Both Souta and Mako-chan are strangely off-track.”

Kaname point at the tip of my nose as he gobble snacks up.

The same animal cookies Prince had been eating before are placed on the table between Kaname and I. Are animal cookies popular in Izumino Gakuen? Well,

they *are* somewhat tasty. Their simplistic taste is addictive, or so to speak.

“What *is* the point then?”

“Wellll, what’ll you do if Souta dives into a yakuza base?”

“Huh? A normal person will stop him, right?”

Soutarou’s athleticism is certainly top-notch and he’s also tall, so he’s definitely strong in fights. But if it’s up to me, I’ll definitely stop him.

“Then, what if I’m held captive in that base?”

The yakuza, Kaname and Soutarou.

It’s just hypothetical, but what will I do if the situation Kaname mentioned actually occurs?

Although I’m worried about Kaname, I can’t possibly let Soutarou go to such a place and neither will I be able to best the opponent.

“Th-that’s... I’ll call the police, maybe. Regardless, I’ll never let Soutarou go alone.”

“Exactly. At the very least, you won’t send Souta in. This example was quite exaggerated, but this is why Souta stopped Mako-chan back then. He was worried, you know? Really.”

“Aah, yeah... I see.”

*Click*, there was the sound of a puzzle piece fitting in.

I understood clearly that Soutarou stopped me because he was worried from the bottom of his heart.

And yet, I only considered my own perspective till the very end. *It doesn’t matter what happens to me. I’m very cool for going to save Ikuto.* I was probably thinking that in some corner of my mind.

After all, I’d have definitely stopped Soutarou if he was the one who went to save Ikuto.

“... I’m sorry.”

“Alright.”

Kaname push a cookie against my lips when I suddenly hang my head.



It's dog-shaped. I accept the cookie and chew it. It has the plain and simple taste traditional cookies have.

Before I knew it, I began overestimating my strength.

Due to the transport to this world, I became a tall boy, many people gathered around me, my brute strength and physical power grew stronger than when I was a girl. It was also as though I gained a more powerful fresh start as a person. Perhaps that was how I felt.

No matter what kind of appearance I come to have, I am me. That is something I said numerous times. Be it the male me or the female me, they are both "Makoto". Nothing has changed. Even if my gender changes, it's still me at the very root.

"Still, honestly, I fell for Mako-chan's manly presence~. Seriously cool. I would have *really* fallen in love if Mako-chan was a girl."

I was originally a girl though. However, I think that a guy as sparkly as Kaname will definitely not come to like a plain girl like me.

"I think Kaname's the truly cool one. How you work to help Soutarou and I reconcile and how you're able to do things like this so easily, as though they're nothing much. It's really cool. I like that part of you."

Kaname's perfectly round eyes became even rounder[1] and he was stunned for several seconds.

"'Like', you say... is this a confession? I've a feeling guys are feasible if it's Mako-chan. Hold me."

"What are you saying with a straight face."

Kaname gripped my hand tightly so I brushed him off strenuously.

"'Cos Mako-chan's slender and delicate, ya? 'nd has a feminine face too, ya? Yet is manly, ya? Hence *Mako-chan's cute! It's feasible!* I end up thinking like that, ya?"

"I'm straight, alright. It's impossible, alright. Even if it's feasible for you, it's not for me."

Kaname cackled at my reply.

Aah, Kaname's really a good guy. I can clearly tell he's trying to cheer me up.

At that moment, I receive a notification on my smartphone. Its vibration makes rattling sounds on the table because I have it on silent mode.

The caller is the high and mighty Subaru-sama. I can't possibly ignore it if it's Her Majesty Yurino Subaru's call.

"Sorry, may I step out for a while?"

"Sure."

Normally, Subaru isn't someone who will call at this time of the day.

Subaru is typically nocturnal, so I occasionally receive calls in the middle of the night, but it's still 4pm now y'know.

"Ahh, Subaru? What-"

*"Sorry Mako, come and pick me up! Can you act as my boyfriend, just for the period after school?!"*

"... Wha? Ah, wait, 'boyfriend'?"

My eardrums rang because she shouted in a loud voice. It's on the phone so I can hear you well enough even if you don't speak so loudly.

"Oi, Subaru? Like I said, what-"

*What happened*, the call ended with a beep before I could finish those words.

Although I can't tell what happened from the call just now, today is right on the heels of yesterday. This is definitely related to Kaburagi Kazutoki.

This Kaburagi, he appears to be serious and bullish, but don't tell me he went all the way to Private Atlas Academy to meet Subaru?

Claiming he fell in love several seconds after meeting and even going to her school the very next day to meet her. It causes me to question if he has a bit of a stalker's disposition. While I doubt that an otome game character will cause harm to a girl, I do feel slightly worried.

"Was it Suba-chan on the phone?"

"Yeah. She seems troubled."

“Should I come with?”

Somehow or the other, I'll certainly feel reassured if Kaname's around. His communication skills are crazily high; won't he be able to hook even that unsociable Kaburagi?

Still, it's not quite right to get Kaname, who's not related to this, involved. Also, judging from our short exchange that time, I can't see him as such a rampant person. Besides, I believe it'll be fine if I pretend to be her boyfriend for a bit. I suppose there's no need for Kaname to take the trouble and come.

“It's okay. I doubt it's dangerous and if anything happens, I'll inform you immediately.”

After eating an animal cookie, I began stuffing textbooks into my sling bag. Or so I say, but I'm typically part of the 'Leave-Things-At-School Faction'. Hence, I only bring back my pencil box, homework and a couple of the necessary textbooks.

“‘kay, understood. Be sure to take care, ya.”

I turned my back to Kaname who waved his hand left and right, and left the classroom.

Private Atlas Academy is an illustrious, mission girl's school founded in the latter half of the Meiji era, during the English studies boom. But it became co-educational during the Heisei period and about 30% of the entire student population today is male.

Apparently, Atlas[2], the origin of the school's name, embodies the meaning of 'someone who supports' and 'someone who endures'.

And this Atlas Academy is 5 minutes away on foot from Izumino Gakuen.

In front of the school gate, I take out my smartphone from the pocket of my slacks in an attempt to call Subaru. Just as I open my phone contacts, a shadow is cast on my phone. Finding it strange, I lift my face. Goodness, a mere couple of centimeters before my eyes is Kaburagi. I took a few steps back from the shock.

“What, wha, Ichigo-chan...”

“Don't call me 'Ichigo-chan'. Rather, are you, Subaru-san...”

“Aah, I came to pick Subaru up. More importantly, Ichigo-chan, that head...”

Kaburagi Kazutoki was such a redhead before, but now he has black hair. Moreover, it's the short hairstyle that baseball players have.

Perhaps he didn't dye it properly; there are still some red streaks. However, the black portions are as black as a crow.

Don't tell me he was induced by Subaru's declaration of liking black hair, and changed to this hairstyle in a single night? Isn't that kind of cute? I unconsciously burst into laughter.

"What's wrong with ya. Aah? Don't laugh!"

"'cause, because, Ichigo-chan, super cute."

"Huh? Are you making a fool outta me?"

The glaring Kaburagi — or Ichigo-chan, doesn't feel as scary anymore. He's certainly stern-looking, huge and is full of muscles, but there's no use already. Because it's already inputted in me that he's an incredibly honest and cute person.

"I'm not doing that so don't glare so much."

The phone in my hand vibrated.

Lowering my gaze, I see an incoming mail from Subaru. Casually opening it, 'Keep it up, invite Ichigo-san to a date and fall him!' a ridiculous message is received.

It's only a single sentence but there's too many points to retort. First of all, what do you mean by 'date'. Also, what do you mean by 'fall'.

However, if I reject her, she'll probably say something like *I'll never cooperate with you again, okay*. She should be watching my conversation with Ichigo-chan from somewhere right now, so I'll be immediately 'disqualified' if I make any suspicious move.

Why do I attract troublesome things like this, I wonder. Is it because I'm Mitsuki's older brother? Is it because I'm the heroine's older brother?

"Ahh... yeah, um Ichigo-chan, wanna go for tea?"

"Huh? I'm waitin' for Subaru-san tho."

"Yeah, I'm sayin' let's talk about that very Subaru."

Perhaps he was coerced by my emphasizing voice; he nodded with apparent

reluctance.

I've no intention to *invite him to a date and fall him* the way Subaru's mail stated, but it should be fine as long as I placate him and make him give up on Subaru. That's the difficult part though.

"Well then, let's grab some cake, Ichigo-chan. Cake."

"Huh? Cake? Two dudes alone?"

"Do you hate cakes, Ichigo-chan? Aren't they tasty? Cakes."

There's a fancy cake shop in front of Tachibana train station. It's the cake shop Subaru told me about the other day.

According to Subaru's information, it seems that Ichigo-chan is rather fond of sweet things and lives in an apartment near Tachibana train station.

"I don't really hate them."

I tugged at Ichigo-chan's shirt sleeve.

"Leggo then. Y'know, my recommendation is the shortcake. The fresh cream on it is super delish. It's rich, you know. It's kind of heavy so I can only eat 3 pieces each time though."

"Isn't 3 more than enough? Your mouth will be full of sugar."

"Three isn't enough. I can go for 6 or 7 if it's not shortcake. But I still have to eat the dinner Mitsuki... my little sister made."

Mitsuki has no club activities today so she definitely prepared a delicious meal and is waiting for me.

It was tonkatsu yesterday so it might be fish cuisine today. We had meat and potato stew in the morning so we might be having the leftovers, huh. Whatever it is, Mitsuki's homemade cooking is the best. Let's limit myself to 2 pieces of cake so I can still eat Mitsuki's food.

Make Ichigo-chan give up on Subaru. Reconcile with Soutarou. These two issues squeezed my heart tightly.

One problem after another. Why is the position of the heroine-chan's older brother so full of ups and downs like this, I wonder.

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[1] a.k.a. Widened eyes became even wider.

[2] God in Greek mythology. He was condemned to support the heavens on his shoulders.

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